Saturday Review

October 24, 1964 25¢

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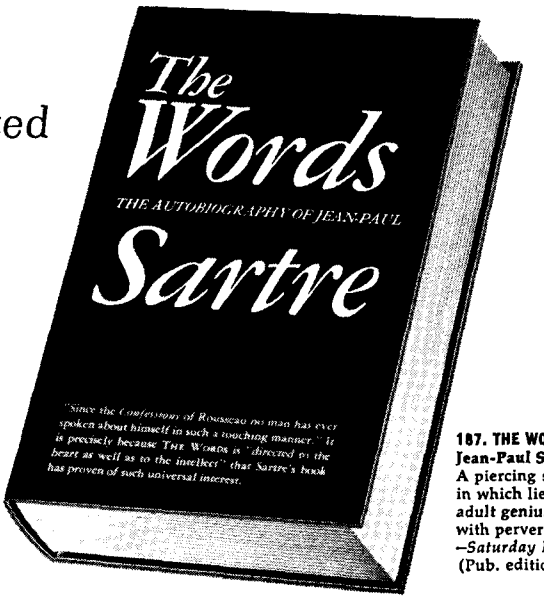
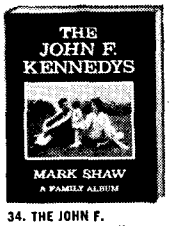


187. THE WORDS
Jean-Paul Sartre
A piercing self-analysis in which lie clues to the adult genius. "Told with perverse verve" —*Saturday Review.* (Pub. edition, $5.00)



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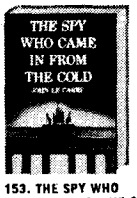

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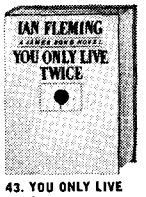

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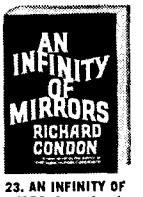

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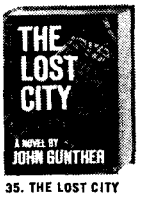

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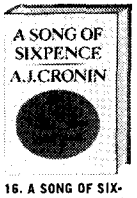

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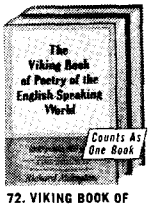

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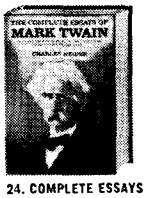

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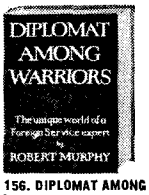

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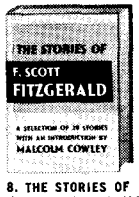

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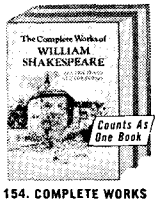

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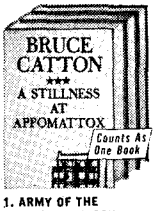

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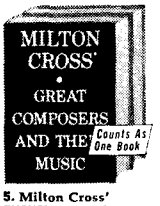

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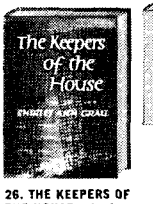

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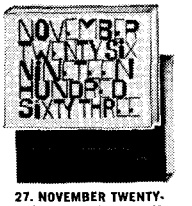

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Saturday Review

October 24, 1964

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Another of Those D_____ Poems

Ah, the censors cease to cense;
The clergy grows more livid.
The ranks of poets grow immense,
Their images more vivid.
And there is dear Miss Prendergast
Reciting with her pupils,
Abashed as she confronts the class
With verse deprived of scruples,
With verbs not Sara-Teasdale-clean,
With nouns far worse than "harlot,"
Her face transformed from Shelley green
To Allen Ginsberg scarlet.

—ALAN C. VAN DINE.

The Superstitions of Mr. Molnar, And How He Got Rid of Them

FERENC MOLNAR, that urbane and sophisticated playwright, author of *The Swan, Liliom, The Play's the Thing,* and other comedies, was paradoxically, one of the most superstitious men of his time. He was as abject a slave to a complicated system of black magic as any Papuan aborigine, and he spent an enormous amount of energy on stratagems to propitiate the Dark Powers, to invoke their help, to keep away illnesses, flops, and similar calamities.

Some of his superstitions were the usual ones, such as not starting anything on a Friday or on a 13th; others were ordinary ones but with a Molnar twist of their own; still others were his private inventions. But there was one thing common to them all: they obeyed mysterious laws no one could ever fathom and which he would not divulge for the world. For instance, he would knock on wood just like anybody else, but sometimes he would knock on top of the table, sometimes on the underside of a chair, sometimes only once, at other times thrice, and on occasion he would knock on an invisible wall in the air. A passionate card addict (he was known to have played for thirty-six hours at a stretch more than once in the Budapest Writers' Club), he would resort to all the well-known tricks: cutting decks in fanciful ways, walking around his chair, etc., but he did all these things whether he was winning or losing, completely baffling his partners.

He was devoted to the magic number "7" because the title of his first great success, *The Devil,* had seven letters in the original Hungarian (*Az Ordog*), and because the play that followed it, with a six-letter title, was a dismal failure. Thereafter, he gave his plays seven-letter titles, and to make doubly sure that they would turn into successes he wore throughout their rehearsals the gray bow tie he had had on the morning his first play went into rehearsal.

He wouldn't tolerate anything of precious metal on his body, and although he owned a dozen or so silver and gold cases, he carried his cigarettes in a battered old tin box. And a key that went on his key ring never left it. When I first saw it, the ring had at least twenty-five keys on it, including the one to the trunk he had in his student days in Geneva, a couple to the apartments of forgotten ex-mistresses, and several he could no longer identify.

He had an odd habit that often got on his friends' nerves. When, in a conversation, someone mentioned any activity involving an element of danger, a trip, let's say—and it made no difference whether it was a weekend excursion or a journey to London, a visit to the dentist, an impending opening night or a wedding—Molnar would interrupt him, knock once, or several times, as per his arcane formulae, and mumble something like "With God's help," "God willing," or "God be with you." Considering that, as a rule, whether at his regular table at the Café New York or at his club, he was always surrounded by at least a dozen friends and sycophants, and that practically no conversation could be carried on without some reference to motion and risk, as defined by Molnar, he often sounded like a pious woodpecker. One man once mustered up enough courage to remark that while it was justifiable to invoke the Deity's aid when something truly important was at stake, it's unwise to waste it on trivia. Molnar annihilated the fellow by pointing out that one of his childhood friends had been killed on his way to a public comfort station.

Molnar reserved his most potent mumbo-jumbo for his battle against death. He was, God bless his soul, terribly afraid of it—he even filled his fountain pen with violet ink because black was the color of death. When anyone, in his presence, mentioned death, or even a serious illness, he would hang his head, cover his eyes with his left hand, and flick the first three fingers of his right like one shaking off water—a gesture obviously designed to keep the fiend at his proper distance.

Then, one summer evening, a strange

(*Continued on page 78*)

Water Cure

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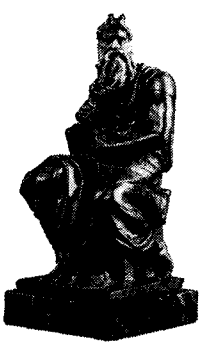
13. STATUETTE OF A CAT. Egyptian. 600-300 B.C. Metropolitan Museum of Art. Original in bronze. Ht.: 7". **$10.00.** (Add $1.00 shipping, insurance.)



ST-100. MOSES. By Michelangelo. Original in bronze, after the marble statue in the Church of San Pietro in Vincoli, Rome. From a private collection. Ht.: 8¾". On genuine marble base. **$12.50.** (Add $1.50 shipping, insurance.)

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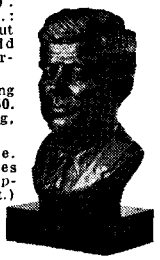

VL-1. JOHN F. KENNEDY. By Victor Lamkay (American Contemporary). Bronze-finish. Ht.: 12" including walnut base. **$25.00.** (Add $1.50 shipping, insurance.)

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ST-400. HEAD OF LINCOLN. After Gutzon Borglum. Original heroic-size marble in the Capitol; original bronze on Lincoln's tomb, Springfield, Ill. Replica of Alvastone. Ht.: 11" incl. 1" walnut base. **$25.00.** (Add $1.50 shipping, insurance.)

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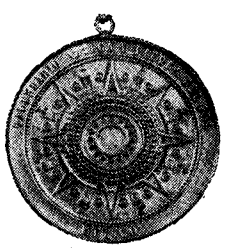
FIT FOR A QUEEN. Gold-washed replicas of beech leaf motif *jewels worn* 5,000 years ago by Queen Shubad of Sumer.
ST-90N Necklace **$27.50**
ST-90EC Ear Clips **$3.50**

SUN OF KNOWLEDGE. Gold-washed replicas of large-scale ornament on California Museum of Science walls.
CMS-1P Pin **$3.50**
CMS-1N Necklace **$3.75**
CMS-2EC Ear Clips **$3.75**

KNIGHT IN SHINING ARMOR. Silver-plated replica based on an Italian craftsman's handiwork.
JF-1KC Key Chain **$3.75**

OWL COIN CUFFLINKS. Greek coin, 525-430 B.C. Art Institute of Chicago. Silver-plated. **AIC 4 CL $2.50**



CALENDAR STONE. The most important monument of Aztec culture. Represents various symbols of sun worship.
XH-100NS (Silver-plated) Necklace **$5.00**
XH-100NG (Gold-washed) Necklace **$5.00**

MACEDONIAN COIN. On the reverse is a driver in a two-horse chariot. Below in Greek letters appears the name of Phillip of Macedon. Original in Walters Art Gallery. Gold-washed.
C-4ICL Cuff Links **$3.75**
C-4ITC Tie Clip **$2.50**

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ST-90-N ST-90-EC CMS-1P CMS-1N CMS-2-EC JF-1KC AIC-4CL XH-100NG XH-100NS C4-1CL C4-1TC

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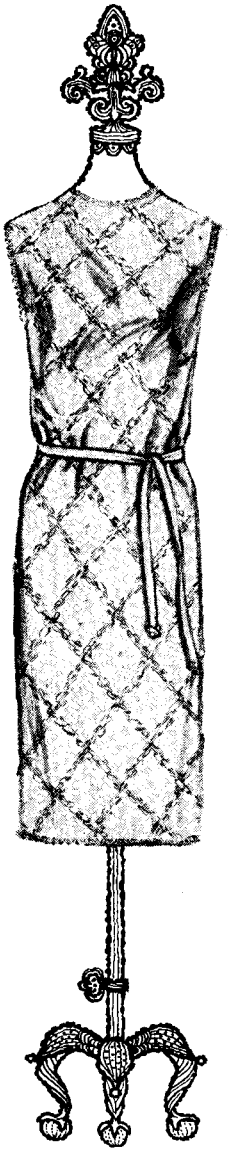

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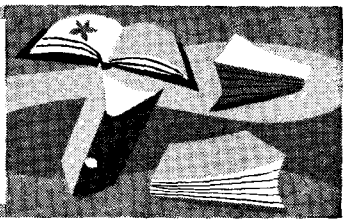
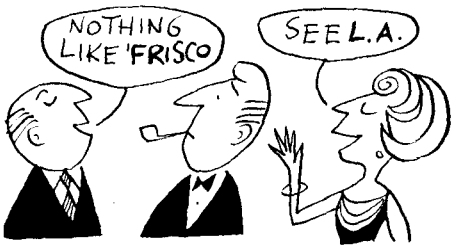


My travels seem to have been divided into two categories: the Pleasant Surprise and the Horrible Letdown. It's the result of reading too many guidebooks and of listening to the opinions and advice of well-meaning friends before starting out. I found myself torn between cynicism and gratification,



sometimes falling right in the middle, depending on whether or not I was expecting something.

For instance, how could you possibly get excited over San Francisco after all that ballyhoo? It's not easy. You leave the sun-drenched climes of the surrounding area and enter a hilly, windy, cold city where people must wear overcoats in August. If you like Japanese goods, by all means wander through Chinatown. As for the food, it would be difficult to exclaim over it after the build-up.

But the city is clean, bright, and friendly, with a charm that is lacking in other metropolises. If the boosters could just keep quiet and show a little restraint, it would be more fun for us skeptics.

Now take Los Angeles. There's no nonsense about that town. You have heard about the traffic, the smog, the heat, the bigots, the crime, and the rest of the story. Well, no place could be that bad and, by gum, L.A. isn't.

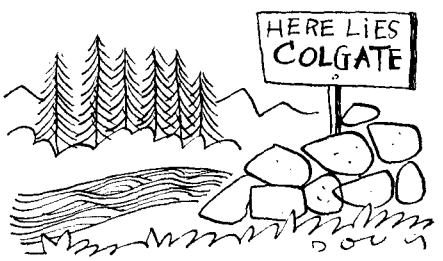
Do you know what's the most amazing thing in California? The grunion run. Like most people there, I didn't believe it. I figured it was a gag, like a snipe hunt. Because the grunion run only at a certain time of the night at a certain time of the month at a certain time of the year. You have to be on the beach in your bare feet with a flashlight at something like 2 A.M. on July 13, or whatever the day may be.

Thanks to my neighbors, Virgil Partch and his wife, who pounded on the front door at that particular time, I've seen the grunion run and, of course, you're not going to believe it. Swarms of six-inch silversided fish come washing high on the shore with a wave. When it recedes the females wiggle with their tails and dig themselves down into the sand until only their heads are showing. The males hover around expectantly, waiting to fertilize the eggs that the gal is laying in the sand. The next wave comes and takes them all away and leaves another gang. In an hour or so it's all over.

Since you can see thousands of grunion from right where you stand, there must be millions of them for miles up and down the Southern California shore. In a couple of weeks those eggs hatch, and some high tide takes the babies out to sea where they begin the cycle over again. People rush around the beach during a grunion run, collecting the creatures for a fish fry. Frankly, after seeing this phenomenon and being moved by the uncorrupted natural beauty of it, all taking place in the darkness with a starlit sky above, I could not bring myself even to capture a grunion, much less eat one.

I think I'll form a George Colgate Society, which will be to the sporting world what the John Birch Society is to the political. Along the banks of a river in Washington, not far from a grove of trees dedicated to Bernard de Voto, and on the route taken by Lewis and Clark, is a pile of stones where George Colgate is buried.

In the fall of 1894 a party of hunters was in this area. Colgate was the hired cook. At about the time he fell ill, the



first snows came. The hunters were snowbound, so they built a raft and started West down the river, with Colgate an invalid. Soon the rapids broke up the raft and the men realized they were in extreme danger. Colgate couldn't walk, so they left him there and struck off for civilization without him. The hunters got out of the wilderness safely. The next summer someone came back and found Colgate's body, burying it and marking the grave so

(*Continued on page* 14)

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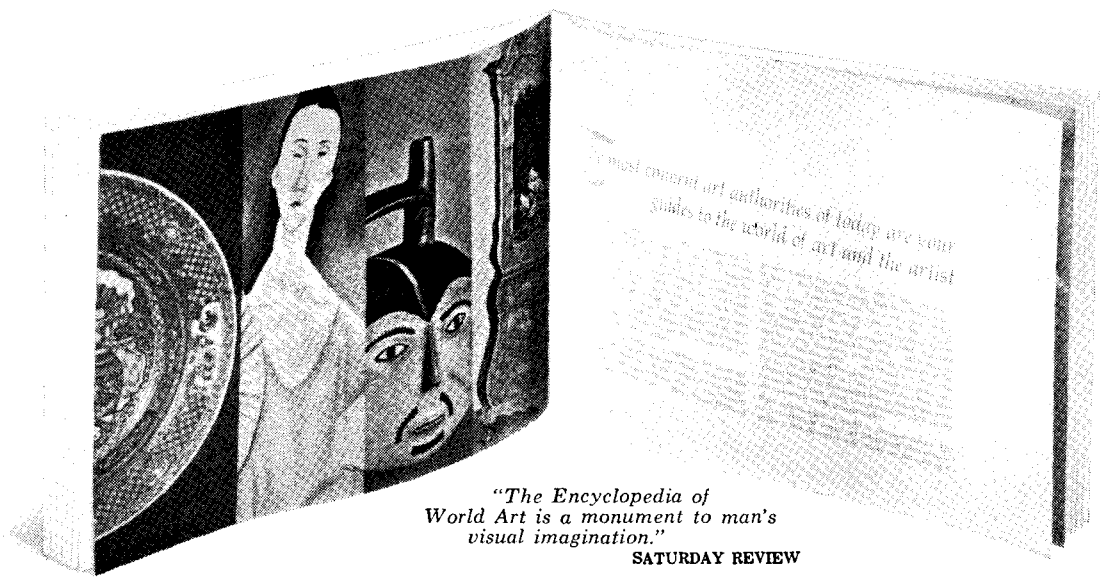

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These 461 U.S. manufacturers have invested over $800 million in the Commonwealth of Puerto Rico

Are your competitors here? Your customers? Your suppliers? 57 of America's 500 largest industrial firms are here (see ★). Should your firm be here, too? For facts, clip coupon at right.

Firm	No. of Plants
Chemicals & Allied Industries	
American Sealants	1
Brattan Co., Inc.	1
Cambridge Chemical Co.	1
Charms Co.	1
Chase Chemical	1
★ **Colgate Palmolive**	**2**
Diversey Corp.	1
Elleo Associates	1
Endo Laboratories	1
Germaine Monteil Cosmetiques Corp.	1
★ **Glidden Co.**	**2**
Gravi Laboratories	1
Gretsco Dyes & Chemicals, Inc.	1
Marson Corp.	1
Morton Salt Co.	1
★ **Parke, Davis & Co.**	**2**
Reichhold Chemicals, Inc.	1
★ **Sherwin-Williams Co.**	**1**
★ **Sterling Drug, Inc.**	**1**
Stiefel Laboratories	1
Testor Corp.	3
★ **Union Carbide**	**2**
Universal Nutritions, Inc.	1
Vineland Chemical	1
★ **W. R. Grace & Co.**	**1**
★ **Warner-Lambert Pharmaceuticals, Inc.**	**2**
Zimak Biochemicals	1
Electrical Machinery Equipment & Supplies	
A.M.P. Inc.	1
★ **Allied Paper Corp.**	**2**
B&H Instruments Co., Inc	1
Barridon Corp.	1
Beacon Electrical Co.	1
Bruce Diamond Corp.	1
Caribe Electric Battery Corp.	1
Clairex Corp.	1
Curtis Mathes Mfg. Corp.	6
Daystrom, Inc.	1
Electronics Corp.	1
Electrospace Corp.	1
★ **General Electric Co.**	**6**
Gibson Electric Co. (Talon, Inc.)	1
Guardian Electric Mfg. Co.	2
H. C. Wescott Assoc.	1
Hamlin, Inc.	1
Hansen Mfg.	1
Howard Industries	1
Howell Instruments, Inc.	1
Iona Mfg. Co.	1
Industrial Instruments, Inc.	1
International Electronics Co., Ltd.	1
International Resistance Co., Inc.	1
★ **International Telephone & Telegraph Corp.**	**1**
Interstate Engineering Corp.	1
Kelvin Electric Co.	2
Kelvinator International Corp.	1
MacLachlan & Assoc.	1
Marbrook Corp. of Delaware	1
Mel Rain Corp.	2
★ **Midland-Ross Corp.**	**1**
National Video Corp.	2
North American Seal Corp.	1
Phillips Eckhart Corp.	1
Potter Instruments, Inc.	2
Pulse Engineering, Inc.	1
R. E. Phelon Corp., Inc.	2
Rapid Electric Co., Inc.	3
Remington Record Syndicate, Inc.	1
Ren Mfg.	1
Robeson T.V.	1
Rollan Electric Co.	1
Sprague Electric Co.	2
★ **Sperry Rand**	**1**
★ **Sunbeam Corp.**	**3**
T.O.D. Mfg. Corp.	1
The Tenna Mfg. Co.	3
Weller Electric Co.	2
Yola International, Ltd.	1
Yolatron, Inc.	1
Zinsco Electrical Products, Inc.	4
Fabricated Metal Products, except Ordnance, Machinery & Transportation	
★ **Aluminum Anodizing Corp. of America**	**1**
★ **American Can Co.**	**2**
American Terrazzo Strip Co., Inc.	1
Arrow Louver & Damper Corp.	1
Bostitch, Inc.	1
Burkhart Brothers, Inc.	1
Casa International, Inc.	1
★ **Continental Can Co.**	**1**
Dodge, Inc.	2
E.Z. Sew Enterprises, Inc.	1
Empire Slip-On Hook Corp.	1
Enterprise Metal Products	1
Grand Rapids Hardware	1
Hi-Shear Rivet Tool Co.	1
Jack Cooper Transport & John H. Craemer	2
New Haven Screw Machine Products	1
Pastushin Aviation Corp.	1
Potter Instruments	1
Prescolite Mfg. Corp.	1
Purdy Door Operator Corp.	1
Rite Engineering & Mfg. Corp.	1
Solo Products Co.	1
Sprayer & Nozzels, Inc.	1
Style-Rite Corp. of America	1
Sylgab Steel & Wire Corp.	1
T.O.D. Mfg. Corp.	1
The Union Malleable Co.	1
Trophy Craft, Inc.	1
Wire Novelty Mfg. Co.	1
Food & Kindred Products	
★ **Beatrice Foods**	**1**
★ **Borden**	**1**
★ **California Packing Corp.**	**1**
★ **Central Soya, Inc.**	**1**
Farmers' Rice Growers Assoc.	1
Filler Products, Inc.	1
Ford Gum & Machine Co., Inc.	1
Fuchs Baking Co.	2
★ **General Foods**	**1**
Gnome Bakers, Inc.	1
Grosjean Rice Milling Co.	1
Howard B. Stark Co.	2
★ **H. J. Heinz & Co. (Star-Kist)**	**1**
International Basic Economy Corp.	1
★ **Kern Food Products**	**2**
★ **Libby, McNeill & Libby**	**2**
Maryland Mills, Inc.	1
★ **National Biscuit**	**1**
Nebraska Consolidated Mills Co.	1
Palmar Food Specialty Corp.	1
Parlier Products Co.	2
Peter Pan Seafood Co.	1
Prosser Industries	1
★ **Ralston Purina Co.**	**1**
Rice Growers Assoc. of Calif.	1
★ **Seagrams, Inc.**	**1**
★ **Stokely-Van Camp**	**1**
Unanue & Sons (Goya)	1
Furniture & Fixtures	
Capitol Store Fixtures	1
Challenger Steel Products	1
Munday Cooper Co.	1
No-Sag Spring Co.	1
★ **Simmons**	**1**
Leather & Leather Products	
A. Lowengart & Co.	5
A&L Seamon & Co.	1
Amity Leather Products, Inc.	1
Andrew Geller, Inc.	1
Aristocrat Leather Products	4
Artistic Leather Goods Mfg. Co.	2
Baronet Leather Goods, Inc.	6
Belle Moc. Shoe Corp.	2
Bowcraft Trimming Co.	1
Dexter Shoe Co.	1
Evy Footwear Co., Inc.	2
Hickock Mfg. Co.	2
Illinois Glove Co.	1
★ **International Shoe Corp.**	**6**
Melody Shoe Corp.	2
Nash, Inc.	3
R. G. Barry Corp.	3
Rawlings Mfg.	1
Ross Shoes, Inc.	1
Sommers Plastic Products Co., Inc.	1
Sportswelt Shoe Co.	1
Steinberg Brothers, Inc.	2
Sudbury Footwear, Inc.	1
★ **U.S. Shoe Corp.**	**4**
Utrilon Corp.	1
Wellco Shoe Corp.	1
Machinery, Except Electrical	
Ajax Industrial Supplies	1
Boben Mfg. Corp.	1
Craft Tool Inc.	1
Defiance Machine & Tool Mfg. Co.	1
Fogel Refrigerator Co.	1
★ **Ford Motor Co.**	**1**
Hoosier Wire Die	1
Mayflower Packaging Co., Inc.	1
Metal Removal Co., Inc.	1
Rex Industries, Inc.	1
S. Klein Die Cutting, Inc.	1
The National Key Co.	1
Thompson Machinery Co.	1
United Greenfield Corp.	1
★ **United Shoe Machinery Corp.**	**1**
Paper & Allied Products	
Benner-Box, Inc.	1
Diener Enterprises	1
★ **International Paper Co.**	**3**
★ **Johnson & Johnson**	**1**
★ **Kimberly-Clark**	**1**
Lewis Business Forms, Inc.	1
Polymer International	1
Resolute Paper Co.	1

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Firm	No. of Plants
Smith & Kanzler	1
Solo Cup Company	1
★ Union Bag Co.	1
U.S. Paper Bag Co.	1
Vanity Fair Sales Corp.	1
Petroleum Refining and Other Related Industries	
★ Commonwealth Oil Refining Co., Inc.	2
★ Gulf Oil Corp.	1
★ Shell Petroleum	2
Primary Metal Industry	
Bada Company	1
Continental Copper & Steel Industries	1
Phelon Co.	1
★ Phelps Dodge	2
Products Engineering & Mfg.	1
Rich Mfg. Co.	1
Standard Steel & Wire Co.	2
Printing, Publishing & Allied Industries	
Consolidated Engravers	1
★ Cowles Magazine & Broadcasting, Inc.	1
Home Master Publications	2
Keith-Clark, Inc.	1
Professional, Scientific and Controlling Instruments, Phonographic and Optical Goods, Watches and Clocks	
Airmate Co.	1
Baxter Laboratories	4
Becton, Dickinson & Co.	2
Dentist's Supply Co. of N. Y.	1
Eastern Watch Co.	1
Eisele & Co.	1
Endevco Corp.	1
Freeman Mfg. Co.	2
Goldberg Brothers	1
International Film Industries	1
Northeastern Surgical Sales, Inc.	1
Paulis Silk Co.	1
Southwestern Industries	1
Statham Instruments, Inc.	3
The Lufkin Rule Co.	1
Timex, Ltd.	1
Univis, Inc.	1
Val-Ul Air Products, Inc.	1
Vista Lens Corp.	1
Rubber & Miscellaneous Plastic Products	
Acro Crown Cup Corp.	1
American Kleer-Vu Plastics	2
Amplast, Inc.	1
★ B. F. Goodrich	2
Baines Hind Laboratories	2
Comfort Slippers Corp.	3
Connolly Foam Corp.	1
Converse Rubber Co.	2
Dean Rubber Co.	1
Harrison Products Corp.	2
Miraplas Tiles Co.	2
Missouri Wood Heel Co.	2
Stanley Rudman & Assoc.	1
★ U. S. Rubber Co.	1
Stone, Clay & Glass Products	
★ Carborundum Co.	2
Concrete Thermal Casting, Inc.	1
Exact Level & Tool Mfg. Co.	1
George J. Santry	1
★ International Pipe and Ceramics Corp.	1
Mansol Ceramics & Co.	1
Simplex Precast, Inc.	1
Sterling China Co.	1
Valley Tool, Inc.	1
Vermiculite Contractors, Inc.	1

Firm	No. of Plants
Textile Products	
A. Bunasano	1
Ace Bag & Burlap Co.	1
Air Baby, Inc.	1
Angus Mfg. Co.	2
Annin & Co.	1
Ansonia Mills, Inc.	1
Applique, Inc.	2
Art Textiles	1
Bali Brassiere & Co.	2
Baylis Brothers Co.	1
Beau Bra Foundations	2
★ Beaunit Mills, Inc.	1
Belle Maid Foundations	1
Belleclaire Novelty, Inc.	1
Bestform Foundations	3
Biflex Foundations	2
Bobbie Brooks, Inc.	2
★ Burlington Industries	1
B.V.D. Corp.	5
Cadillac Coverall Co.	1
Canterbury Belt, Ltd.	1
Capitol Ornaments	1
Carnival Creations, Inc.	1
Carol Anne Lingerie Corp.	1
Carter Industrial Laundry	1
Character Foundations, Inc.	3
Chelsea Lingerie, Inc.	1
Chevett, Inc.	2
Clayton Supply, Inc.	2
Colfax Industries, Inc.	2
Colonial Corp. of America	2
Contessa Lingerie, Inc.	1
Cooper Textile Mills	1
Coyne Industrial Supply	1
Crescendoe Gloves, Inc.	1
Dauray Textiles	1
DeLuxe Girdlecraft	1
Delightform Mfg. Corp.	2
Designer's Knitting Mills	1
Designer's Workroom, Inc.	1
Detroit Overall Mfg. Co.	1
Dorset Embroidery	1
Eastern States Wool Corp.	1
Edwin Balder Assoc.	2
Exquisite Form Brassiere	8
Fabrini Imports	1
Famous Cotton	1
Felco Athletic Co., Inc.	1
Fetzger, Inc.	1
Fiesta Model Wear, Inc.	1
Figure Builder Foundations	1
Flora Mfg.	1
Fordham-Bardell Shirt Co.	1
Forever Yours	1
Fownes Brothers Co.	3
Fuhram-Levitt, Inc.	1
Gelmart Knitting Mills	3
Gem Lingerie	1
Goodline Sportswear, Inc.	1
Grandoe Glove Corp.	1
Greystone Knitwear	3
Griffin Garment Co.	1
Gutman-Lahn Glove Co.	2
Harwood Mfg. Corp.	4
Herman Hollander, Inc.	1
I. J. Dorfman	1
India Textile Assoc., Ltd.	1
International Stretch Products	1
J. A. Garcia	2
Jacobs Brothers, Inc.	1
Jantzen, Inc.	1
Jeffries Processors, Inc.	1
K&A (Elizabeth Kugelman)	1
★ Kayser-Roth Corp.	8
Kulin Waste Products	1
L&W Brassiere Co.	2
Lady Marlene Bras	4
Lady Suzanne Foundations, Inc.	1
Lambert Products, Inc.	2
Langston Bag Co.	1
Lassie Togs, Inc.	2
Lebanon Shoulder Strap Co.	1
Lido Foundations, Inc.	1
Lifetime Lingerie	1
Lillybelle Brassiere Co., Inc.	1
Lilyette Brassiere Co., Inc.	2

Firm	No. of Plants
Lovable Company	5
Loyal Novelty Co.	2
Lucien Pinet Upholstery	1
M. Hoffman & Co.	1
M.K.M. Hosiery & Knitting Mills	8
M. Sherman & Co.	1
Maid-Rite Novelty Corp.	3
Maidenform Brassiere Co.	14
Manhattan Shirt Co.	1
Max H. Kahn Curtain Corp.	1
McKenzie Pajama Corp.	1
Melody Bra & Girdle Co.	1
Messing Knitwear Co., Inc.	1
Miller Dress Factory	1
M'Lady Sportswear	1
★ Mohasco Industries	1
Movie Star, Inc.	3
Nan Flower Lingerie	1
National Industrial Laundries, Inc.	2
Nylon Undies	3
P&L Embroidery	1
Panoramic Trading Mfg.	1
Paragon Art & Linen	1
Penn Products, Inc.	1
Perfect Brassiere Co., Inc.	5
Perry Lingerie Co.	1
Peter Pan Mfg. Co.	5
Picardy Mills, Inc.	2
Plaza Mills, Inc.	2
Premier Gloves	1
R.E.A. Coverall Laundry	1
Reliance International Corp.	1
Rhodia, Inc.	1
Ritefit Mfg. Co.	1
Robert Reis & Co.	1
Rosenau Brothers, Inc.	1
Rugrofters, Inc.	1
S&R Infants Wear	1
Sagner Sons, Inc.	1
Secret Charm	1
Seymour Frankl	1
Sidney Gould, Ltd.	1
Sokres, Inc.	2
Sonjay Mills	2
Spirite Mfg. Co.	1
Splendor Form Co.	4
Sportswear Hosiery Mills	1
Star Overall Uniforms Mfg. Corp.	1
Star Union Pajama (Pajama Corp. of Tenn.)	1
★ Stanley-Warner	3
Stein Uniforms	2
Super Form Brassiere Co., Inc.	1
Tech-Aero Foam Products	1
Tennessee Knitting Mills	3
Textile Bag & Specialty	1
The French Worsted Co.	2
Threads, Inc.	1
Tiny Town Togs	2
Top Form Mills	1
Toscony	1
United Cellular Products	1
United Covering Corp.	2
Universal Elastic Corp.	1
V&D Machine Embroidery	1

Firm	No. of Plants
Van Raalte	7
Veaumont Specialty	1
Vogue Bridals	1
W. R. Fromm Corp.	1
Warner Brothers	2
Wear Rite Brassiere Mfg. Co., Inc.	1
Wilker Brothers	1
William Gluckin	5
Wolfe & Victor Novelties	2
Wonderknit Corp. (Bluemont)	1
York Glove Mills	1
Youthcraft Creations	3
Tobacco Manufacturers	
Bayuk Cigars, Inc.	1
Blackstone Cigar	1
★ Consolidated Cigar Corp.	8
D.W.G. Cigar Corp.	2
General Cigar Co., Inc.	2
Hartman Tobacco Co. of P.R.	2
Miscellaneous	
Allan Mfg. Co.	2
★ American Hardware	1
Booth Leasing Corp.	1
Brumberger Co., Inc.	2
★ Brunswick Corp.	2
D. Arnold Assoc.	1
Delta Brush Mfg. Corp.	2
DeLuxe Reading Corp.	1
Dirilyte Co. of America	1
Drackett Company	1
Elmer Handicaps, Inc.	1
Empire Brush Corp.	1
Evans Rule Co.	2
Fidalgo Sales Co.	1
H. Goodman & Sons, Inc.	1
Hayman & Lindberg	1
Henry Gonzales	1
Huisman Brothers	1
Ideal Mfg. Co., Inc.	1
International Swimming Pool Corp.	1
J. DeBeer & Sons	1
Joseph Markowitz, Inc.	1
L.M.D. Jewelry Mfg. Co.	1
Lazare-Kaplan & Sons	1
Linochine Products Corp.	1
Margolis Setting Corp.	1
Monogram Precision Instruments	1
Perrygraph Corp.	1
Playmaster, Inc.	1
★ Philadelphia & Reading Corp.	2
Robert Berwald & Assoc.	1
Royal Bead Novelty Co., Inc.	1
Sani-Smoke, Inc.	1
Scandia Silver Co.	1
Scolding Locks Corp.	1
Sobel Brothers, Inc.	1
Solo Products Corp.	3
Tober Baseball Mfg. Co.	1
Valencia Jewelry, Inc.	1
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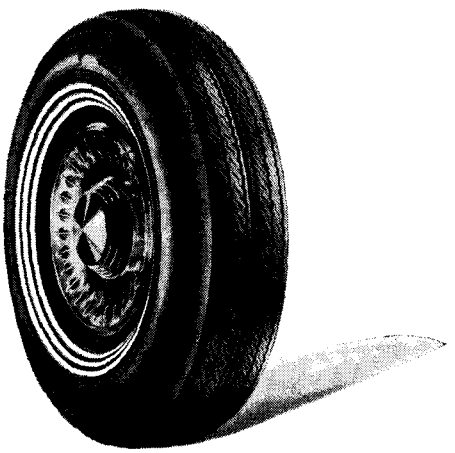

Forget flats...
Forget blowouts...
And now, forget wear!

GENERAL TIRE T.M.
THE SIGN OF TOMORROW...TODAY

Continued from page 8

that it can be seen today not far from the highway.

The manner of John Birch's death has become a great inspiration to some of our anti-Communists. George Colgate's plight should arouse anti-hunters. My own feeling is that it's another example of the immorality of some sportsmen. Just how did they break the news to the chap, there in the Northwest snows? "Well, George, we'll be running along. After all, it's a long way home and you're so heavy. So long fella."

Sharps and Flats: I wish I had the pink curler concession. Almost every female in the country has her hair in pink curlers, those great big ones. I saw girls on the backs of motor scooters with their hair in pink curlers. Every young housewife in the supermarkets has her hair in pink curlers. Girls at Disneyland at 11 P.M. have their hair

in them. In automobiles little kids in the rear seats have their hair in pink curlers. I am told that a woman sat in the opera house and watched *Carmen* with her hair in pink curlers. A man could not restrain himself and finally asked why she came to the opera with her hair in pink curlers. She indignantly replied, "Because I'm going someplace afterwards!"

►California automobiles with Goldwater signs have found this notice under their windshield wipers: "Dear Friend: Some extremist put a Goldwater bumper sticker on your car. I thought you'd appreciate knowing so you could remove it and avoid further embarrassment." —JEROME BEATTY, JR.

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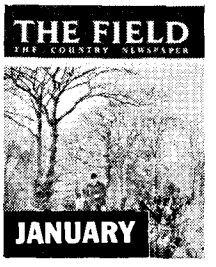

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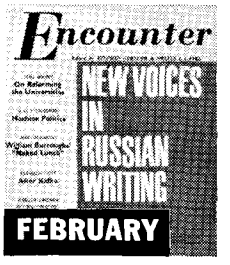

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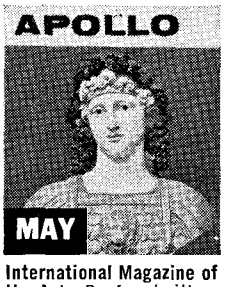

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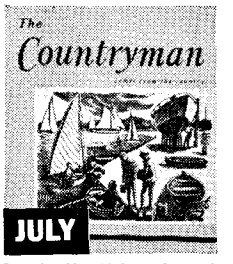

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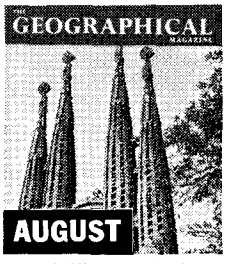

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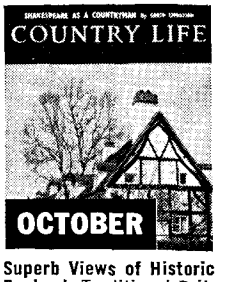

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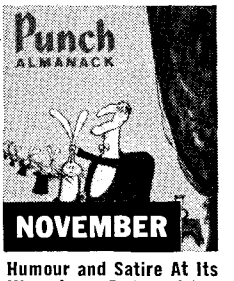

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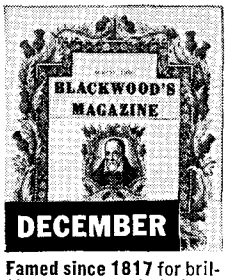

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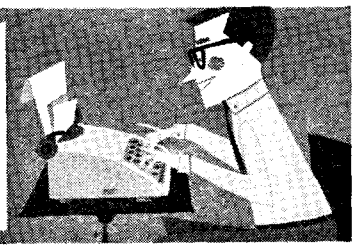
Top of My Head



Lay Off, Macduff

"AND praised be him that first cries, 'Hold, enough!' " If you can stand a bit of paraphrased Shakespeare, I want to be the first kid in our block of critics to lay off attacking the only program of satire in our entire television schedule, *That Was the Week That Was*. Not that I retract anything I may have said about it, but with TV being in such a generally woeful state it's time we stopped to count our blessing—singular. There's need for satire in the medium.

The late, great George S. Kaufman once defined it as "Satire is what closes at the box office Saturday night." TV translation: "Bad rating." And all critics, I'm sure, hope we don't lose *TW3*.

Most of the criticism has been concerned with the heavy hand of its satirical approach. One critic quoted this definition of acceptable satire:

"Satire should, like a polished razor keen, Wound with a touch that's scarcely felt or seen . . ."

Which is all very well for Lady Montague, who didn't have a weekly television show to turn out. TV writers don't have time to hone a razor that keen. And, to mix a small metaphor, the thrusts of their épées, intended as *coups de pied*, often turn out to be *coups de manqué*.

G. B. Shaw, when he wrote a play, had plenty of time to sharpen his satire to its finest edge. In Act I of *The Devil's Disciple*, for instance, the English capture the American revolutionary and are going to hang him. But he insists on being shot. General Burgoyne tries to prevail upon him to accept hanging. The general, all lace and ruffles, kindly, almost benevolently, and in elegant language, points out to the American that the average English soldier is a lousy marksman.

"Kindly," "benevolently," and "elegantly" are the key words here. Satire, to be least offensive and still make its barbed point, should be presented as if the satirist is being tenderly helpful and should be phrased so elegantly as to distinguish it from the usual one-liner employed by run-of-the-mill comedy monologists. Elegant phrasing is the one thing they should find time for on *TW3*.

During the first year of *TW3* I had the jolly experience of being a small contributor to the show. It was the week that Goldwater had won the Presidential primary in California that I sent in this paragraph: "The avid supporters of Senator Barry Goldwater had predicted that the Senator's margin of victory would be as wide as the colossal and durable redwoods of Sunny California, when in truth the margin was as slim as the ephemeral and supple Birch." On the show the line became: "Goldwater supporters predicted his margin of victory in California would be as wide as the redwood. It turns out to be as narrow as the Birch."

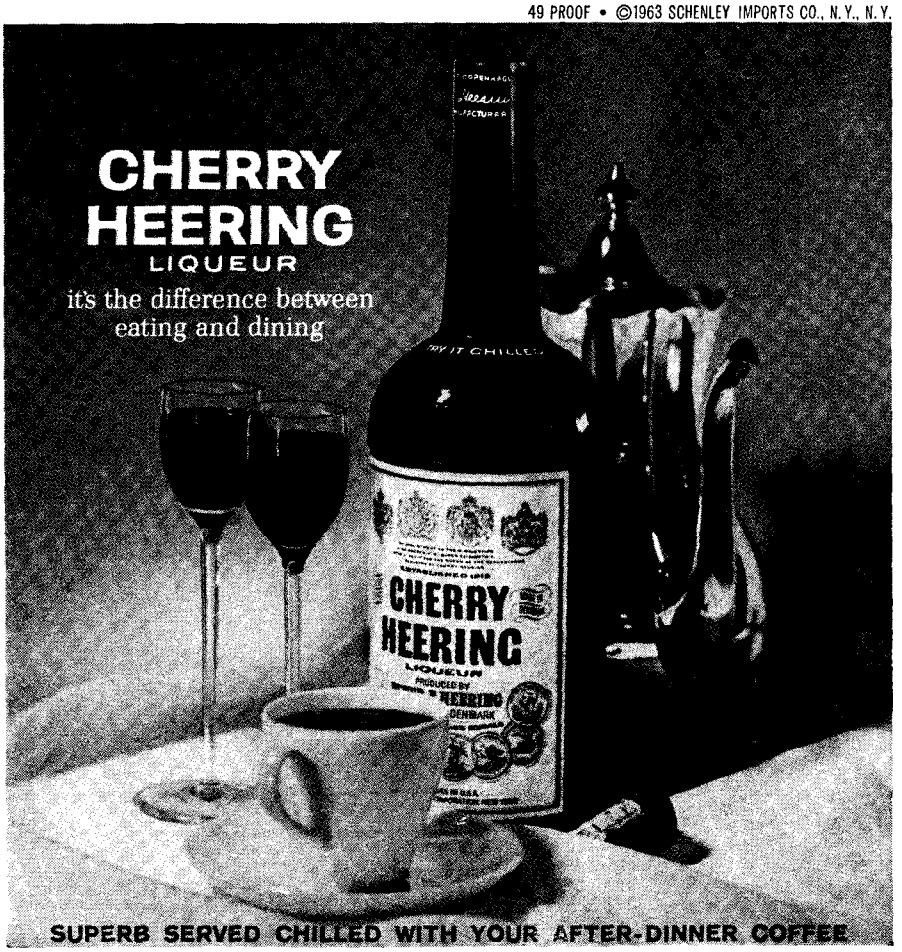
This is the quick, one-liner technique used by a comedian with a thousand jokes to tell in a single monologue. It's the way the greatest one-liner of them all, Milton Berle, would have told it. If he had thought to tell it. Or if he had heard someone else tell it. It's the style also used by the slick and polished Bob Hope with great success. But these gentlemen are gifted and accepted comedians of some stature, who deal in the shock laugh. The performers on *TW3*, with the exception of David Frost, are practically anonymous and their appeal is to an entirely different level of literate audience.

I'm sure that Mr. Leland Hayward, the producer of *TW3*, is well aware of these picayunish pitfalls. But I would be less than candid if I didn't say that during my bout as a contributor to the show I had my personal disillusionments. Last June I turned in a brief cartoon idea in which two men standing with their backs to the camera gaze up at the Statue of Liberty. One wears a Texas hat. He says: "George." The other replies: "Yes, Mr. President?" And Texas hat says: "Find out if they keep that light burning all night."

It was turned down as "dated." Two months later a famous Democrat's opening line to the convention was "I'm glad to be here. But do you need all those lights burning up there?" And that man with that dated material was nominated for the Presidency.

End of sour grapes.

—Goodman Ace.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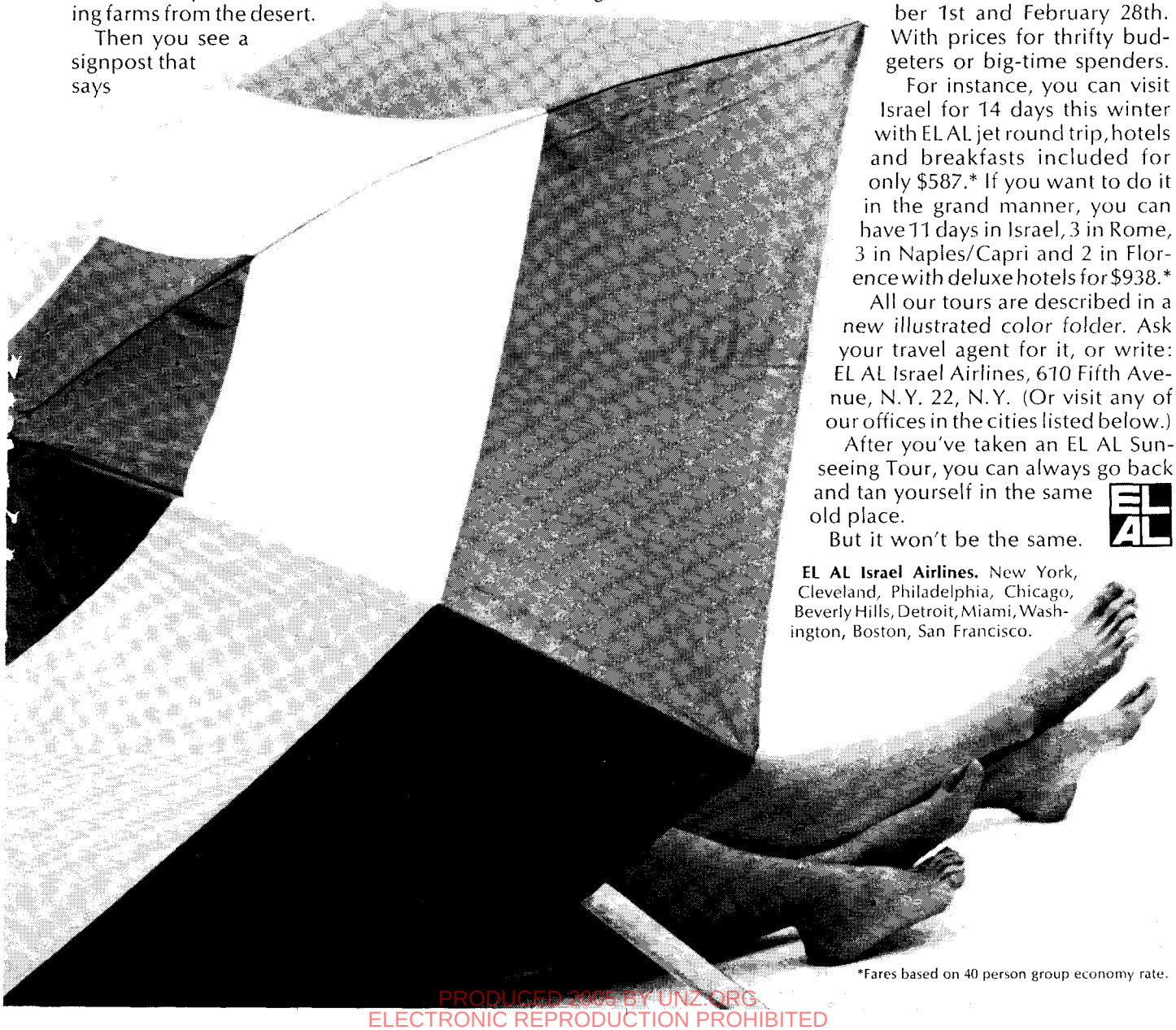

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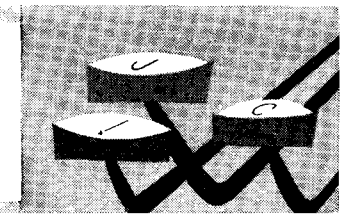
Manner of Speaking



What If a Much of a Which of a Wind: Most readers of poetry (and all non-readers who happen into the discussion) find it easy to insist that a poem is made of words, that the dictionary is the final authority in matters of interpretation, that if a poem "means anything at all" it will reveal itself to dictionary definition, and that if it fails to do so it is "meaningless."

It is more perceptive to think of that poem as being made not of words but of word combinations. When these combinations have been established in a good poem, the individual words are substantially (never, of course, entirely) released from their duty to the dictionary, taking their force now at least as much from their placement in the poem's combinations as from their dictionary sense. A good poem, that is to say, is written musically, itself calling itself into being in response to itself.

The good reader must allow the words of such a poem to function within their combinations, as elements of the poem's musicality, without being obdurate about forcing them back into subservience to the dictionary. For the dictionary can only try to locate, and not always precisely (some would say never precisely) what the word has meant in the past—an indispensable information, to be sure, but not information enough to tell us how the poet is using it now, in this poem.

Like a piece of music, too, a poem readily becomes involved in its own pattern, pursuing that pattern rather than any essay-logic. Pattern is a special sort of formal combination. When two or more elements occur at the same position within a pattern they take on a special relationship to one another and that relationship suggests what might be called new "combinations of meaning" but what would better be called "combinations of response." For though the dictionary meaning of a given element in a poem may be uncertain, or even ungraspable, the reader's sense of its response to another element in the pattern can be not only certain but inevitable. And once again as in music, it is natural for the elements in any work of art to take on a many-sidedness that may be elusive in itself but firmly fixed in the pattern.

Cummings's poem on this page is obviously tightly patterned. Each line in each stanza is knit to the corresponding line in each of the other two

stanzas, and even the parts of the lines correspond. Consequently, no one line is complete in itself. Each has its own unity, but its total function in the poem can be located only as part of a triad.

It is not necessary, once a pattern has been established, for every element within the pattern to be clearly specified in dictionary terms. I have had what I believe to be a firm experience of this poem for many years, but I have never known surely how I should take the phrase "and queen to seem" in stanza one.

There are many things I do know about it. It is, to begin with, part of a parallelism: as "beggar" is to "king" so "seem" is to "queen." That being so, it is clearly some sort of opposite to queenliness. Stanza two adds that "seem" is to "queen" as "terror" is to "hope" and as "blind" is to "seeing." And stanza three adds further that it is as "never" to "soon" and as "twice" to "never" (in which I take "twice" to function as an intensive signifying "twice-never" rather than "two times").

I am still left with no firm sense of "seem." I am sure of the sort of response that is called for, but I cannot see why Cummings sets that word to call for it. Anyone half familiar with Cummings's extraordinary rhetoric can, of course, extend "seem" to "mere seeming." And perhaps that is a sufficient guess. And still I cannot hear it as a right tonality in the sequence from

(*Continued on page 72*)

What If a Much of a Which of a Wind

By E. E. Cummings

what if a much of a which of a wind
gives the truth to summer's lie;
bloodies with dizzying leaves the sun
and yanks immortal stars awry?
Blow king to beggar and queen to seem
(blow friend to fiend: blow space to time)
—when skies are hanged and oceans drowned,
the single secret will still be man

what if a keen of a lean wind flays
screaming hills with sleet and snow:
strangles valleys by ropes of thing
and stifles forests in white ago?
Blow hope to terror; blow seeing to blind
(blow pity to envy and soul to mind)
—whose hearts are mountains, roots are trees,
it's they shall cry hello to the spring

what if a dawn of a doom of a dream
bites this universe in two,
peels forever out of his grave
and sprinkles nowhere with me and you?
Blow soon to never and never to twice
(blow life to isn't: blow death to was)
—all nothing's only our hugest home;
the most who die, the more we live

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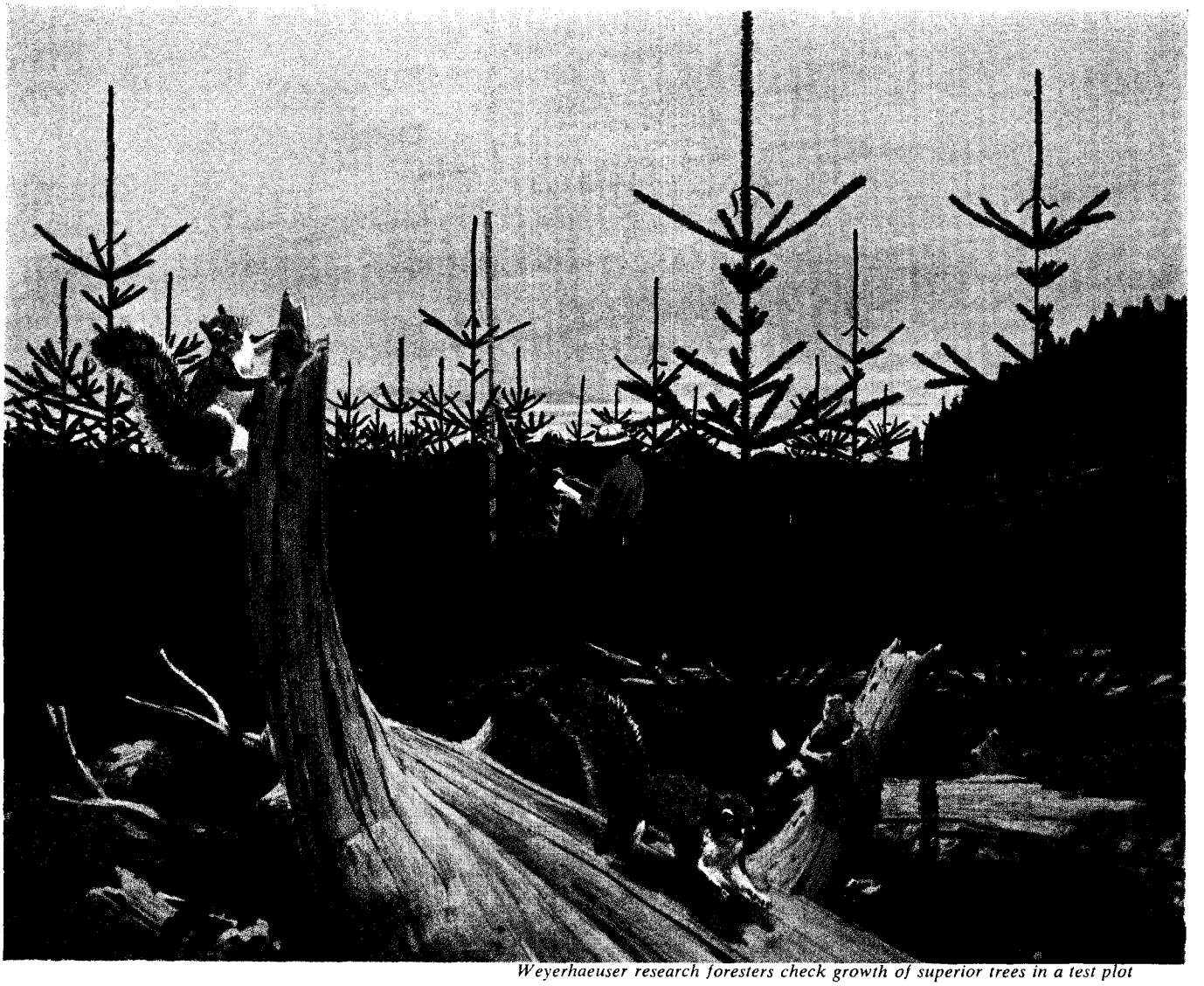

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Saturday Review

October 24, 1964

When Newsmen Become Newsmakers

The Warren Report makes clear that the press did more than cover a story in Dallas a year ago. Here the dean of the Harvard Law School argues the case for a measure of restraint.

By ERWIN N. GRISWOLD

FOR A good many years lawyers and the news media have been battling each other with great vehemence. The news media, on the one hand, champion "the public's right to know." This presented problems enough when only newspapers were involved; it became far more difficult with the advent of radio, as those who lived through the Hall-Mills and the Hauptmann cases in the 1920s and the 1930s will recall. The excesses experienced in those cases were, in fact, the specific background for Canon 35 of the Canons of Judicial Ethics of the American Bar Association, which forbids the use of radio and television in courtrooms, a rule now followed in all states except Colorado and Texas.

Lawyers, on the other hand, are concerned with the right to a fair trial, of which they are inevitably the guardians in a society such as ours. And the judges are sworn to uphold the Constitution and have the solemn obligation to see that no one is deprived of his life or liberty without due process of law. It takes little experience in the modern world to see that pre-trial publicity, and many sorts of publicity during a trial, are wholly inconsistent with the basic objective of a trial—which is not to entertain the public, nor even to let the public know what is going on, but the meticulous and dispassionate ascertainment of the truth. We have here a situation that has recently been described by William M. Kunstler as one in which "news media . . . hide behind one constitutional guarantee while destroying another." As the Toledo *Blade* has said, "A fair trial, involving the age-old struggle of the individual against all-powerful government, is the most basic, the most essential of human rights."

The efforts of the news media continue. We all remember the broadcasts of last November 22 and 23. It remains my best judgment that by November 24 Lee Harvey Oswald could not have obtained a fair trial anywhere in the United States and that the Supreme Court would have so held. This was the direct result of the television coverage in Dallas in the two days following the death of President Kennedy. In fairness, though, I direct my observation not only at the radio and television networks but also at the lawyers, the sheriffs, and the police officers who participated in and facilitated the radio and television coverage.

One widely syndicated columnist has criticized me rather sharply for undertaking to hold "any medium of communications responsible for the district attorney's statements about the Oswald case." He asserted: "The actions of any public official are his own responsibility; the communications media are there only to observe and record."

There is much to be said for this point of view. The basic problem will be greatly simplified if the legal profession—individually, through the organized bar, and through the courts—more fully recognizes its basic responsibility where pre-trial publicity is concerned and takes firm and clear steps to meet this responsibility. If the legal profession does recognize and accept this responsibility, then the problem of the news media will be greatly simplified. As the columnist said, they "are there only to observe and record." If there is nothing available for them to observe and record, they will not be presented with problems of interfering with a fair trial. If the lawyers will simply put their own house in order, much of the problem can be limited.

IN considering the problem of publicity before and during a trial, there are two groups of people who may be involved. One of these consists of the lawyers, including the district attorney, his assistants, and members of his staff for whom he is responsible. The other group is made up of the sheriffs, constables, police chiefs, and police officers, who, presumably, are not lawyers, though they are public officials.

The lawyers are officers of the court and members of a profession. They are subject to discipline by the court and to the appropriate rules of the profession. In England, from which our legal system and our legal profes-

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sion sprang, the control of the court and the discipline of the legal profession are very strong. As a consequence, actions by lawyers such as those we have witnessed here many times in recent years would be unthinkable. If they did occur, they would be promptly dealt with, both by the court and through the disciplinary actions of the two branches of the legal profession there.

In this country we have relaxed our professional standards far too much. District Attorneys are generally elected, and defense attorneys are likely to have political ambitions. In most states, judges are elected and find it difficult to enforce high standards of professional conduct on the lawyers who appear before them. We have no centralized control of the bar, such as exists in England through the Inns of Court for the barristers and through the Law Society for the solicitors—bodies that would not for a moment tolerate conduct by lawyers that has become, alas, commonplace in many parts of the United States.

Our lawyers are members of the bar in their separate states. In addition, discipline is often enforced through local grievance committees, which have their hands full in handling embezzlement and other cases of gross professional misconduct. Because of this diverse and loose control, standards have generally fallen far too low with respect to lawyers who make public statements about pending cases and release information to the press.

ONE of the difficulties arises from the fact that our formal Canons of Professional Ethics are wholly inadequate to deal with the current situation. They were formulated at a time when it was taken for granted that a lawyer would not participate in public programs dealing with a pending case. As a result, Canon 20 of the Canons of Ethics of the American Bar Association is expressed in rather lukewarm language:

> Newspaper publications by a lawyer as to pending or anticipated litigation may interfere with a fair trial in the Courts and otherwise prejudice the due administration of justice. Generally they are to be condemned. If the extreme circumstances of a particular case justify a statement to the public, it is unprofessional to make it anonymously. An *ex parte* reference to the facts should not go beyond quotation from the records and papers on file in the court; but even in extreme cases it is better to avoid any *ex parte* statement.

Obviously, this is not clear enough, nor does it go far enough. The canons should be amended to include an absolute prohibition against the release by any lawyer, either for the prosecution or for the defense, of any material relating to a trial, either before the trial or while the trial is going on. This should specifically preclude appearances of any sort on radio or television relating in any way to the forthcoming or pending trial. It should also specifically forbid the release of any statements to the effect that the defendant has or has not confessed, or that he has or does not have an alibi. It should also specifically preclude the release of evidence that has been offered in court and excluded by the trial judge.

At its recent meeting held in New York in August, the American Bar Association, on the recommendation of its new president, Lewis F. Powell, of Richmond, Virginia, voted to establish a new committee to consider a complete revision of the Canons of Ethics of the Association. This would deal with all parts of the canons and would not be limited to pre-trial publicity. It is hoped that this committee will recommend a greatly strengthened version of Canon 20.

As I have indicated, this change should make it wholly clear that lawyers, both for the prosecution and the defense, must completely refrain from any sort of appearance or statement with respect to pending criminal cases from the moment of the arrest until the ultimate completion of the trial. When the canons have been adequately amended, lawyers will know clearly what they should not do. Then the American Bar Association, the state bar associations, the local bar associations and their grievance committees, and the courts should enforce this requirement without fear or favor. If this is done, we will have taken a great step toward providing the atmosphere for a fair trial in the United States. Until we do take this step, lawyers cannot criticize the news media very severely if they publish the information that lawyers give them or if they present radio or television programs in which lawyers participate.

The other part of the problem concerns sheriffs, constables, police chiefs, police officers, and other employees and subordinates of law enforcement and police departments. Generally speaking, these persons are not members of the bar. Thus their conduct is not directly governed by the Canons of Professional Ethics. In some cases these people may be subordinates of the District Attorney, and he may be responsible for their actions. However, disciplining the district attorney in such cases may not be either very feasible or very fair. We should work out a more direct means of control over these law enforcement officers and subject

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them to the same requirements that should be made applicable to lawyers, both for the prosecution and for the defense.

The way to deal with this problem, I suggest, is through the rule-making and contempt powers of the courts. The contempt power has rather fallen into disuse in recent years because of the extreme views taken by the Supreme Court on the subject of free speech and free press. What I am saying now, however, has no relation to the press. I am not advocating use of the contempt power against the press. I am dealing with the responsibility of police and other law enforcement officers to the courts. It should be made plain to them, and to all concerned, that police and other law enforcement officers act improperly if they release any sort of information about a person charged with crime, other than his identity and the nature of the charge. They should not release any evidence or make any statements about the evidence. Specifically, they should not release any information that the defendant has confessed or that he has not confessed. They should not release any information to the effect that he has been charged with, or convicted of, any other crimes in the past. They should not characterize the defendant as "a notorious hoodlum," or anything else. It would be made plain to them that they are officers of the law and that it is their sworn duty to protect the defendant against outside pressures as well as to hold him in custody. It may be their duty to confine him, but they should clearly understand that that duty carries with it the responsibility to see that he is not forced to make statements to anyone, that he is not subjected to interviews in which he does not wish to participate, and that he need not have his picture taken if he does not want it taken.

WE should recall here that we are discussing only criminal cases, not civil cases. I suggest for serious consideration that there is no reason why counsel on either side, or law enforcement officers, should be making *any* sort of public statements about pending criminal cases from the moment of arrest until the completion of the trial.

With respect to rules in this area, we have a fine example in the so-called Judges' Rules in England. These rules, which have long been in force, were revised only last February. They prescribe in considerable detail the conditions under which the police may interrogate a person suspected or accused of crime. Among other things, they provide:

> As soon as a police officer has evidence which would afford reasonable grounds for suspecting a person has committed an offence he shall caution that person or cause him to be cautioned before putting to him any questions, or further questions, relating to that offence.
>
> The caution should be in the following terms: "You are not obliged to say anything unless you wish to do so but what you say may be put into writing and put in evidence."

"It's kind of odd to have to start thinking of him, suddenly, as being out of the mainstream of the Party."

This is an example that might well be adopted in this country. If it were adopted, then the police would know where they stand. They would have clear instructions and could go about their duties in an effective way.

The Judges' Rules in England say nothing about public statements made by the police or by lawyers, because such statements would be unthinkable there. If we were to adopt the Judges' Rules in the United States, however, it would be well to include explicit provisions with respect to the release of information and the making of public statements by law enforcement officers and by lawyers in connection with persons accused of crime.

IT IS time, I suggest, that we should definitely formulate the ground rules for lawyers and for law enforcement officers. It should be made plain, both by appropriate amendments to the Canons of Ethics and by rule of court —or by statute, where that is necessary —that public statements, public appearances, and release of evidence in a pending criminal case, both before trial and during trial, are inappropriate. Having made this clear to lawyers and law enforcement officers, let us then enforce these requirements through disciplinary action and by the contempt powers of the courts. If the lawyers and courts will thus put their house in order, there will be far less basis for complaint about the news media—which are, after all, there "only to observe and record."

If there is nothing to "observe or record" as far as lawyers and law enforcement officers are concerned, then the news media will be able to go about their highly important business without infringing on the basic right to a fair trial. Of course, if the news media should obtain information by stealing it, or by bribing court officers, that would be another matter—one clearly subject to the contempt power. But if the lawyers will clarify the ground rules where lawyers and law enforcement officers are concerned, and will clearly publish these rules, most of the problems in the relations between the bar and the press will disappear—which is as it should be.

And we will be well on the way to seeing that persons accused of crime in this country will indeed have that "most basic" right—a fair trial.

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DANGEROUS DELUSIONS

A Note on Senator Goldwater

By J. WILLIAM FULBRIGHT

THE DANGEROUS delusions inherent in the political ideas of the Republican Presidential candidate were again clearly illustrated in the article he wrote for the last issue of *Saturday Review*. This article, offered as a definitive statement of Senator Goldwater's general philosophical position, displayed the candidate's customary tone of reasonableness and logic, and there was also the inevitable appeal to this nation's historic principles. But beneath that impressive surface could be discerned some curious misreadings of history and of the obvious facts of the world that will face the Presidency in the years just ahead.

It is possible—just possible—that the nation could withstand the domestic effects of a Goldwater Presidency, but there seems little possibility that the nation could escape disaster under a Republican Administration committed to the kind of foreign policy proposed by Senator Goldwater.

The Goldwater domestic program is one of calculated federal inaction on the growing problems of a rapidly growing population—problems of mounting racial tensions, of education, automation, transportation, and urban blight, of pollution of our streams and the profligate waste of the nation's dwindling natural resources. Such a domestic policy would not arrest change, but only our ability to influence change and to guide it into humane and constructive channels. Four years of domestic retrenchment would probably be accompanied by mounting racial conflict, mounting unemployment, and a faltering economy. These consequences, though obviously bad for the country, would not necessarily be calamitous. Quite possibly they could be redeemed after four years by a wiser and more competent Administration.

The same cannot be said for foreign policy. If Senator Goldwater is at all sincere in his proposals for an aggressive new American foreign policy—and I see no reason at all to question his personal conviction and commitment—then it is possible, indeed probable, that his policies as President would revive the cold war, generate new international conflicts, and lead the nation from one crisis to another and sooner or later to the disaster of nuclear war. My guess is that a Goldwater Administration would be less likely to launch a nuclear conflict than to provoke or stumble into one inadvertently. But this is hardly important, for who would there be, after so great a holocaust, to know or care how it had begun?

These, I think, are the basic issues in the current election campaign: in domestic affairs, whether we are to continue making organized efforts to resolve problems of education, employment, poverty, and race, or whether we are to abandon these efforts and let nature take its course for good or ill; and, in foreign affairs, whether we are to continue seeking ways of reducing the tensions of the cold war and thereby reducing the danger of nuclear war or whether we are to repudiate the policies of Presidents Truman, Eisenhower, Kennedy, and Johnson and lead the nation on a crusade to destroy Communism all over the world—a crusade that must take us again and again to the brink, and ultimately over the brink, of nuclear disaster.

These are not peripheral issues. The men who now control the Republican Party have said that they wished to give the nation a choice rather than an echo, and they have succeeded admirably. They have confronted the nation with fundamental choices as to the kind of society it wishes to be and whether it wishes to risk its existence as a society in an effort to gain universal acceptance of its values, ideas, and institutions.

The Senator's foreign policy seems to be built on two basic assumptions: first, that the Soviet Union and all Communist countries are permanently and implacably committed to the destruction of the free societies; and second,

Senator Fulbright: "The foreign policy issue is . . . profound."

that Communist intentions can be defeated, indeed can *only* be defeated, by confronting the Communist powers with demands and ultimatums backed by the threat of nuclear war.

The degree and permanence of Communist hostility to the free world can and should be debated, but the Senator's assumption that the Russians can be counted on to accept humiliation rather than war is a dangerous delusion. It is based on the fantastic premise that the American people will prefer the destruction of their cities and perhaps a hundred million deaths to an adjustment of interests with the Communists, but that at the same time the Russians will surrender to an ultimatum rather than accept the risk of nuclear war. Maybe so, but in the absence of a lot more evidence than the Republican nominee has offered, it is extremely difficult to share his belief that in every confrontation involving the threat of nuclear war Americans will be unflinchingly brave while Russians will be unfailingly cowardly.

THERE is no doubt that this is exactly what the Republican candidate believes. In his book *Why Not Victory?* he wrote: "Against the advice of those who counsel inaction because of the risk, let me ask, when has Western resolution backed by Western disposition to use its total resources ever been defied by the Communist regime? The answer is never—not once. The rulers of the Kremlin would sooner reduce their territory to the ancient state of Muscovy than to die fighting for their ideology."

As Walter Lippmann wrote recently, "Senator Goldwater believes that he can confront the Soviet Union and China without the risk of war. He is not trying to bluff. It is more serious than that. He is suffering from a delusion that the

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J. William Fulbright of Arkansas is chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. This article was adapted for *SR* from an address delivered September 8 on the floor of the Senate. Last week *SR* published an article by Senator Goldwater in its Position Papers series.

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United States is omnipotent and irresistible, and that our adversaries would not stand up against us. That is the most dangerous illusion that the head of a government can possess, that all the other governments will do what he commands them to do. It is because Senator Goldwater is obsessed by the delusion of American omnipotence that he sees no contradiction between a foreign policy which would risk great wars and a domestic policy which would dismantle the national power. For in the realm of delusion, nothing is impossible."

Even if Senator Goldwater were partly right and it were possible to compel Soviet compliance with our demands two or three or five times, what long-term benefit would come of such "victories"? Sooner or later, it seems probable, they would have enough of humiliation and would strike back, suicidally for themselves to be sure, but catastrophically for us as well. The simple point that the Goldwater Republicans seem unable to grasp is that no nation can be expected to acquiesce peacefully in its own "total defeat." If we are determined to inflict such a defeat, it is far safer to mount a devastating surprise attack on an enemy than to try to bluff him into submission. If we are *not* prepared to launch a total war for a "total victory," then it is necessary *for the safety of our own people* not to goad and frighten and humiliate an adversary until he strikes back. Instead, we must seek some adjustment of interests, some imperfect compromise that will enable us to survive and continue to work for a better arrangement of things in a far from perfect world.

The foreign policy issue in this campaign is not merely one of different methods to achieve an agreed objective but rather one of basic goals. The Democratic Party under President Johnson is committed to the goal of defeating Communist expansion and protecting the security of the free world. This is not a new policy, although its tactics are continually changing, but a continuation of the basic policy pursued by three Democratic Presidents and one Republican President since the end of World War II. The men who have taken control of the Republican Party now propose to change the basis of American foreign policy from a commitment to defend the free world to a commitment to liberate the Communist world. Taken at face value, Senator Goldwater's talk of a worldwide victory for freedom can only mean an ideological crusade against all Communist governments in the world and their replacement by governments of our choice.

There are valid questions about the successes and failures of our current policy, about its application in different parts of the world, about the accuracy of its perceptions of Communist behavior, and about whether it is too "rigid" or too "flexible." But these questions do not interest the Goldwater Republicans. They believe they have the answer to all of them. They believe that the whole postwar policy is a failure and should be replaced by a radically new policy aimed at the elimination of Communism and the attainment of a universal victory for democratic ideas, or, more exactly, for American democratic ideas as interpreted by Senator Goldwater.

The new leaders of the Republican Party believe that they can attain this objective without war. They have said so again and again without offering any basis whatsoever for this enormously dangerous assumption. They seem to believe it is true because they say it is true. In a recent thoughtful editorial, the *Wall Street Journal* expressed the view (which I for one do not share) that our foreign policy has undergone glaring failures and advocated a "harder line," and then went on to say:

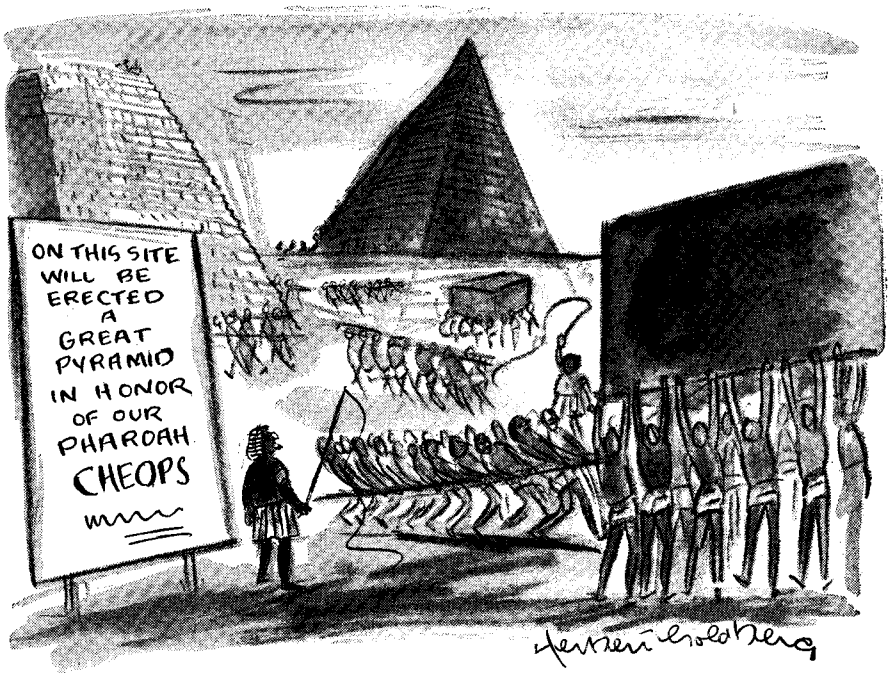
> But to argue for a harder line is one thing; it is quite another to argue for a goal of total victory if anyone means it in the literal sense of stamping out international Communism.
>
> For the fact is that no one has come up with a conceivable method, short of nuclear war, to get rid of all Communist regimes. That is the chief reason a more limited aim was adopted in the late 1940s, and it is no less applicable today. Until someone can suggest such a method, talk of complete victory raises unrealistic hopes and clouds public discussion of foreign policy.

The editorial concludes with the well-phrased warning that in seeking improvement in our foreign relations, "we will do well to be wary of substituting a policy that seems impossible for one that is difficult enough."

Permeating Senator Goldwater's view of the cold war is an unshakable belief that Communist and free societies cannot survive together in the same world, that sooner or later one must prevail over the other. There is a kind of romantic mysticism in the Goldwater view of the world, not unlike that of the Communists themselves. Both he and they seem to believe that there is something unnatural and immoral about the survival in the world of more than one set of beliefs about man's nature and about the organization of human societies. Just as the medieval Christians could not bear the existence of heretical sects and alien religions, the ideologues of our own time have persuaded themselves that life is intolerable unless it is governed everywhere by uniform standards and values. This view is held as a kind of revealed truth, certainly not as an inference from history, which, far from suggesting that there is anything "natural" about uniformity in political ideas, leads us to the conclusion that if there is any "law" of historical development, it is a law of infinite variety, especially in men's ideas about their own nature and their relations with other men.

IT is, I believe, an understanding of human diversity, and of the inability of any one man or nation to determine what is best for all others, that forms the core of the democratic idea. When "freedom" is worshipped as a sublime and mystical state rather than as simply

(*Continued on page* 71)



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The Wings of Madness

EARLY last year the U.S. Army began a series of training maneuvers at a camp in Georgia. The exercises were routine, and presumably of little interest to the public. Yet before the operation was over, it had become the object of a fantastic mailing and whispering campaign that demonstrated once again the venerable truth—one especially worth recalling in an election year—that an unchecked rumor can have all the effect of a lighted cigarette flipped into a parched field.

The maneuver, held at the Army's Special Warfare Center at Fort Stewart, Georgia, was called Operation Water Moccasin. Its point was to teach the latest anti-guerrilla, counter-insurgency techniques to about 2,500 American soldiers and a small group of army officers from seventeen friendly countries. Africa was represented by four Liberian military men.

Shortly after the maneuvers got under way, rumors sprang up that there was something sinister about the operation. Soon Senators and Congressmen were being deluged with thousands of letters from panicky constituents who had seen the rumors repeated in right-wing newsletters. It developed that these many thousands of Americans seriously believed that Operation Water Moccasin was a plot that called for an army of—as one letter-writer put it—"pagan, ruthless, brutal, Godless savages" to seize Georgia, then the rest of the U.S.A., and finally to hand control of the country over to the United Nations. NATO and the U.S. Arms Control and Disarmament Agency were accused of being co-conspirators in the plot.

In all, it was a situation remindful of Baudelaire's lines, "Today I felt pass over me/ A breath of wind from the wings of madness."

The anti-Water Moccasin letters were not lacking in detail or vividness. It seemed that no less than 35,000 Communist Chinese troops, wearing powder-blue uniforms, were already deployed in a Mexican staging area, waiting to be unleashed across the border against unsuspecting San Diego, California.

Meanwhile, in Georgia, Representative Elliott Hagan was receiving from worried citizens reports of "20,000 Congolese and 30,000 Mongolian troops swarming all over my district." (In the excitement, nobody seemed to think it odd that this Mongol onslaught was the first Oriental invasion of North America since the Indians' progenitors made their way across the Bering Strait into Alaska 15,000 years ago.)

In California, Representative James Utt, who later conceded he had put the case too strongly, was writing in his newsletter to constituents that Operation Water Moccasin was ". . . one of the most frightening military maneuvers ever to be held in the United States."

Probably the most detailed and informative letters were those written to California Senator Thomas H. Kuchel by his alarmed constituents: "There are African Negro troops who are cannabals [sic] stationed in Georgia" . . . "16,000 African soldiers . . . complete with nose and earrings" . . . "Half-naked savages." . . . "Yes, we know of the U.N. plans to place Mongolian and Congolese troops over our dear United States."

Another note to Senator Kuchel, under the letterhead of a group of "defenders of the Constitution," read in part, "The undersigned is convinced this [Operation Water Moccasin] . . . signifies rehearsals of the U.N. takeover of the USA under the disarmament treaty promulgated under Public Law Number 87-297. . . . The urgency of this message is obvious. *This appears to be the beginning of a crash program to disarm the USA and make us a province of the U.N.* May God in His mercy help us prevent this catastrophe."

Though the Water Moccasin episode was given suprisingly little press coverage, Senator Kuchel spoke out about it eloquently on the Senate floor. The newsletter publishers and many of those citizens who had written to him were, he said, "fright peddlers. . . . They are afraid; they are frustrated. They simply do not know what to do in this modern era." Some months later CBS-TV broadcast a comprehensive, eye-opening report on the case.

Though the excitement over Operation Water Moccasin has by now died down, the episode will probably live on in the considerable body of literature devoted to the psychology of rumor and mass delusion. For the Moccasin scare is certainly a first cousin of the famous Orson Welles broadcast about Martians landing in New Jersey. And it is at least a kissing cousin of those periodic end-of-the-world panics that make otherwise sane people sell their worldly goods and go rushing off like so many lemmings or Gadarene swine.

ONE wonders, in fact, how many of Senator Kuchel's impassioned correspondents will ever get over their doomsday visions of Mongols in powder-blue uniforms, standing poised just across the border, rifles at the ready, awaiting the order to swarm into San Diego. After all, visions of this sort die hard: until quite recent years there were organizations here and abroad which clung doggedly to the belief that the earth is hollow. In his diverting volume *Fads and Fallacies in the Name of Science,* Martin Gardner tells how the Hollow Earth theory so bemused certain high-ranking Nazis that "during the last war, a party of ten men, under Dr. Heinz Fischer, an infrared expert, was actually dispatched to the Isle of Rügen to photograph the British fleet by tilting an infrared camera upward at an angle of 45 degrees!"

Altogether, then, it seems likely that despite all denials, refutations, and appeals to reason, phantoms will continue to roam the countryside, while the beat of the wings of madness is heard but not heeded. —HALLOWELL BOWSER.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Paul Brand and His Mission

I WAS VERY PLEASED to read N.C.'s article about Dr. Paul Brand of Vellore and his creative work in corrective surgery for those suffering from leprosy [*SR*, Oct. 3]. This was welcome praise indeed for a great doctor whom I have had the privilege of knowing.

However, as I read your essay, I could not help but feel that some of the credit given Dr. Brand should at least be shared by Drs. Robert Cochrane and Herbert Gass, leprosy specialists who have served at Vellore. It was their pioneering work of many years in leprosy that made Dr. Brand's contribution possible. I am sure he would be the first to acknowledge this fact.

(The Rev.) OTTO F. ARTOPOEUS, Minister,
St. John United Church of Christ.
Bellevue, Ky.

I AM A TEEN-AGER of little funds, but I feel privileged to be able to contribute to the continued work of Dr. Brand.

MICHAEL WHITNEY.
Pacific Palisades, Calif.

UNLIKE MANY communications media, *SR* does not exploit its subject matter, as is evident in the October 3 issue. N.C.'s article about one phase of work among lepers is clear, concise, and interesting without the ghoulish garnishment that is usually found in presentations of this topic.

During the interval between college graduation and marriage, I had the privilege of working under the supervision of Dr. Charles C. Shepard in leprosy research. Such research is uniquely interesting and superbly challenging. But lack of financial assistance, coupled with the apathy of a misinformed public, constitutes a major factor in the relatively slow progress being made in the study of leprosy.

For "Paul Brand and His Mission" and the Vellore Medical Fund, *SR* deserves a check, and handshake, and a "Thank You."

JOYCE SOMMERS.
Hallendale, Fla.

YOUR ARTICLE ON Paul Brand and his work was a more inspiring argument for foreign missions than anything I have ever heard from the pulpit.

Enclosed is my check. I hope you get lots more, and bigger ones.

MRS. AMY O. BASSFORD.
New York, N.Y.

I ACCEPT YOUR invitation to help Margaret and Paul Brand. If they can give so much of themselves, I think I can spare a little of my money.

GLYNN HOLCOMB.
Los Angeles, Calif.

INCLUDED IS A SMALL contribution to help Dr. Brand fight a disease that inflicts and has inflicted untold misery on humanity. It is men like him who deserve the highest accolades that a society can bestow.

I regret that the contribution cannot be larger, but going through college does not permit it.

JOSEPH R. JUDY.
Columbia, Mo.

"It's exactly the kind of life I've always wanted, Yvette; it's just that I feel I ought to be home in Canton, Ohio, voting."

AFTER READING N.C.'s article about the wonderful Paul Brands, I would feel almost criminal spending the enclosed check in any other way. This is another instance of our gratitude to *SR* for informing us about how to help suffering humanity.

MRS. GEORGE WEEMS WILLIAMS.
Baltimore, Md.

AS THIS ISSUE went to press, only ten days after publication of the article "Paul Brand and His Mission," several hundred *SR* readers had already contributed a substantial sum to help Dr. Brand and his associates continue their medical work at the Vellore Christian Medical College and Hospital in South India—and checks were still arriving at the *SR* offices with every mail delivery. Other readers wishing to make contributions, which are tax-exempt, may send them to Vellore Medical Fund, care of *Saturday Review*, 380 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017.

The Campaign

THANK YOU for publishing Roy Wilkins's article "The Negro and the Candidates" [*SR*, Sept. 26]. It explains clearly why liberal Republicans and many other Americans sincerely interested in the welfare of all our people can't support the national Republican ticket this year.

MRS. LOUISE HEATH.
Poland, O.

AMERICANS WHO ARE concerned about the outcome of the Presidential election, as I am, should be interested in some appalling statistics contained in a recent *New York Times* article by Hanson W. Baldwin. During World War II, according to Mr. Baldwin, "Some 23,000,000 men in uniform from 53 nations, countries and dominions were killed or died; at least 28,000,000 civilians died from bombs or guns, hunger or disease, or—in the concentration camps—from man's inhumanity to man."

Simple addition tells us that the appalling death toll of World War I was over 51,000,000 men, women, and children. What would World War III do? Turn back the clock to the time when no life existed on earth?

CARL R. WEYMUELLER.
Bedford Hts., O.

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The Two Faces of Violence

THE latent violence in the recent first program of *The Reporter*, a new CBS hour-long television drama series on Friday nights, was more significant than the manifest violence. The surface brutality involved an attempted rape and a near-fatal stabbing. The hidden aggression lay in the advice of a city editor to a reporter who inadvertently played a remote role in the stabbing.

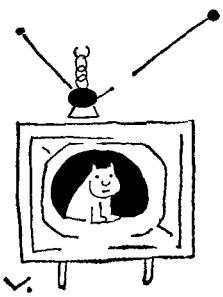
Danny Taylor (Harry Guardino) had written a passionate column in his newspaper about crimes committed before the eyes of indifferent, passive witnesses. A nondescript, middle-aged bachelor coming home from a late movie read the column. Shortly afterward, when he saw four vicious young hoodlums attacking a woman, he went to her rescue. Two of the attackers pinned his arms behind his back while a third clicked open a switchblade and stabbed him twice in the abdomen. When the four hoodlums ran after the fleeing woman, he crawled to the basement of an office building, where, with the aid of a telephone marked merely Extension 7, he called the reporter at the newspaper to blame him for his impending death, then collapsed. Taylor enlisted the telephone company in tracing the location. He was overcome with guilt as he attempted to maintain contact with the dazed and bleeding victim who was intermittently unconscious at the other end of the phone.

At this point the city editor, Lou Sheldon (Gary Merrill), absolved his mentally tormented reporter. "When you believe in something," he told him, "you go after it with something like passion. If you lose that good anger and start having second thoughts about everything you write, this paper doesn't need you and this city doesn't need your tears."

We were never told what Danny Taylor thought about this advice. He was interrupted by the forward movement of the plot, which led to the eventual, last-moment rescue of the victim and the arrest of the hoodlums (the woman had escaped her attackers and they had returned to look for the wounded intruder in order to finish him). The reporter walked alone into the night to think about his adventure—having second thoughts about second thoughts, no doubt.

The advice of his city editor, unchallenged on the screen, seemed reasonable. Actually, however, it is, I submit, dangerous. This attitude violates human dignity in that it fails to take into account the rights of other people. The violent youths, for instance, believed in their passion when they attacked the woman; so did the man who attempted to rescue her. The very essence of a violent personality is just this lack of second thoughts – which are generally about other people.

The importance of noting the city editor's violence is that it gives us a clue



to the violence of the perpetrators of this first story in *The Reporter* series. They had a passion for their values, too. A new dramatic series about a newspaperman must hit hard in its initial episode to bring viewers back next week. Public opinion has been shocked recently by a series of crimes committed before eyewitnesses who fail to help or call the police. These events have inspired horror and incredulity. Television could create helpful awareness of the conditions that contribute to both violent behavior and to public indifference to crime. The passion of those who prepared this program, unfortunately, was not for insight but for a gruesome experience.

The play, as an object lesson, possibly did more harm than good. Anyone watching it would surely think twice in the future before rushing to the aid of a person in distress on a dark street. The victim in this story was a straw man. He had been a loner all his adult life. Such a man would be least likely, in spite of a reporter's hot words, to depart from a life pattern and become involved in a stranger's fate. Unarmed and confronted by four physically superior toughs, he was merely an artificial setup for a calculated hour of premeditated horror. The television executive who sanctioned and encouraged talent to write and produce this program said in effect: "Get the audience, don't worry about the effects, you're no good to us if you have second thoughts." His is the more malignant violence.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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The Confused Americans

"THE AMERICANIZATION OF EMILY," a movie from MGM that purports to be a comedy, has cast me into such a despair of confusion that I'm not sure whether I should place the blame for my state on the film or on myself. The *facts* are these: The movie is based on the William Bradford Huie novel of the same title, the screenplay was written by Paddy Chayefsky, the direction is by Arthur Hiller, and the stars are James Garner and Julie Andrews. Garner plays a Navy officer, an aide to an admiral, and is stationed in London just prior to the Overlord invasion; his job is to "dog-rob" for the admiral, which is to say that he procures, through fair means or foul, luxury items such as Scotch and bourbon, nylons, tender steaks, fresh oranges, Saks Fifth Avenue dresses, Hershey bars, and bridge-playing (!) girls. He is a thoroughgoing scoundrel but he is true to the movie tradition of such types in that he is also thoroughly likable. What makes him unique is that he has developed a philosophy of cowardice that he attempts to put into action, and he is also despicable enough to use it in his courtship of Julie Andrews, here seen as a British, war-widowed WAAF named Emily.

"I preach cowardice," he tells Emily and her widowed mother at one point. "Through cowardice we shall all be saved." Naturally, having so avowed himself, he is made, before the picture ends, into an unwilling hero, being literally gunned onto Omaha Beach at the head of the assault wave. This happens as the result of an intricate plot involving a schizophrenic admiral who wants a Navy man to be the first American to die in the invasion of Europe. Now, what partially confuses me is just how this is compatible with humor.

I freely admit that I may be missing the point, but that may be because of the welter of points made throughout the picture, which is technically competent and briskly acted at times, but at others slowed down to an amble by Garner's (and the script's) propensity for long stretches of sententiousness. "You American-haters bore me to tears," he tells Emily, and then goes on to describe Europe as "a going brothel long before we came to town." This is preparatory, of course, to his falling madly in love with this particular cute European who, for some reason, reacts with passion to the man's bitterness. Again, he talks about the unreasonableness of waiting to be killed "and all because there's a madman in Berlin, a homicidal paranoid in Moscow, a manic buffoon in Rome, and a group of obsessed generals in Tokyo." But he carefully omits including a President called Franklin Delano Roosevelt in Washington, and fails to mention, too, that millions of followers of that homicidal paranoid in Moscow were dying for pretty much the same sort of cause. He does suggest, on the other hand, that "cowardice will save the world. . . . If everybody obeyed their natural impulse and ran like rabbits at the first shot, I don't see how we could possibly get to the second shot."

I suspect that not only does this amount to specious reasoning, but that it is loose, muddled talk. Cowardice can be a two-edged putty knife, so to speak, and it strikes me that not only would it not save the world, but that it would leave what was left of it in the hands of the paranoids and maniacs.

Perhaps we're in for some reassessments of World War II in our entertainments, since it has passed into history and become fair game, so to speak. There *was* much madness and nonsense during the war, both spoken and acted out, but at the time it was a purposeful war, with one of its more precise aims being the ending of unreason and violence as rulers over the affairs of men. Gumming up this pupose with sexy romance, easy cynicism, and specious reasoning has, even at this late date, a tastelessness at its base, as well as an irresponsibility. And it very much mars a film that has its striking aspects—the finely wrought performing of Julie Andrews, the good bits of characterization turned in by Melvyn Douglas and Keenan Wynn, and the fluid direction of Arthur Hiller when he has a chance to keep the film moving in between the times it is talking. One final confusion has to do with just what the title means: is it that Emily grows to accept, as her Americanization, the flabby lack of principle and conscience espoused by her lover? I hope not, for throughout the body of the film she seems to represent the more human attitudes and attributes of someone who cares about what is happening to herself and others in a period of violence. Her change would appear to be tragic rather than comic, but, confusingly, it is not presented as such. —HOLLIS ALPERT.

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Comedy—With Strings Attached

JUST AS Robert Bolt once confessed that of all the characters in his play *A Man for All Seasons,* he felt the greatest affinity for Cromwell, the king's ruthless administrator, so, I suspect, does Ira Wallach feel most comfortable with a character in *Absence of a Cello* named Otis Clifton. In this new comedy, Otis is the personnel investigator for a large manufacturing corporation. His mission is to interview a top American scientist whose impracticality has led him into debt and the need to earn the sort of large salary only a big company could pay. Otis is accurately portrayed by Murray Hamilton as a healthy mixture of self-assurance, humor, and passion, plus a touch of cruelty. But at the beginning of the play he seems quite obviously the villain—the epitome of conformity, togetherness, and management persuasion. As he applies the usual tests to the scientist, Andrew Pilgrim, we can laugh at how big business so absurdly dictates a superficial way of life to employees and executives. It wants the questioning mind, but the questioning mind must ask the same questions it asks. It wants leaders who know how to assert themselves without involving themselves. And it fires men by their first names. It is amusing to watch Fred Clark, as the irascible and eccentric Andrew, going through the discomforts of pretending to conform. But it is painful to see Andrew's wretchedness after Otis's questions about Mrs. Pilgrim's esoteric books on medieval literature have provoked Andrew to abandon his pretense. And it is bitter humor to hear Otis explain how Andrew had disqualified himself. He says, "It was not the books. It was his need to rise to their defense. It was not his lies. It was his inability to stick to his lies. A man can *choose* his lies. He cannot choose his truths."

The trouble with all this is that we want to laugh at Otis but end up crying about Andrew. For here is a truly gifted man who has diminished himself. He has the intelligence to complain that "our destinies are in the hands of fools, charlatans, nincompoops, idiots, time-servers, and whores." But perhaps because he is impractical enough to be bored by business, he refuses to be hostile about it.

On the other hand, Otis, who wishes he had the sort of talent Andrew has, and wishes he were a member of the élite for whom dissimulation is unnecessary, has made the most honest adjustment a defeated man can make to "the fun century." He has discovered that as long as he does his personnel work like a professional, he can live with independence.

Unfortunately Mr. Wallach cannot find a way to resolve things merrily for Andrew. There is some suggestion that he may follow Otis's example and work on a roving consultant basis for the company, and there is also a moment in which it is nominally demonstrated that Andrew has discovered his superiority. But even with the job and the knowledge of his superiority, Andrew remains a morose, impotent, and pathetic figure.

Whatever its dissatisfactions, *Absence of a Cello* is more interesting than any other new play that has opened in this young season and is at least an octave deeper than Samuel Taylor's *Beekman Place,* a drawing-room comedy that might have been titled *Absence of a Violin.* Mr. Taylor's piece is about a prematurely retired concert violinist whose interest in returning to a more active participation in life is brought about by an implausible but reasonably well-devised series of comic confrontations in which he discovers that he is the illegitimate father of a twenty-one-year old girl who is herself the prospective mother of an infant conceived out of wedlock. Fernand Gravet plays the violinist and Leora Dana the wife whose devotion to him, plus his devotion to himself, has resulted in their being considered "a devoted couple," and Arlene Francis does her best with a lady whose aristocratic snobbishness isn't her cup of tea. There are occasional hilarious moments such as the frantic sour vibrato on his violin as he overhears some distressing news from the next room. And the talk has bite when someone explains a piece of British high government string-pulling, with "It isn't corruption if it's a member of your own class." Furthermore, unlike Noel Coward, Mr. Taylor gives the earnest younger generation its innings when a wealthy "ban-the-bomb" renegade excoriates the older generation by saying, "They mean to bring peace in our time, as long as it doesn't interfere with the weekend." But it is just this sort of caring more about the weekend than about really important things that is the essential ingredient of the kind of comedy *Beekman Place* is trying to be, but only too sporadically is. —HENRY HEWES.

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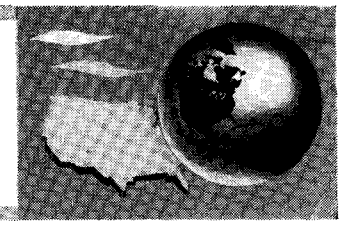

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Americans have long been adept at making themselves known, however imperfectly, to the people of other nations. Through their press, their broadcasting activities, and increasingly through their travelers, they have let the world see them and the ideas that move them. Yet, paradoxically, their knowledge of the world beyond their own borders remains, in many respects, curiously and even dangerously incomplete. As eager as they may be to know what others think of them, they have devised relatively few ways of finding out. To help close the gap, SR with this issue presents the first of a new department to be edited by James F. Fixx. This department, to be published periodically, will seek to provide readers with an authentic and representative sampling of global opinion about key aspects of American life. As this issue goes to press, no domestic issue is arousing greater international interest than the selection of the next President of the United States. The following pages focus, therefore, on the worldwide press reaction to the candidates and to the conduct of the campaign from its opening days until the present.*

The Democratic Team

BOGOTA:

"Calmness and Determination"

THE DEMOCRATS HAVE demonstrated to the United States and the world that they can face with calmness and determination the crisis in the world. The way the late President's brother Robert took his elimination from the candidacy for the Vice Presidency was an eloquent manifestation of selflessness. President Johnson's selection of Senator Humphrey as his running mate assures the victory of the Democratic ticket. We are especially interested in Senator Humphrey's selection, for he is a proven friend of Latin America and with his election the Good Neighbor Policy of President Roosevelt and Kennedy would continue. Senator Goldwater's victory, however, would make a great difference; it would bring back isolation and prejudice.

—*El Espectador.*

TORONTO:

"A Worthy Heir"

DURING THE SHORT TIME [President Johnson] has occupied the office of the Chief Executive, he has indicated that he is a worthy heir to the martyred President Kennedy he succeeded. The years that began with the late President Roosevelt's Administration, stretched through those of President Truman, and continued with the cruelly brief Kennedy term, have produced points of friction between Ottawa and Washington. It is not surprising that this has been so; the surprising thing is that the differences have been relatively few and have involved a sense of accommodation on both sides.

Like President Truman, who was thrust into the Presidency with the death of Roosevelt, President Johnson has grown rapidly in the stature demanded of a President. Both are essentially party men whose experience and achievements were in the field of political organization and parliamentary strategy. Both were forced suddenly into an office the demands of which extend to the far corners of the earth. Both were faced with difficult decisions from the first day—Truman in the war with Japan and Johnson with the American involvement in Vietnam. The crises were vastly different in magnitude but, in both, each acted with boldness and expedition.

In the domestic field, President Johnson has carried forward the liberal traditions that have marked the Democratic Party since the Roosevelt years.

—*The Telegram.*

MONTREAL:

The Tradition Continues

THE QUALITY OF American Vice-Presidential candidates has been increasing in recent years, even though their power and influence remain tenuous. This tradition is continued with President Johnson's choice of Senator Hubert Humphrey of Minnesota to be his running mate in the election.

Senator Humphrey is a well-known liberal member of the Democratic Party, more liberal than President Johnson, though scarcely, especially in recent years, the radical he is sometimes made out to be.

Selection of Senator Humphrey should help President Johnson in the Northeast, where he does not need it, and also in the Middle West, where he does need it. Clearly, Mr. Humphrey will hurt President Johnson in the Southern states, where his strong position on civil rights seems to have made him *persona non grata*.

It is especially reassuring that President Johnson has chosen a capable, well-known person because of the health factor. Mr. Johnson had a serious heart attack some years ago. Although he is believed to have recovered fully, it cannot be forgotten that the Presidency is a job that places a tremendous strain on the health of whoever holds it.

And further, Mr. Johnson has worked extremely hard since he became President, placing an inevitable strain on his health.

The most important responsibility of

TV or Not TV: President Johnson seems to be convinced that his own irregular profile does not compare well on television screens with the square jaw of Senator Goldwater. Even so, Mr. Johnson was probably unwise to persuade Democrats in the Senate to kill a proposal which would have allowed televised debates between the two candidates. Republicans are gleeful over the transparency of the maneuver. Yet Mr. Johnson's reluctance cannot be laid entirely to vanity. There is the real question of the propriety of a head of state engaging in a contest with a challenger. And there are the lessons of history. Who now does not know that Mr. Nixon's misfortune in looking dark-jowled and tired, his light grey suit fading into the background beside Mr. Kennedy's dark one, caused him to "lose" the 1960 television debates and, very possibly, the election? But Mr. Johnson seems to have had the baby thrown out with the bath. The question of how much he should appear on television will dog him throughout the autumn, while television and radio stations hobble along under the impracticable "equal time" restriction which severely inhibits their coverage of the campaign.—*The Economist*, London.

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a Vice President is to be prepared for the Presidency. This makes the selection of a first-rate person important. Senator Humphrey fills this need.

—*The Gazette.*

JERUSALEM:

New Role for Vice President

MR. JOHNSON, confident of victory in November, already has plans to make the post of Vice President even more important than it had become under President Eisenhower and the late President Kennedy. . . . He would like to see the second-in-command take on many ceremonial duties of the President at home and more representation abroad. It is to be expected that the Vice President will take over considerable responsibility in the foreign affairs field—one in which the Senator is well qualified by long experience on the Senate Foreign Relations Committee.

—*Jerusalem Post.*

MANCHESTER:

The Party of Peace

Democrats will present themselves as the party of sobriety, moderation, and common sense, capitalizing on what President Johnson is said to have called the front-lash of moderate Republicans driven away from their party by Senator Goldwater's victory at San Francisco. Thus the Democratic foreign policy platform is a deliberately uninspiring document. There are no ringing phrases, no bold challenges to stiffen the sinews or summon up the blood. The style is gray and statesmanlike and the few rhetorical passages fall distinctly flat. But this, of course, is just the point. The American people are no more anxious than anyone else to see themselves blown to pieces in a nuclear war, and the Democrats clearly hope that their ostentatiously unemotional approach to foreign affairs and defense will stamp them as the party of peace.

—*Manchester Guardian Weekly.*

The Republican Challenge

LONDON:

A Complete Realignment?

ON ALL THE USUAL questions, which are also the ones Mr. Johnson intends to emphasize—peace, preparedness, prosperity, and progress—the President seems unbeatable. Moreover, he has the great power and prestige of his office to add to his other assets. America votes every four years, not only for its Chief Executive, but also for its equivalent of a constitutional monarch; and all over the world it is usual for a sentimentally conservative people to vote for the one they already have. Doubts arise only when this year's unusual questions are considered: fear and resentment of the pace of the Negro drive for equality; disquiet at the increase in corruption and violence; distrust of the federal government's and Supreme Court's encroachments on state and local independence; shifts of economic and political power from the Eastern states to those of the Middle and Far West; unhappiness at the speed and complication of life today.

These questions were dominant in the minds of the Republican delegates who chose Senator Goldwater as their Presidential candidate. If they are dominant in the minds of the voters on November 3, then it will mean the end of the old coalition that was guaranteed to give the Democrats the Presidency, except when the Republicans had a candidate such as General Eisenhower who could win over the liberal-minded independent voters. Already the Southern states are almost written off for the Democrats this year, although Mr. Johnson is not yet prepared to admit this. If the industrial and urban centers, with their Roman Catholics and immigrant groups, write themselves off, then there will be a complete realignment in American politics.

—*The Economist.*

—*Illustrated Weekly of India.*

NEW DELHI:

What Does He Represent?

IT MAY BE AN exaggeration now to say that when the United States sneezes, the rest of the world catches cold. U.S. politics, however, affects other countries powerfully, and the emergence of Senator Goldwater even as the Presidential nominee of a minority section of the minority party has confounded most people outside the United States. Not even his most fervent supporters are certain of his victory over President Johnson, but what has disturbed the world is why he has been allowed to emerge at all, even if the San Francisco convention could be said to have been log-rolled and steam-rollered. Goldwater's many personal qualities are admitted—his sincerity, his directness, his sense of dedication, and the passionate quietness of his convictions. Like John Kennedy, who with his Catholicism as an initial disqualification forced his way to his party's nomination by persistent success in the primaries, Goldwater has won against odds. His half-Jewish extraction is no disqualification, and few know that his grandparents were immigrants from Konin, which is in Poland now, with the outlandish name of Goldwasser. . . .

Goldwater represents a large group of the American people and large areas of American sentiment. It is necessary to know what exactly he represents, if the United States is not to be misunderstood and not to become a symbol of fear and distrust.

—*National Herald.*

WARSAW:

Appeal for a Holy War

SUPPORT FOR THE extreme rightists, together with the John Birch Society, is only a small fraction of the ideology presented by Goldwater in his acceptance speech. Let us not have illusions: regardless of its value, this was an ideological speech. In the sense of internal policy, it was an appeal for a holy war.

In this sense, the current election campaign will be different from all previous ones. Goldwater appeals for votes for the most reactionary program since the days of McCarthy. This appeal is dressed in the usual demagogical slogans: the individual against the state and the state against the individual, whom Goldwater, of course, wants to defend. But who is the individual Goldwater wants to defend? He is concerned exclusively with the American counter-

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part of the petty bourgeoisie, the white Anglo-Saxon Americans and that part of the European democracy which is inclined to share his views. . . .

In foreign policy, Goldwater is against coexistence, condemning, for instance, the sale of wheat by the U.S. to the Soviet Union or the establishment of cultural relations with it. But this is not all. He not only wants to "defend freedom," but also to "extend it." During the so-called salute to the "captive" nations, Goldwater stated, it is true, that he does not want war, but his policy of "liberation," "risk," and "ultimatums" with respect to the Soviet Union is directed toward a violent sharpening of international relations that brings nearer the possibility of a war. . . .

—*Trybuna Ludu.*

VIENNA:

An End of Leadership?

SENATOR GOLDWATER is an outstanding and honest man, but his responses are too impulsive. He gives the impression of being a weak man who tries to hide his weakness behind boastfulness. . . . His presence in the White House would give the Russians—who think in terms of decades—a tremendous opportunity. . . . If Goldwater should behave as his followers expect him to, and as others are afraid he would, the country will revolt. The Negroes will revolt against the whites, workers against employers, farmers against cities.

America's leadership of the Western world, which is not too solid in any event, will then come to an end.

—*Die Furche.*

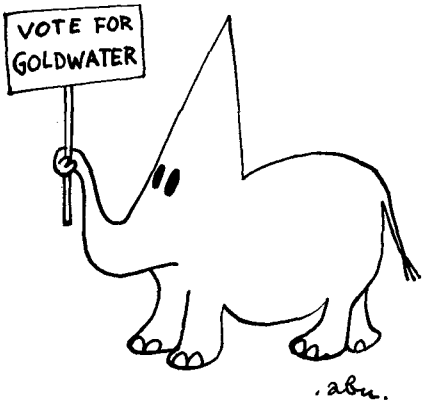
WINNIPEG:

The Dulles Doctrine Again?

APART FROM ALL ISSUES of domestic politics, which do not concern foreigners, Senator Goldwater's campaign for the Presidency of the United States should force the American people, and their allies also, to face the true facts of world power, its opportunities and its limitations.

As a member of NATO and the United States' closest ally, Canada has every right to debate American foreign policy, without taking sides in the election, since uses of American power are inescapable here—or anywhere else, for that matter. The debate has been under way in Canada for the last decade at least. When, for example, the late John Foster Dulles proposed the theory of "massive retaliation" and an attempt to "roll back" the borders of the Communist empire, Mr. Pearson was the first foreign statesman to question such an impractical strategy, and it was never enforced. Now that Senator Goldwater seems to have revived the Dulles doctrine, in general terms anyway, Canada is bound to consider its implications. . . .

Abroad, the misconception of American power is equally apparent and derives not only from foreigners' ignorance of the United States but from deliberate efforts to distort the intentions of the American people. President de Gaulle, the most notable misinformer, is constantly resisting American interference that exists only in his imagination and his appetite for French grandeur. He is warning the Europeans against Washington's attempt to dominate them, though actually the American people would gladly withdraw their soldiers altogether, if they could, and halt the drain on their gold reserves.



—*Szpilki (Warsaw).*

—*Free Press.*

NEW DELHI:

Foretaste of Things to Come

THE REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE for the U.S. Presidency, Senator Barry Goldwater, even if he is defeated at the Presidential polls, as is expected, will still be the leader of the Republican Party in the United States for the next four years. . . . He said: "Extremism in the defense of liberty is no vice." The meaning of this is that in the professed defense of liberty, to propagate and practice racial discrimination and crime, all of which is covered by the word "extremism," violence or terror is no vice! This is a legitimate and by no means exaggerated or strained interpretation of Mr. Goldwater's pronouncement.

He is acclaimed and applauded by a great part of America, which parades its democracy and humanity. The show has begun or, more accurately, has got into stride. At St. Augustine, in Florida, already the scene of racial violence, not long ago members of the notorious Ku Klux Klan, hooded and robed, burned copies of the Civil Rights Bill recently

(*Continued on page 72*)

At Random

►". . . The thought that Goldwater had even the faintest chance of reaching the White House would be enough to shake faith in the maturity and stability of American politics."

—London *Times.*

►". . . The election of an American President, though both constitutionally and morally the right and responsibility of the American people, becomes a matter of world concern. This does not, however, give other nations a right or obligation to intervene or pronounce on the wisdom of the choice of the American people. There is, however, a moral obligation to the world resting on the American people. The Presidential election may render the Republican choice . . . less catastrophic than it can be." —*The Century,* New Delhi.

►"The Republicans have chosen a candidate who wilfully ignores the march of world events. The lesson of the cold war, the laws of nuclear equilibrium, the lessons of fifteen years of world politics have all been lost on the Senator from Arizona and the men who supply him with political wisdom."

—Frankfurter *Rundschau.*

►"The world's leading nation has turned its back on the twentieth century." —London *Daily Herald.*

►"The Republicans are jeopardizing the very structure of Western foreign policy. Their brinkmanship ideas, ultimatums to Moscow, restricted employment of nuclear weapons, and more power to the military have frightened Washington's allies."

—Toronto *Daily Star.*

►". . . Realization of Goldwater's foreign policy program would break up the NATO alliance, undermine Anglo-American relations, and adversely affect the Soviet Union's coexistence policy."

—London *Daily Mail.*

►"The possibility that Goldwater will land in the White House may not be big at the moment, but it exists. It will be bigger if the Democratic Party underestimates it. In this event, one may risk a prediction. As President, Goldwater, hitherto an enemy of big federal power, would enlarge the power of the federal government."

—*Die Furche,* Vienna.

►"Goldwater's nomination revealed the blind, irrational conflicts hidden behind the outwardly smoothly running capitalistic machine. . . . If the Western allies of the United States could participate in the Presidential election, there would be no doubt about its outcome. Barry Goldwater would be reduced to nothingness. In Western Europe the reaction to his nomination was unanimous." —*Pravo Lidu,* Prague.

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Dress by: Geoffrey Beene

Where else could you travel with a Roman goddess, Italian fine art, and 500 willing attendants?

The goddess in our photograph is top Italian fashion model Isabella Albonico, who commutes between the couturier salons of Rome and New York.

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Mediterranean/Near-East Gala Cruise LEONARDO DA VINCI from New York March 3, 1965 (41 days). From $1,250. Mediterranean Festival Cruises from New York: CRISTOFORO COLOMBO December 22 (27 days); SATURNIA December 28 (42 days) (leaves Boston December 29) • Regular transatlantic sailings from New York on LEONARDO DA VINCI, CRISTOFORO COLOMBO, SATURNIA, VULCANIA • And, coming soon, the two new superliners MICHELANGELO and RAFFAELLO

UNWIND YOUR WAY TO EUROPE

Italian Line

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TASTE FOR LIVING

Taste, that elusive phenomenon explored in the following pages, is more than an ephemeral or insignificant corner of man's life. For through taste is revealed something of his values and attitudes.

Clearly, there is something fundamentally revealing about a taste that prefers the Beatles to Beethoven, just as, in perhaps a more subtle sense, there may be significance in a preference for one kind of architecture over another.

Archeologists and historians are invariably at great pains, as they try to recreate not only the facts of the past but its spirit, to search for clues in a people's clothing, food, dwellings, and everyday artifacts. A society speaks, at least in part, through the things with which its members like to surround themselves.

It is against this background that Saturday Review here examines a few aspects of contemporary taste. What do the things we choose and use reveal about us? What are their strengths and weaknesses—and our own?

The authors who ask the questions, and offer a few answers, include Horace Sutton, SR's travel editor; Frank Schoonmaker, an authority on Europe's ancient vineyards; W. Dorwin Teague, an industrial designer; Pola Stout, a well-known fabric designer; and Poppy Cannon, a writer and authority on food.

Together, they provide something of a brief venture into contemporary archeology—a venture that seeks to take a long view of today's taste.

View from the Tower Suite

—Sam Falk, from "New York: True North."

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The Return to Elegance

By HORACE SUTTON

THE DOORMAN wore a royal blue tailcoat edged in black piping and on his head sat a black derby. As the guest swept past him, the glass door with the gold trim swung open and the guest stepped briskly across the rosa aurora marble from Portugal, onto the hand-loomed rugs made by the master craftsman V'Soske of Puerto Rico. Cloaking the walls around him were delicately carved paneling that had once walled the Parisian salons of the Prince Murat. In front of him hung a 250-year-old Aubusson tapestry woven in France that glowed softly, reflecting the light of a Franz Josef chandelier dripping with 5,000 bits of polished crystal.

The guest had not crossed the threshold of Schönbrunn in Vienna, nor had he entered Josephine's precious Malmaison outside Paris. He had stepped, last week, into the lobby of the Hotel Warwick in Houston, Texas, an old hotel remodeled according to modern techniques and modern tastes by Texan John Whitfield Mecom, the very model of the modern American oilman.

The very model of the modern American man who would sign the register at the Warwick would hardly expect what Mecom had wrought. The coffee shop showed not a trace of plastic. It was modeled after a Viennese café, sported windows from the Château de Chamant near Paris and wood paneling from the Château La Motte au Bois in northern France. The waitresses were done up in black uniforms with starched aprons and coifs.

What was surprising about the Warwick was not that it had been created. One might have expected it in New York, and taken it as a matter of course had it come to life in Paris, Brussels, Vienna, or even San Francisco. But its emergence in Houston, in the heartland of the large, economy-sized Stetson and the cowboy boot, was startling even to the most acutely tuned arbiter of international taste.

The truth is that America is acquiring taste, and acquiring it faster than most people are aware. Says Mike Warfel, chief of Sheraton's Food and Restaurant Department: "We sit up nights thinking of ways to make things look different. We are building new dinner menus around hot appetizers that travelers may have first tasted in Harry's Bar in Venice. We try special soups—gazpacho, cream of cucumber, cream of avocado. We are using black bean soup with sherry. We are putting hot soups in sixteen-ounce tureens with Indian decorations, serving cold soups in silver shells packed in ice. People are simply tired of eating shrimp cocktail and marinated herring. They are getting out of spaghetti houses and demanding something more."

They are also climbing out of the old chop suey houses that once constituted a night on the town. New and even elegant Chinese restaurants now serve *recherché* Orientalia to diners who once were happy choosing two from Column A and one from Column B. To succeed in New York today, a Chinese restaurant has to be so shabby and out of the way that it is known only to the cognoscenti or so *soigné* that it is patronized only by the well-to-do. The result has been a rash of new and expensive Chinese restaurants along Manhattan's refined Upper East Side. Even out in Honolulu, famed hotelier Edwin K. Hastings, Hilton's Vice President for the Pacific, laid in two complete sets of Chinese silverware—at $1,200 a set—for his Golden Dragon Restaurant in the Hilton Hawaiian Village.

Rosenthal, the Bavarian crockery king, notes that Americans, who have traditionally spent less on their china and tableware than any country in Europe, have lately taken to distinguishing among glasses. "While the possession of a set of brandy snifters or cordial glasses was about as far as most Americans would go," a Rosenthal spokesman said recently, "some Americans now wouldn't dream of serving white wine in goblets designed for Burgundy."

American housewives who in 1947 had distinguished between red caviar and black knew, by the mid-Fifties, the difference between pressed caviar and fresh caviar. Today they can distinguish, sniffily, between Beluga and Malosol. They can also, as Joseph Baum of New York's imaginative Restaurant

A Traveler's Taste

Ten I Remember

St. Stefan, Yugoslavia

Hotel du Cap, Antibes, France

General Motors Technical Center, Warren, Michigan

Maeght Museum, St. Paul-de-Vence, France

Hostal de la Gavina, Spain

Regency Hotel, New York City

Kahala Hilton Hotel, Honolulu

Le Coq Hardi, Bougival, France

James Thompson Residence, Bangkok

Sacher-Stoeckl, Sacher Hotel, Vienna

—H. S.

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This gentleman blends the world's finest Scotch— but doesn't always order it when dining out.

George Thomson sniffs out the competition at Scott's Restaurant, Piccadilly, London.

George Thomson is more knowledgeable about the personalities of the 101 straight malt whiskies produced in Scotland than anyone we know. That's why he is the master blender of Johnnie Walker Black Label.

And whenever he wants to find out what the competition is doing, all he has to do is go out to dinner and put his meticulous, authoritarian nose into his competitor's business. He can sniff a straight malt that comes through a bit sharp or one that wasn't quite ready for blending.

He has yet to find a blend that comes close to the sumptuous flavor and smooth character of Black Label.

Where the art of the master blender reaches its peak. In blending Black Label, George Thomson uses more than 40 expensive "single malts." He chooses them for maturity and character.

To this blend of Highland malts, George Thomson adds just the exact amount of aged Scotch grain whisky necessary to complete the unique formula that's Johnnie Walker Black Label.

Are you paying a premium for Scotch? If you're paying for "the best," you ought to be getting all the smooth Scotch richness and Scotch character of Johnnie Walker Black Label.

Its superiority is recognized throughout the world by people who know Scotch whisky. It's in such demand in the United Kingdom that it's actually on ration there. But the current U.S. quota allows you to get a reasonable supply.

Why not ask for Black Label tonight? Its smooth, satisfying flavor could change your taste for fine Scotch.

BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND. BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY, 86.8 PROOF.
IMPORTED BY CANADA DRY CORPORATION, NEW YORK, NEW YORK

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80 PROOF. IMPORTED BY CANADA DRY CORP., N.Y., N.Y.

Sabatini/Firenze/8:30 p. m./Vincenzo Sabatini recommends: Petti di Pollo en Chaud-Froid, Tortellini Fatti in Casa alla Romagnola, Bistecca di Manzo Toscano, Pisellini Freschi alla Fiorentina, Vino Rosso Sabatini, Torta St. Honoré, Caffe' Espresso, followed by

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Gentlemen: I would like the Strega Recipe Kit of famous Italian specialties. My check (or money order) for $1.00 is enclosed.

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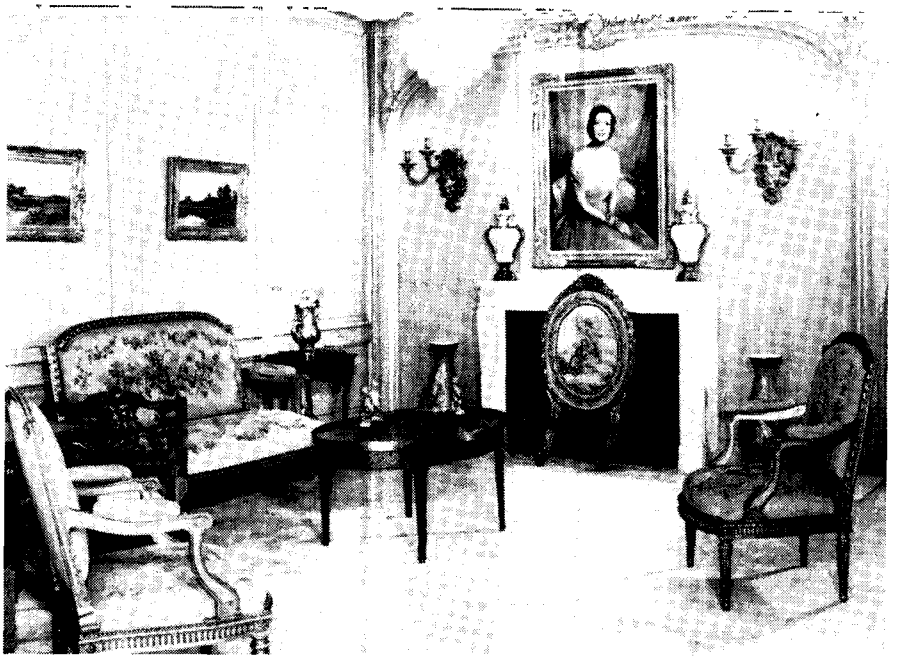
Associates points out, tell the difference between chicken liver, *foie gras*, and *pâté de foie gras*. "Supermarkets carry snails," says he, "artichokes have become as common as carrots, and housewives reach for endive the way they used to grab a head of iceberg. Cookbooks are today's best-sellers. And look at New York. There are now twenty-two cooking schools in town, and I mean advanced ones."

Almost all American restaurant and hotel men agree that the man who first decorated dining with showmanship was Ernie Byfield. At the Pump Room at the Ambassador East in Chicago, Byfield's waiters, dressed in perukes and breeches, carried meats impaled on flaming swords across the floor. In the hotel world they like to remember that Ernie admitted, "The flames don't hurt the food much."

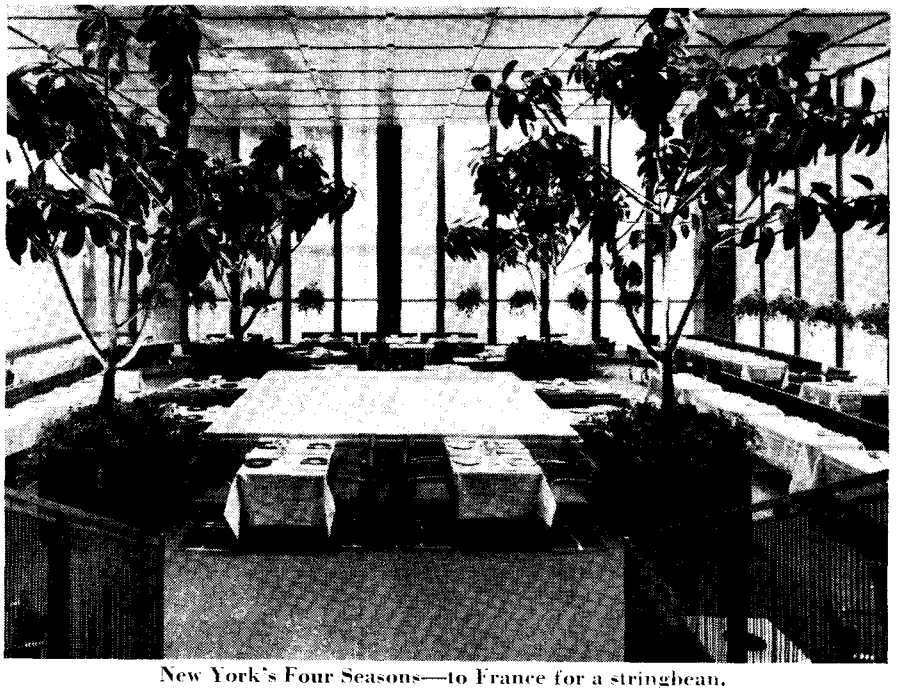
But still it took a war and the far-traveling G.I. to inspire the American's search for better things. He had seen Paree. How was anyone going to keep his tastes down on the farm? He had walked through the splendors of Europe's castles, taken leave in Switzerland's downy hotels. In Naples he had contracted a taste for pizza that has resulted in a postwar boom that is displacing the hot dog as America's favorite *nosh*. In Gaul he watched the French cooks perform legerdemain—which was certainly needed—with powdered eggs. As the action eased, he got a taste of sauces and wines. If he came home griping about the Pacific atolls, he also developed a certain nostalgia for them, and as the years washed away the memory of the rigors there, the romance remained. Polynesian restaurants, festooned with leafy fronds and cackling macaws, have proliferated like banana stalks. In Japan the G.I. encountered a new *politesse* that was neither continental nor merely mannerly. After the war the new homeowners installed *shojis*, *tatamis*, and served dinners at low tables from new-bought lacquerware.

As the war receded the postwar travel boom began and other Americans—the women and the older generations and the newer ones—hied off to see the other lands for themselves. Those who didn't get away had the world brought to them on television. The new leisure created new needs. People had more money and a lot of them were bored.

The answer came first, and loudest, from those wellsprings of American culture, Miami Beach and Las Vegas. It was those settlements that first turned a brash ear to the soundings, answering them immediately with hotels that were called Barcelona, Seville, Di Lido, Fontainebleau, and (after that gem of Riviera resorts) the Eden Roc. To the north of Miami Beach came a rash of motels with names like Suez, Tangiers,



A living room in Houston's Warwick Hotel—to Prince Murat for a wall.



New York's Four Seasons—to France for a stringbean.

Lounge in Caneel Bay Plantation—to Denmark for a chair.

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Morocco, and the Sahara, which completed its decor with a pair of stuffed camels and a stuffed Arab on the front lawn. A place called the Thunderbird, stretching for Indian decor, nailed up signs over its washrooms that read "Braves" and "Squaws."

Powerful shafts shot skyward, stark and unrefined by soft design. Each hotel room was a box equipped with a bath on one end and a terrace on the other. The shafts went up in Panama and San Juan and Istanbul, Cairo and Pittsburgh. Some, like Caneel Bay, were not shafts and were graced with artful furnishings, but most offered beds whacked together in Grand Rapids and settees of plastic webbing wrapped around tubular frames. The age of gadgetry arrived. Phones chirped instead of ringing; red warning lights flashed the arrival of messages; dial systems began to replace the hotel operator. They didn't always function as advertised. One day not long ago a hotel resident was awakened by the red light that flashed on his telephone. He groped for it, dialed "O" for Operator. "You've got a blinking light on my phone," he said sleepily. "What's the message?" The reply was swift. "Please call the message operator," the voice said. "Dial 1." He dialed "1" and said, "You've got a message for me in 1228." The message operator's response was equally swift: "It's a telegram, sir." "Please deliver it," the guest said. "Kindly dial 4 for the bell captain," the cheery message operator replied. The guest rolled over and sought sleep once more.

But the American public was not to be put off by bad design or hypertechnocracy. The age of taste, somewhat bruised and not a little delayed, finally arrived. People ceased merely to eat and began to dine. And dinner might mean a flash of culinary entertainment, a show of elegant decor, an air of refinement. In San Francisco they flocked to Ernie's, gloried in its famous bar that sailed around the Horn, in its *fin-de-siècle* elegance, and in its rarefied menu, which told all San Franciscans that Ernie's understood the true sophistication of the city.

In 1957 Restaurant Associates, which had started off gingerly enough with a chain of short-order coffee counters, an airport restaurant, and the management of the ersatz Hawaiian Room at New York's Hotel Lexington, erupted with a stunning showpiece called the Forum of the Twelve Caesars in New York's Rockefeller Center. Pahlmann was called in to decorate. The staff was indoctrinated in Graves's translation of Suetonius's *Lives of the Caesars*. For background the chefs called upon the writings of Apicius, whose recipes were written during the high days of the Roman Empire. It proved a smash, moving a movable *House Beautiful* editor to extol Restaurant Associates in words still revered by the company: "The keystone is that the eight or nine top executives who created the Forum all think that food is the most fascinating subject in the world. Specially, they think eating should do more than satisfy the palate. It should also please the eye with its presentation and interest the mind and intellect." Had the first concept been weighed by the editors of *Playboy* instead of *House Beautiful*, the evaluation might have been different. But none doubted that the eye had to be pleased. And with all that new leisure the mind had to be titillated, too.

Two years later Restaurant Associates unveiled its masterwork, the Four Seasons, a restaurant unmatched in the world. The travertine walkway between its bar and its restaurant was hung with a Picasso tapestry. Elsewhere the wall was hung with Miró, Léger, and Chagall. Four Seasons holloware was also placed on permanent exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art. It changes its menu and flowers, trees, and shrubbery four times a year, even as the seasons. It changes its upholstery twice a year. Its wine list combs back to the archives of 1918. It goes all the way to France to fly in a stringbean. It brings

NOTES ON THE CUFF OF AN ITINERANT EATER

Five years of culinary scratchings culled from SR's man on the road

LONDON

Simpson's in the Strand: "Scotch salmon, roast beef from the silver cart, and Stilton cheese spooned in great mildewed chunks onto British biscuits."

PARIS

Mère Michel, 5 Rue Remequin: "The food was beautiful, the crowd, save for us, French to a man." ***Relais Bisson*** on the Left Bank: "The house masterpiece is the sea loup." ***Maxim's:*** "Full of international café society." ***Drouant:*** "The lobster bisque is the greatest one I ever burned my tongue on." ***Drug Store:*** "The place to go for a late-evening after-theatre snack . . . certainly one of the few drugstores in the world serving a full line of wines, beers, whiskies, cognacs, and cocktails." ***Pharamond,*** 24 Rue de la Grande Truanderie: "The poor man's Maxim's . . . the partridge made it a night to remember."

LISBON

Ritz: "An international staff serves its guests in an exquisite French-decorated dining room."

ROME

Giggi Fazi's: "A frantic den set in an arbor alongside the American Embassy. . . . the surroundings were a pleasure to behold." ***Galeassi:*** "Where luncheon on the cobbles is an adjunct to the running floor show in the open square of Santa Maria." ***Passetto:*** "To my mind probably the best restaurant in Rome."

MILAN

Savini's: "One of the best of Europe's restaurants."

VENICE

Gritti Palace Hotel: "Famous for its luxury and for its chicken that arrives supine in a bed of fettucini covered by a blanket of Mornay." ***Harry's Bar:*** "Still a bustling den of uppercrust Bohemians and tourists."

BUDAPEST

Kis Royal: "In the night the place to be. Pertis, the gypsy who played for royalty, still saws his violin engagingly."

VIENNA

Balkan Grill: "The menu is full of Serbian dishes, some of which are even decipherable on the menu." ***Griechenbeisl:*** "Small and colorful." ***Imperial, Bristol, Sacher,*** and ***Ambassador Krantz:*** "For dining in full fanfare." ***Drei Hussaren,*** Weihburggasse No. 4: "If it's *that* expensive, it *has* to be good."

ATHENS

Oceanid: "A new and splendid restaurant, the latest attraction here along the seacoast, only removed by a hill from the ruins of the Temple of Poseidon."

TEL AVIV, ISRAEL

Zion, 29 Peduyim Street: "Serves such Yemenite delights as *schug*, a perfumey parsley ground with garlic, lemon, and red pepper, and *chilbe*, which is like spicy peanut butter."

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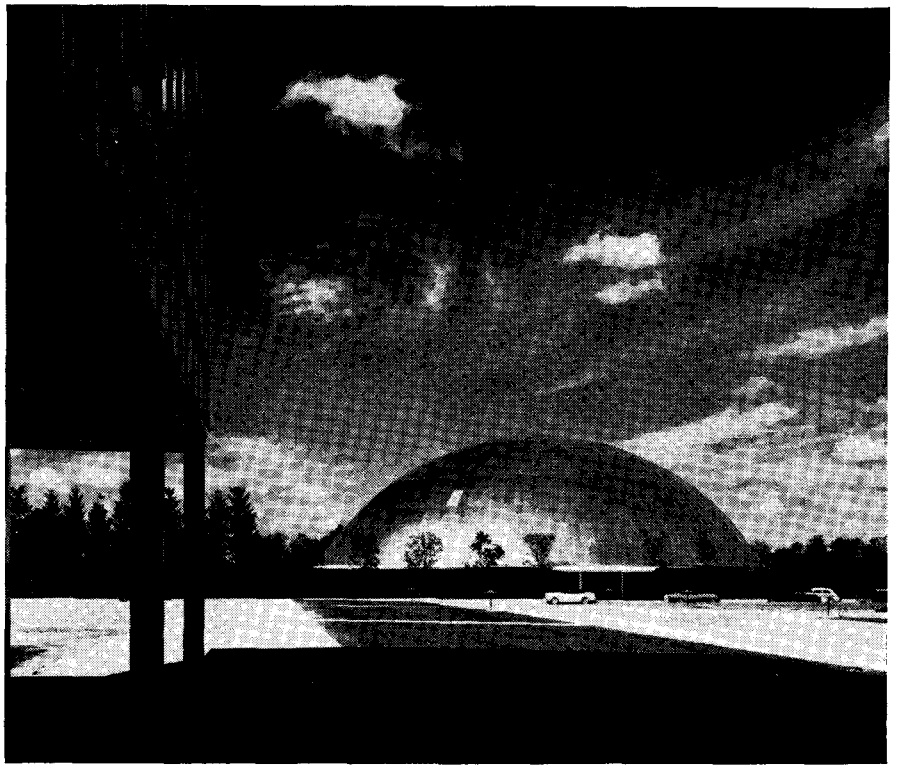
white truffles from Italy, venison from Norway, mushrooms from the Oregon forests. It is, in short, the eating end.

The other day Stuart Levin, the Four Seasons's managing director, took a call from California. An executive was coming to New York for a day of meetings. He would like a private dinner to be served, after which his party would return to the airport for the flight back to California. Levin ordered pheasant consommé (game being in season), followed it with *quenelles* of salmon with tarragon hollandaise. For the main course he gave them *tournedos* of beef with sherried *chanterelles*, then steamed zucchini in lemon butter, salad of Kentucky bib, and for dessert fresh pineapple *sorbet* with strawberries in *cassis*. After dinner the house car took the group to the airport.

While the bill for that exercise was doubtless astronomical, the new American taste was budding on all economic levels. The demand for better things has transcended superficial gimmickry. Flambé foods are out. Customers are less affected by what is showy than by what is smart. A glorified hotdog counter called Zum Zum in the lobby of the new Pan Am Building is so successful that Restaurant Associates, its progenitor, will open carbon copies in other Man-

(*Continued on page* 58)



—*Ezra Stoller.*

General Motors Styling auditorium—among the top ten.

MOSCOW

Moskva Hotel: "We dined on *solyanka*, a huge soup thick as a stew pot, with flanks of meat, snips of sausage, and vegetables, and we followed it with cold sturgeon with sharp horseradish." ***National Hotel:*** "Glowed with Western warmth. Silver buckets of champagne and Armenian brandy were on the tables." ***Hotel Pekin:*** "Despite a great Oriental arch and a menu that advertises shark's fin in brown sauce, it is staffed by Russian waiters who fetch more Russian vodka than perfumed Chinese firewater."

DELHI, INDIA

Moti Mahal: "The most famous place for *tandoori* chicken . . . paints its chickens with a coating of red herbs, according to the ancient recipe, then bakes them in an underground oven."

TEHERAN

Reghabi Chelo Kabab: "A part of Iranian life is the adoration of the national dish, *chelo kabab*. In essence it is meat and rice, but there is much more ritual to it than that . . . it is served with small pickles, raw eggs, and purple onions."

BUENOS AIRES

La Cabana: "Probably the world's greatest steak house."

SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA

The Bistro: "An air-conditioned *cave* that serves up squid, cold chicken, and chocolate-covered almond pie in an all-day lunch that runs from twelve to six."
The Chelsea in King's Cross: "Serves its martinis in silver goblets, pours coffee from silver service into Staffordshire cups." ***Caprice:*** "Night views of Sydney and strawberries decorated with sprigs of frangipani."

PAPEETE, TAHITI

Chez Chapiteau: "The food is pure French neighborhood cooking in the best tradition."

TOKYO

Shinkiraku Restaurant: "Quail eggs, giant Fukaba strawberries, dancing geishas." ***Imperial Hotel's*** Western-style Café Terrace: "Functions as a grill room and a main dining room, as well as a smorgasbord restaurant." ***Kaseiro:*** "His Chinese food was marvelous."

TAIPEI

Grand Hotel: "In many ways perhaps the most splendid hostelry in all the Orient. Coffee and doughnuts are available around the clock in the Jade Phoenix section, but there is also a special kitchen for spicy Szechuen cooking and another for the cuisine of the Cantonese."

HONG KONG

Princess Gardens: "Peking duck cut in chunks and wrapped in a sort of *taco*, then dipped in brown sauce, a soup made from the same duck's innards." ***Tai Tung:*** "A virtual apartment house of restaurants with dining rooms opening on every floor."

SINGAPORE

Peking: "Chinese food served in elegant surroundings . . . even has a dance band for lunch."

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THE LANGUAGE OF WINE

—Culver.

By FRANK SCHOONMAKER

IT CAN scarcely be doubted, by anyone at all acquainted with the literature of the Western world, that fine wine offers, to those who know it and appreciate it, an esthetic experience of the very first order. Wine has intrigued and delighted and been prized by our élite—the most intelligent, the most talented, the bravest, the ablest, and the most tolerant among us, for well over 2,000 years. It is inextricably a part of the fabric of Western art and religion, of Mediterranean and European civilization—and therefore, inevitably, of our own. To be sure, it is an industry today, but so is publishing. Clearly, the pleasures it affords are transitory—but so are those of the ballet, or of a musical performance.

Wine may be "a good familiar creature if it be well used," but it seems curiously hard to define.

It is "the fermented juice of fresh grapes," according to our Treasury Department. "It is a food," said Oliver Wendell Holmes (not, fortunately for jurisprudence, the late Justice, but his father). "Wine is the most healthful and hygienic of beverages," declared one of the most eminent of Frenchmen, Pasteur, though his compatriot, Talleyrand, preferred to describe it as "*la force civilisatrice par excellence.*" Hilaire Belloc, in one of his happiest poems, wrote of it as

> . . . mankind's mysterious friend:
> Wine, true begetter of all arts that be;
> Wine, privilege of the completely free. . . .

That wine is mysterious would seem self-evident. Surely no other product capable of being consumed by human beings has ever been praised so universally or defined so variously, and in such seemingly contradictory terms. Yet about what other conceivable subject could we hope to find John Keats and John Wesley, Quintus Horatius Flaccus and St. Paul, Henri IV and Hemingway, Noah and Napoleon, Erasmus, François Villon and the Grand Duke Constantine of Russia in substantial accord?

Does all this, one may be impelled to ask, have any valid relevance in the America of today?

The answer, quite certainly, I think, is yes. Wine has been, from the beginning, more a part of our early hopes and our national tradition than many of us know or realize.

Our Founding Fathers, if we go back via Thomas Jefferson and Lord De La Warr to Leif the Lucky, seem never to have doubted that their new country was destined to become not only the Land of the Free but also the Home of the Vine. America's earliest name was Vineland; by 1616 Lord De La Warr was writing to the Virginia Company in London, asking that "skilled vinearoons" be sent over, presumably from France, to domesticate

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the wild American vine. Such ideas were already firmly entrenched when the Republic was born: Jefferson devoted page after page in his letters and personal diary to vineyards and wine-making methods in France and Germany, and put himself on record to the effect that "no nation is drunken where wine is cheap, and none sober where the dearness of wine substitutes ardent spirits as the common beverage."

By the 1820s a rather promising beginning had been made. One Major John Adlum, proud of his little planting of Catawba vines in the District of Columbia, hopefully announced that "in bringing this grape [the Catawba] into public notice, I have rendered my country a greater service than I could have done had I paid off the national debt" (then $84,000,000). Three decades later there existed a flourishing young wine industry in California, and wine was being made commercially in twenty-two of the thirty-two states, with Ohio and Missouri in the lead. Nor were imported wines by any means forgotten, since—although it seems hard to believe—the United States imported more wine from France in the 1850s than in the 1950s. (According to official government figures, we imported, in 1950, 642,555 gallons of table wine from France and in 1960 a post-Prohibition record, 2,040,813 gallons. Yet in 1860, an average year for the period, the figure was 2,917,181 gallons. It should be kept in mind, of course, that before the Civil War there were no California wines available in the Eastern states except those that arrived mostly by sailing vessels around the Horn. The transcontinental railway changed everything; California now supplies well over 80 per cent of our national consumption.)

HAD things worked out as planned, and had wine-producing remained one of the articles, however minor, of our Manifest Destiny, we should perhaps all be happier, and our national character somewhat different. Or had light wines been exempted, as Jefferson and Franklin surely would have recommended, from the rigors of national Prohibition, the pattern of our daily living would certainly be far from what it is today, easier, less hurried, with fewer tensions and, let us hope, more tolerance.

A generation has now gone by since Repeal (the word is no longer part of the vocabulary of the young), and wine has at length begun to find its way back into the mores of our national life. Americans are becoming wine-drinkers, less and less out of *snobisme*, but sanely and properly, because they have tried it and like it and have come to know a good deal about it. We are no longer an easy dumping-ground for fancily labeled "imports," and an American producer who puts a poor wine on the market does so at his peril.

Table wine, or light wine, still and sparkling, is the only alcoholic beverage that continues to show, consistently, year after year, an important increase in per capita consumption in America; yet it is still true that if every American family began to serve, tomorrow, a bottle of table wine with every Sunday dinner, the cellars of California would be empty in six months. Economists, whose competence in this field much surpasses my own, have said that table wine has by far the highest potential growth factor of any agricultural product, and indeed of any industry not based on unpredictable new inventions, in the United States.

All of this has begun to seem so obvious and so normal today that it is hard to understand why, in this country, wine (and indeed good cooking) were treated for a good many years like rather disreputable, somewhat seedy cousins of the other arts. Was it some vestige of Puritanism that led Americans to distrust and depreciate two of their five senses, taste and smell? Or was it partly that wine seemed foreign and complicated, the realm of "connoisseurs" (the word still has, to my ear at least, a faint

A Lexicon of Taste

Big. Full-bodied, high in alcohol, with definite character. Not necessarily agreeable or fine.

Bouquet. The special, typical fragrance of a mature, superior wine. Younger wines have aroma, not bouquet.

Breed. Obvious superiority in bouquet, balance, complexity of flavor; the hallmark of wines made in better districts, from superior grape varieties.

Character. What distinguishes one wine, or those of a specific district or grape, from others. Not always a virtue—some wines have too much.

Clean. Sound; having no "off" or abnormal flavor.

Coarse. Big, perhaps with character, but without breed. Heavy and common.

Distinguished. High praise. Near perfection in a superior class.

Dry. The opposite of sweet.

Earthy. Having a special taste that heavy soils often impart to wines they produce. The French equivalent is *goût de terroir*, the German, *Bodengeschmack*.

Elegant. Of great class, fine, although possibly deficient in body.

Firm. Sturdy, well-balanced, probably long-lived.

Flat. Too low in acid. Dull and uninteresting. (Also a sparkling wine that has lost its sparkle.)

Flowery. Light, with exceptional delicacy and bouquet.

Fresh. Said of a wine that has not lost its youthful fragrance, attractiveness, and charm.

Fruity. Possessing a scent and flavor that recall fresh fruit, not necessarily grapes. Few great wines have this characteristic. Many pleasant, young, lesser wines do.

Full-bodied. Body means substance. Heavy cream is fuller-bodied than light cream or skimmed milk, although it weighs less. A great Burgundy is fuller-bodied than a fine, pale Sherry, although much lower in alcohol.

Hard. Unpleasing, austere, unripe. But many great wines are hard when young, yet ripen and mature magnificently.

Maderized. Prematurely old and changing color.

Off. Abnormal for any reason. A wine to be distrusted.

Ripe. Well-balanced, mature, of high quality. No coarse wine could ever be so described, but many fruity young wines could be when they reach their peak.

Soft. By no means always favorable. Low in acid, pleasing, mild, without much character; one tires of such wines.

Sour. Used by experts, it means neither tart nor simply high in acid, but spoiled, and on the way to becoming vinegar.

Spicy. Having an attractive, highly special bouquet and flavor, which fruity white wines of great breed and superior origin often possess.

Tart. High in normal fruit acid, appetizing, a bit sharp, like fruit picked early.

Woody. Said of wine too long in barrel or cask.

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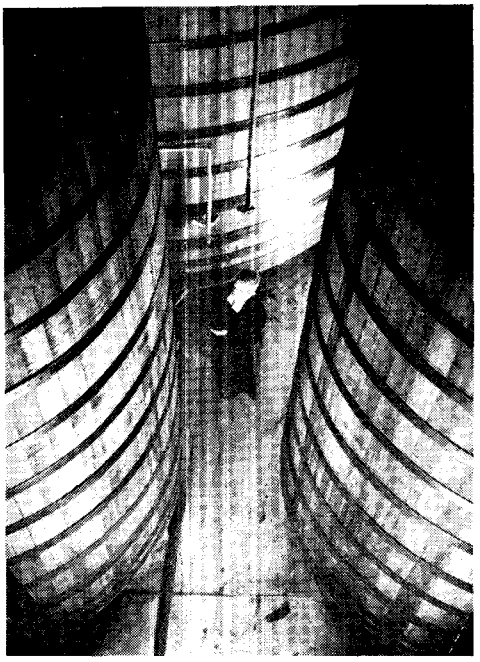
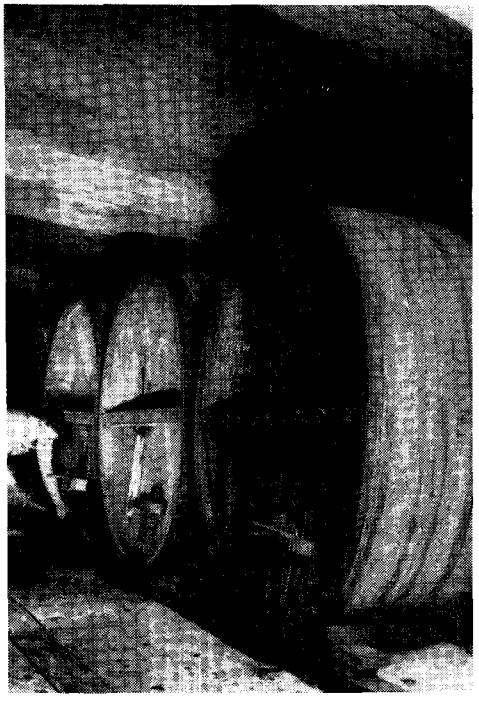
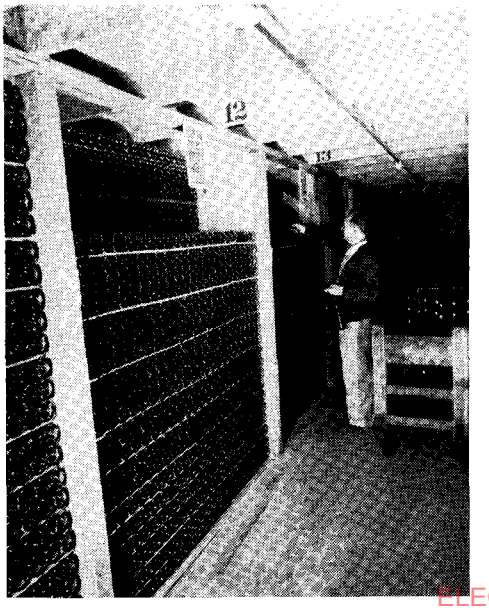


—*Photos from Culver.*





The French Have a Word for It

Charnu. Literally "fleshy." Full-bodied, soft, yet ripe.
Charpenté. Literally "well-constructed." Firm, clean.
Court. Literally "short." Said of wines that have no depth of flavor; probably short-lived.
Gouleyant. Literally "easy to drink." Fresh, fruity, soon ready.
Gras. Literally "fat." A ripe, full-bodied wine of breed.
Louche. Literally "cross-eyed." Of doubtful quality, cloudy, untrustworthy.
Moelleux. Literally "marrowy." Not absolutely dry, *gras,* sweet in the English sense of "sweet as a nut."
Nerveux. Literally "vigorous." Lively, firm, well-balanced.
Racé. A less official but far better word than its English equivalent, "racy." It means a wine that has breed and class and obvious distinction.
Séché. Literally "dried." "Withered" is a better translation, where wine is concerned: one that has lost its freshness and fruit and charm.
Tendre. Literally "tender." Applied, as the word sometimes is in English, to young, fresh, fruity wines, light in body, early maturing.
Tuilé. Literally "tiled." A young wine, prematurely old, whose normal crimson has begun to take on the pink-brown color of French roof tiles (*tuiles*).

derisive overtone) and that people did not wish to risk making themselves ridiculous by discussing it?

It is certainly true that wine, at the layman's level, seems to have no accepted, reasonably exact, written language. It has inspired, heaven knows, more than its full share of paeans and drinking-songs, technical manuals, and cute little guides to what is called "wine service." But the true, precise, vocabulary of wine (and it exists) has remained the jargon or cant of professionals and experts, who, like baseball players and atomic scientists, have their own, quite special lingo. Experts, in the narrow field of wine, are not so numerous as we are sometimes led to suppose, but they are not charlatans, and they understand one another. You will find most of the words they use in any standard English (or French or Spanish or German or Italian) dictionary, but rarely and almost never accurately defined with respect to wine.

It is for this reason that a new, massive volume, published late last year in Paris by the *Office International de la Vigne et du Vin,* is both unique and very welcome. It was prepared with the assistance and partly under the auspices of the Food and Agriculture Organization of the United Nations, and its title, by no means an overstatement, is *Lexique de la Vigne et du Vin;* it is nevertheless not written in French but in seven modern languages, and nearly 2,000 words and terms having to do with viticulture and with wine are defined, on the whole fairly completely and well, in successive paragraphs, in French, Italian, Spanish, German, Portuguese, English, and Russian. Needless to say, it is hardly a book for the casual reader, or even the wine amateur, but as a work of reference it is irreplaceable and indispensable, a landmark that can only be compared to the great seven-volume *Ampelographie* of Viala & Vermorel. Not an encyclopedia, it includes—despite its 650 pages—no proper names, or wine or vineyard names, or ratings or opinions or descriptions of specific vintages. But under the heading "Characteristics of Wines, Descriptive and Tasting Terms," there are 329 definitions, a good many of them in all seven languages. When, as is often the case, a word exists in Italian, or French, or Spanish, and has no precise English equivalent, an English definition is neverless included.

HERE, for example, are to be found, for the first time in English, I believe, proper and sound explanations of such highly special French tasters' words as *louche, tuilé, séché, gouleyant, charpenté, tendre, nerveux, seveux, charnu, court, gras.* The Spanish, Italian, and German vocabularies are no less complete, and of course there are well over 200 tasters' terms in English that have been all too loosely used over the past decades and are here firmly, and with reasonable competence, pinned down.

It has long been my belief (which has shocked a few of my friends and outraged others) that wine professionals, in setting down the critical notes and ratings that are their means of communication, use a more objective and more accurate vocabulary than most critics of the other nonliterary arts, such as music

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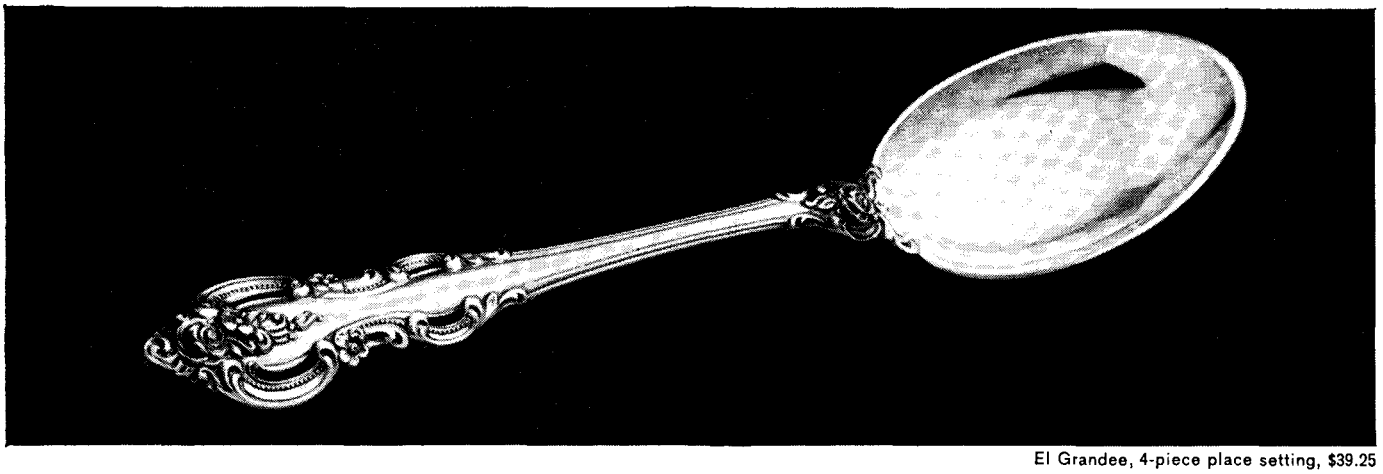
We made this sterling silver teapot circa 1798.

(It's not for sale.)



El Grandee, 4-piece place setting, $39.25

This sterling silver spoon was made at Towle yesterday.

(No extra charge for the 166 years of craftsmanship.)

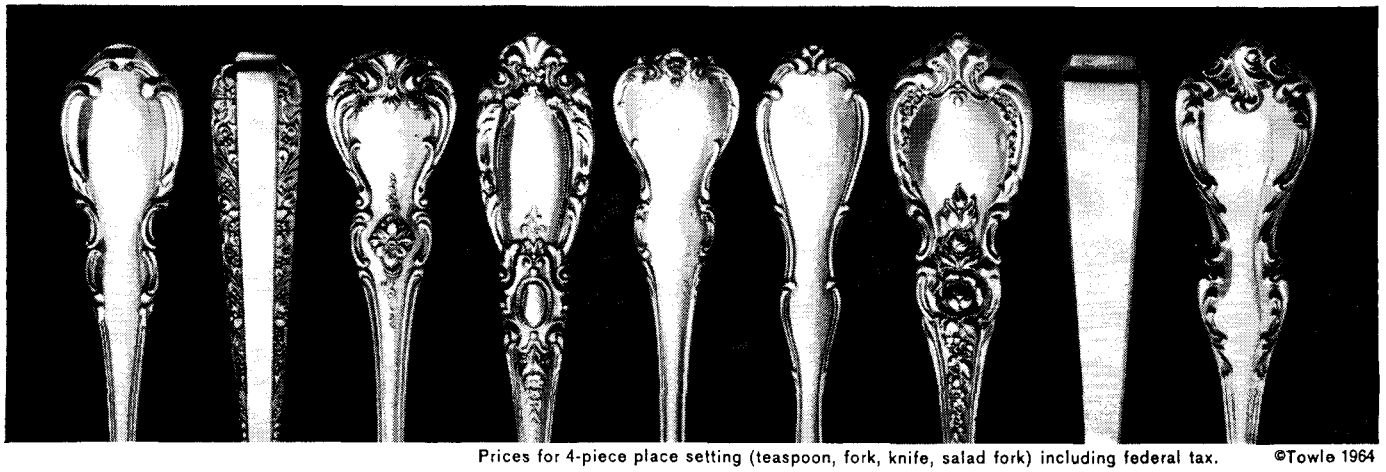
ACTUALLY, the Towle silver tradition is over 274 years old. It was born in Newburyport, Massachusetts, and Towle continues in the same place today. You rarely find tradition like that anymore.

That's why there's something extra in Towle sterling. You can see it. You can feel it. You can sense it. Like its ancestors, every Towle piece is meant to be admired...*and used.* Use it for fancy dinners. Or family suppers. Put it in your dishwasher. Towle sterling is as practical as it is beautiful. (Use it regularly and it requires very little polishing.)

Take a good look at Towle before you buy. Study its varied elegance. Pick up a piece. Balance it. Examine its perfect design, its grace, its grandeur that could come only from the oldest silvermaking tradition in America; it dates from 1690.

But you'd better hurry. You've already missed 274 years of great silver.

Legato	Candlelight	Old Master	King Richard	French Provincial	Fontana	Charlemagne	Craftsman	Debussy
$35.75	$35.00	$35.00	$39.25	$35.00	$35.00	$39.25	$35.00	$39.25



Prices for 4-piece place setting (teaspoon, fork, knife, salad fork) including federal tax. ©Towle 1964

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and painting. Perhaps this new lexicon, to those who take the trouble to consult it, will help to demonstrate the point.

Leaving parlor tricks and rigged tastings out of consideration, it should be possible for an expert to taste an average collection of ten unlabeled red Burgundies, for example, including some good ones and some poor, write a twenty-word description of each, plus a numerical rating, that would enable a competent friend to identify perhaps three-quarters of them. I am not talking about naming wine and year (which are matters of taste memory, generally of specialization in a limited field, and often of luck), but of semantics. Perhaps a few notes, taken more or less at random from my tasting book, will make this clearer. Here are three wines, extreme cases perhaps, wines that it would be impossible to confuse: all three are red Burgundies of the 1962 vintage, tasted in 1963: (10/20, as in French schools, means barely passing; 20/20, a rare, almost unattainable perfection);

1. Fresh, *tendre*, fruity, fine spicy bouquet, soon ready, brilliant, rather pale, short lived. 14/20.
2. Big, deep color, great depth, ripe, *gras*, unusual balance, typical but unformed bouquet. Will end well. 17/20.
3. Somewhat earthy. No breed. Unmistakable genuine local bouquet. Low acid. Soft, round, agreeable. Rather high alcohol. Will not last. 11/20.

The first, just for the record, was an almost unknown wine from what is called the Arrière-Côte-de Beaune; having no major appellation of its own, it is sold in America as "Pinot Noir," the grape from which all three were made.

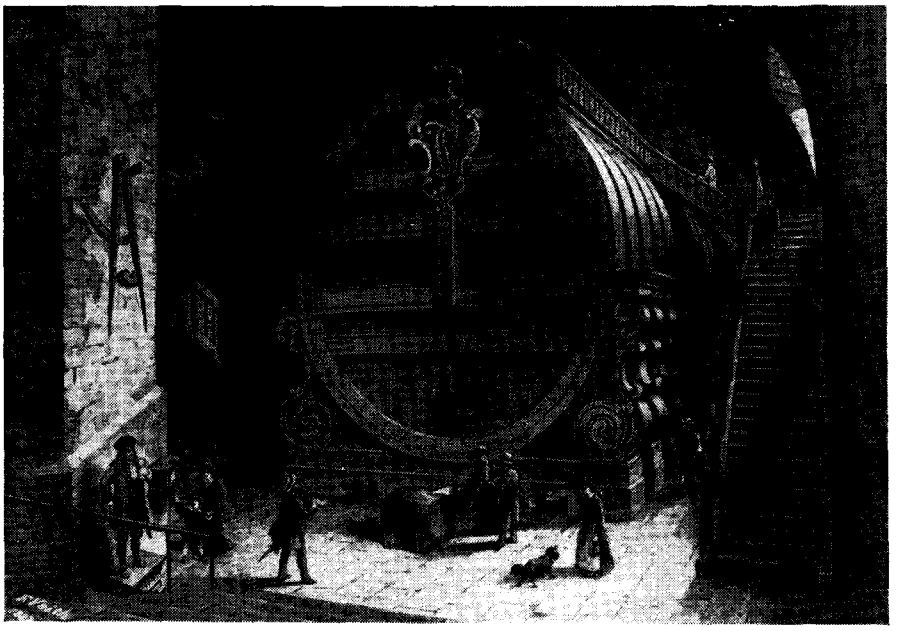
The second was a Corton-Bressandes, from one of the most highly ranked and perhaps the best red wine vineyard in the southern half of the famous Burgundian Côte d'Or.

The third came from one of the lesser sites in the celebrated township of Pommard.

Needless to say, the differences between wines tasted together are rarely as obvious as this. A wine-taster's profession would be vastly easier if they were.

There is perhaps one additional fact that should be mentioned in connection with the tasting and rating of wines, an odd contradiction: these might be expected to be not far from the most ephemeral of all judgments of the arts, but they seem to be among the least variable and most enduring. The attics of the Louvre are full of the discredited masterpieces of past decades, and perhaps even a majority of the famous poets and novelists of a hundred years ago are out of fashion today and forgotten.

Yet wine endures. The *bon vin frais* that Rabelais loved is still made not far from La Devinière, and from the same grape, which he called the "Breton" and which we now know to be the Cabernet Franc. The classifications of Bordeaux and Burgundy vineyards, made a hundred years ago, are, with rare exceptions, still valid. The grape varieties which "Colonel" Haraszthy and Dr. Bioletti and our other viticultural pioneers selected as the best grapes for California still produce California's best wine. There are now a good many thousands of acres of Major Adlum's Catawba grapes grown in New York State and Ohio, even if they have not yet paid our national debt. We are beginning to drink wine again; our tax on wine is still low, as Jefferson would have liked, and we may (who knows?) be worthy of the name of Vineland again.



—*Culver.*

The Grand Tun at Heidelberg held over 200,000 bottles of champagne.

The Art of Winesmanship

Definitive But Somewhat Technical

LEXIQUE DE LA VIGNE ET DU VIN. Office International de la Vigne et du Vin, Paris, 1963.

GENERAL VITICULTURE, by A. J. Winkler. University of California Press, 1962.

TABLE WINES, by M. A. Amerine and W. V. Creuss. University of California Press, 1951.

TECHNOLOGY OF WINE MAKING, by M. A. Amerine & M. A. Joslyn. Avi Publishing Company, 1960.

Elementary but Sound

A WINE PRIMER, by André L. Simon. Eriksson-Taplinger, 1960.

THE VINTAGE WINE BOOK, by William S. Leedom. Vintage Books, Random House, 1963.

WINES AND SPIRITS, by L. W. Marrison. Penguin, 1962.

More Specialized but Helpful

*NOTES ON A CELLAR BOOK, by George Saintsbury. Macmillan, 1931.

*AMERICAN WINES AND WINE MAKING, by Philip Wagner. Alfred A. Knopf, 1956.

GUIDE TO CALIFORNIA WINES, by John Melville. Nourse Publishing Co., 1960.

*A BOOK OF FRENCH WINES, by P. Morton Shand. Knopf, 1960.

WINES OF FRANCE, by Alexis Lichine. Knopf, 1963.

*THE WINES OF BORDEAUX, by J. R. Roger. Dutton, 1960.

LES VINS DE BOURGOGNE, by Pierre Poupon and Pierre Forgeot. Presses Universitaires de France, Paris, 1959.

*LES VINS DE LA LOIRE, by Pierre Brejoux. Compagnie Parisienne d'Editions Techniques et Commerciales, 1959.

*SHERRY, by Rupert Croft-Cooke. Knopf, 1956.

WINES OF ITALY, by T. A. Layton. Harper Trade Journals, London, 1961.

Handsome Illustrated Volumes

THE NOBLE GRAPES AND GREAT WINES OF FRANCE, by André L. Simon. McGraw-Hill, 1957.

THE GREAT WINES OF GERMANY, by André L. Simon and S. Hallgarten. McGraw-Hill, 1963.

THE WINES OF PORTUGAL, by H. Warner Allen. George Rainbird and Michael Joseph, 1962.

A BOOK OF BURGUNDY, by Pierre Poupon and Pierre Forgeot. Hastings House, 1958.

THE PLEASURES OF WINE, by Robert Lawrence Balzer. Bobbs-Merrill, 1964.

*Especially recommended.

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THE SPIRIT OF STYLE

By POLA STOUT

CHANGES in fashion, if you allow for time lags and occasional setbacks, reflect the general state of culture and the direction in which it is moving. Although fashion ebbs and flows, it never goes entirely back to styles that express a bygone era. Technological changes such as air conditioning, central heating, airplane travel, and so forth influence the weight and character of today's clothes and accessories. Swift transportation, the increased tempo of communication, and the exposure of millions of women to the "latest styles" in the mass media—all have tended to make fashion increasingly democratic. The distinction between high fashion and the mass market is narrowing; fashion cuts across the lines of economic status. The young couple with a modest budget is likely to have the kind of fabrics in both their dress and their home that not so long ago would have been accessible only to the wealthy. The once low-priced store has raised its standards. The "exclusive" store now caters to working women as well as to those featured in the society pages.

Undeniably there have been giant strides in the past two or three decades in the general level of good taste and style in the U.S. Every age and country has made its contribution, but surely our age and our country have made the most spectacular contribution of all. Here fashions in fabrics, clothing, and interior decoration have evolved out of the inspiration and the needs of mass production. Our highly organized fashion industry spreads its influence far and wide and, as the tempo of interchange in world fashion increases, we seem to be moving in the direction of universal fashion.

For a long time Paris dictated high fashion; today Italian fabrics and fashions are making a decided impact. But our own classic American styles are much in evidence, particularly in sportswear. As a matter of fact, many new and original American designs have returned to the U.S. from Paris and London as "authentic" French and British creations.

True, mass production sometimes results in a certain conformity. But as women acquire more confidence in their own taste, they tend to adapt their choices to their own individualities and ways of life. One day, I hope, fabrics and fashions will be created directly for *people,* on the basis of their requirements and modes of existence. The search must go on constantly for quality in quantity production.

Contributing to the twentieth-century revolution in fabrics are the man-made fibers or synthetics such as Nylon, Dacron, Orlon, and Dynel, to name but a few. They vary in composition and quality with the manufacturer and his country.

There are also blends of synthetic fibers with cotton, linen, silk, or wool. These are becoming more and more practical for specific uses. For instance, nylon tricot (jersey), in varying weights, has taken over the market in lingerie, beachwear, and slipcovers, and no one can deny that many women are breathing easier in their Lycra girdles. It

—*Pix.*

Oleg Cassini and models—giant strides in taste.

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Greece—Ancient.

England—16th century.

France—1422.

France—17th century.

France—1790.

France—1802.

American—19th century.

England—1850.

American—Late 19th century.

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would be hard to overestimate the liberation brought about by these relatively inexpensive, easily laundered, drip-dry, wrinkle-proof, and moth-proof fabrics. They have made things that once were luxury items accessible to everyone.

Nevertheless, there is confusion in the multiplication of names. As new fabrics are produced, garments are festooned with descriptive tags explaining the composition, care, and feeding of each. Better standards and more consistent labeling would be helpful. And I must confess to a dim view of synthetics that resemble cotton, linen, silk, or wool. It seems important that the differences between the imitation and the real should be made clear, for there *are* differences. The "hang" and "give" of genuine worsted or wool, for example, lend themselves more readily to complicated tailoring. Man-made fabrics tend to lose resiliency and texture in successive cleanings. Today's designer of clothes or interiors will find uses for both synthetic and natural fibers, and for combinations of them, but he will use them for different purposes and with a clear knowledge of their capabilities.

It is difficult for me to compromise on my view that cultivated taste implies a recognition of the origin of the objects around us—even if our "Danish" furniture and other possessions are so likely to be "made in Japan" that we are in danger of forever losing sight of their origins. To be able to name a thing accurately is, in some degree, to know it. This is the respect I would ask for beautiful and appropriate things, whether man-made or natural. A certain link with long-established principles of design must underlie our innovations, or we land in a wasteland of bad taste—such as the one marked by the leopard or jaguar spots that recently ran wild over everything from panties to umbrellas, from wallpaper to upholstery. Without some relation to good sense and good taste, adventures in "originality" can become quite unsightly.

That's why I keep coming back to the values inherent in the classics. Classics are clothes that have proved their appropriateness, their flattery of the human anatomy, and the durability of their simple, good lines. They are therefore likely to come back into fashion again and again—with a difference. There are, of course, always the women who want to be different just for the sake of being different; and there are always fads that sweep through the feminine population. Consider the hemline we so often see riding above knobby knees.

I have spoken and written a good

(*Continued on page 58*)

The Gibson Girl.

Flapper of the Twenties.

—Photos on pages 46 and 47 from Bettmann Archive.

Warp and Woof: It would be difficult to imagine a world without weavers. Threads are to the weaver what words are to the writer, pigment to the painter, clay to the potter. If one questions whether textile design is an art, consider how its vocabulary—loom, weave, spin, warp, woof—is part of the imagery often used to describe other creative work. The loom—from the primitive spinning wheel to the complex machines of today—invites the creation of the simplest and the most daring concepts. And, like other arts, the weaver's work involves technique, knowledge, logic, and imagination.

Nevertheless, the process of creating the fabrics with which we decorate our persons or our rooms is likely to be taken for granted; people are usually unaware of the contribution to the final product made by the textile designer who has made the basic preparation for the infinite range of texture, pattern, and color that surrounds us. The creator of fabrics, working closely with the designer of clothes or interiors, can exercise a decisive influence on the end result.

How is this kind of designing done? First the designer selects the fibers from which a variety of yarns can be spun. At this point mathematics, logic, and technical training enter into the preparation of a layout. How many threads to an inch in the warp? How many threads in the fillings? What of the weight, the texture, the pattern, the colors? With these problems solved, the completed layout goes to the mill, to the pattern-maker. It's an added satisfaction if you can be present when the weaver is executing your concepts on the loom; you may be able to suggest new ideas and watch them as they are worked out before your eyes. This is a dimension of spontaneity over and beyond the utility and the logic and the planning, for there are special qualities in the relation of the yarns to the capacity of the loom that permit endless variations of weave, texture, and color.

The design-minded person goes through life seeing all things in terms of form, pattern, and color; countless visual impressions are stored away, and the capacity for creative selectivity grows with practice. Within the limitations of the medium there is great scope for the free play of imagination, even fantasy. And this in spite of the fact that the textile designer also has the practical task of studying market requirements and trends and of preparing seasonal "lines" of fabrics for manufacturers who must look upon even the most esthetically pleasing productions in terms of dollars and cents. Fashion, fabrics, and the market are inseparably linked.

—P. S.

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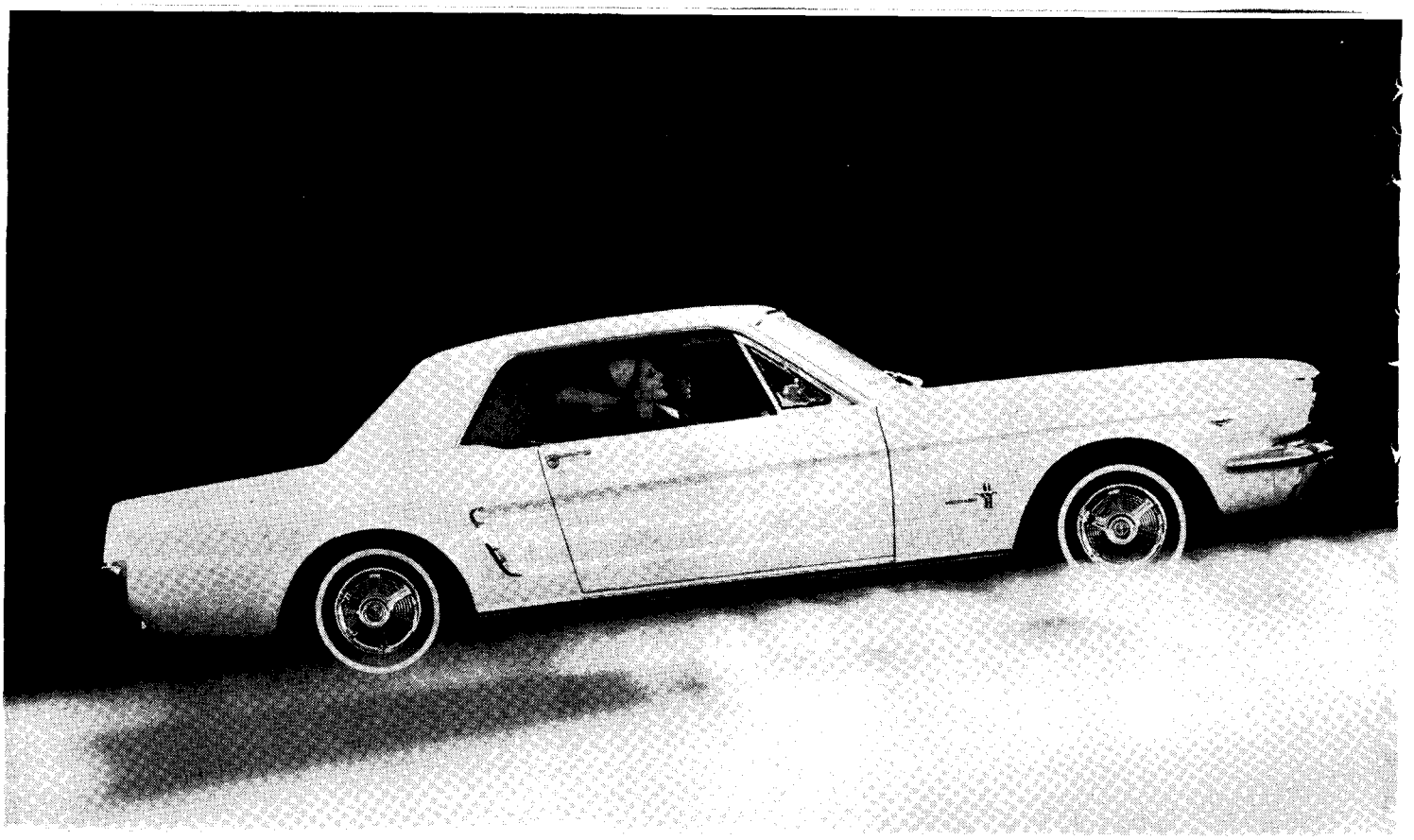

Ford's Mustang, part of the Detroit renaissance—"Obviously the product of the designer's loving effort."

Exploring the Mystery of Design

By W. DORWIN TEAGUE

EVERYTHING manufactured has had some design thought put into it. This is particularly true of the ordinary things we use in our daily lives, where we take good design so much for granted that we don't even notice it unless it is absent, for no manufacturer would hope to be successful with a new product that was to be prominently displayed in a home or public place without first giving it some sort of design attention.

When a designer does an interior setting, he picks what he considers the best articles to fit his particular requirements. But what may be "best" for one job may not be for another. For esthetic or functional reasons, a design perfect in a certain setting may not fit in at all well in some other environment. Another ever-present factor is cost. A functionally inferior article may be "better" for a particular client or application if it costs considerably less.

The reasons we think a design is good or bad are complex and difficult to analyze. As a designer, I've thought a great deal about the question. Yet in spite of this, and in spite of all that has been written about the subject, it is still far from clear. Let's take, as an example, automobile body design.

If everyone agreed on what constitutes a good-looking car, it would probably change the nation's entire economy, since appearance is one of the most important reasons for buying automobiles, and automobiles are one of our most important economic factors. But there isn't much chance of this happening. Indeed, it seems that we in the U.S. are growing even farther apart in our tastes in automobiles. There was a time when variations in body design became smaller and cars tended to look more and more alike as the manufacturers' penalty for guessing wrong became greater and greater. But eventually the buyers revolted and foreign competition forced U.S. manufacturers to adopt fresh approaches.

The reasons people like the looks of one car may be entirely different from the factors that make the same people admire the looks of some other one. Body design and appearance are so closely linked to other factors that it is hard to separate the psychological effect of appearance from other effects. As a designer, I am supposed to know what the general public wants or, more important, what it is going to want next year. Therefore I have to depend on my own feelings and instincts as the most reliable criteria for acceptability. My idea of what makes good body design can be broken down into two major categories that I'll call A and B.

Category A is the kind of automobile design I admire because I associate it with other fine qualities of a car, such as good construction, impressive performance, dependability, or nostalgic appeal. An example of the A category is Rolls Royce. The old square radiator is not really harmonious from an esthetic standpoint, many of the Rolls models are somewhat slab-sided and awkward in proportions, but the unexpected sight of a well-polished Rolls Royce ghosting down the street is always thrilling to me. I think most people who know cars have an instinctive admiration for the car with the modest slogan "The Best Car in the World." For somewhat similar reasons, the *aficionado*—and, in fact, many not so knowledgeable people—will invariably crowd around and admire a well-preserved antique or classic car. There is a nostalgic appeal in the sight of even the ugliest antique automobile if it is old enough and in good condition.

Another good example of the A category, at the opposite end of the price

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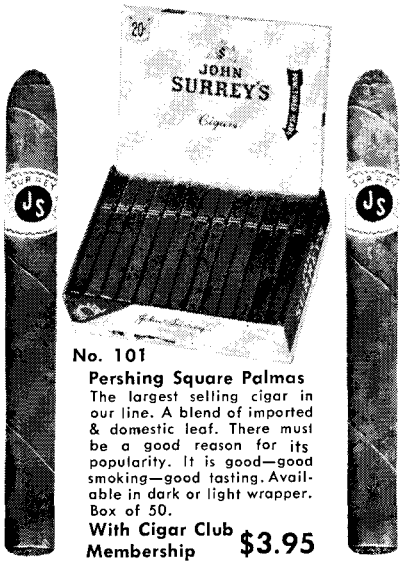
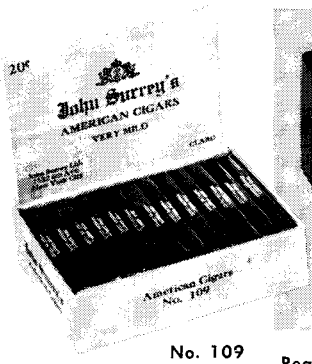
You may choose the $12.00 Humidor or any box of 50 cigars listed on this page (tax paid for 20c each or more) for only $3.95. If you sign and return the enclosed application for a 6 months trial membership in the John Surrey Cigar Shipment Club.

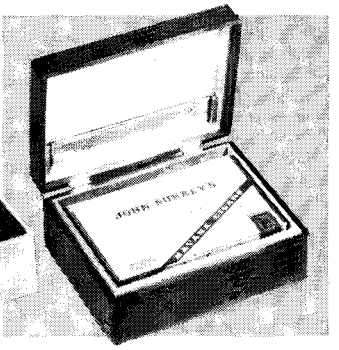
No. 100
Continental Imported Leaf
The Continental is a six inch cigar, made of imported leaf, full size but not fat. Its Debonair shape makes it a cigar for the fastidious. For a mild clear Imported Leaf, the Continental is one of the best. Box of 50.
With Cigar Club Membership $3.95



No. 101
Pershing Square Palmas
The largest selling cigar in our line. A blend of imported & domestic leaf. There must be a good reason for its popularity. It is good—good smoking—good tasting. Available in dark or light wrapper. Box of 50.
With Cigar Club Membership $3.95



No. 109
American Cigar
Palma shape—5⅝" long, the #109 is a blend of several outstanding American tobaccos. With its American wrapper and binder it insures a mild mellow taste plus even burning as well as long-mild smoking. Box of 50.
With Cigar Club Membership $3.95



Regular $12.00 Humidor with Cigar Club Membership
3 GOLD INITIALS FREE
Deluxe Humidor 10½" x 8" x 4¼" —holds 50 cigars—is lined with imported Spanish cedar—inside top milk glass lined—with full length humidifier-plus 3 gold initials on top. State 3 initials desired.

A trial membership in the John Surrey Cigar Shipment Club means all this to you:

1. First, you are entitled to buy the humidor or a box of cigars at the special introductory price for the first shipment.
2. Second, it means that you will be able to choose from an assortment of 30 exclusive John Surrey fresh-from-the-factory cigars—all sizes, shapes and qualities—at prices up to 40% below retail prices for the same quality.
3. Third, it means that you agree to buy at least 1 box of cigars of your choice each month during this 6 month period, all of course at special John Surrey Cigar Shipment Club prices, up to 40% below retail prices for the same quality.
4. Fourth, you may, if you wish, cancel your subscription at the end of 6 months and you have the right to return any cigars that do not meet with your approval for exchange or refund at any time.

What permanent membership in the John Surrey Cigar Shipment Club means to you.

The permanent membership of the John Surrey Cigar Shipment Club will number 10,000 in 1964. The Club is national in scope, the only one of its kind, and its members, through it, will buy a million dollars worth of cigars in 1964 while saving more than that on the mellow smokes of their choice.

This is a club exclusively for cigar smokers who like their cigars fresh, like them to be different from the common run, want a convenient supply of their favorites on hand when they want a smoke, and don't want to spend a fortune doing it.

John Surrey Cigar Shipment Club gives you all these and another Big Extra

FREE DIVIDENDS for your continuous buying

Every 3 months, we send you your choice of valuable FREE dividends including such items as Flyte Luggage, Toasters, Broilers, Electric Razors, Electric Hair Brush Massagers and many others.

It will pay you well and pay you often in satisfaction, savings, and prestige to join today the

JOHN SURREY CIGAR SHIPMENT CLUB—An Exclusive Organization of Cigar Smokers

John Surrey, Ltd.
59 Hempstead Gardens Drive
West Hempstead, New York

THE CIGAR SHIPMENT CLUB

Gives You—Service—Savings—Satisfaction

Thousands of men are now happy, satisfied members of the John Surrey Cigar Shipment Club. They get their cigars delivered regularly, once a week, once a month, as they wish. They not only get smoking pleasure, but value and dividends as well. You buy cigars, why not get all of these PLUS-ES at no extra cost. This is a service you will be happy to get and glad to recommend.

John Surrey Cigars are sold as low as $3.75 per box of 50, but not higher than $9.75 per box of 50, so you see our prices are right.

SEND TRIAL MEMBERSHIP ORDER NOW!

JOHN SURREY CIGAR SHIPMENT CLUB **DEPT. C-156**
59 Hempstead Gardens Drive **West Hempstead, New York**

Enclosed is $3.95. Please send me the following introductory item as my choice for the first shipment:

_____

Also, as part of the consideration in accepting this offer, please enroll me for a 6 month trial membership in the John Surrey Cigar Shipment Club.

I understand that my membership entitles me to order as many boxes of cigars as I wish from the John Surrey Cigar Shipment Club but not less than 1 box each month during the 6 month trial period. I also understand that if I am not satisfied with any of my purchases, I may return them for exchange or refund without obligation.

Written Signature _____

Print Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone ____ State _____

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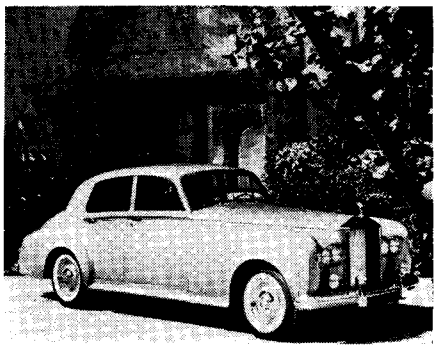
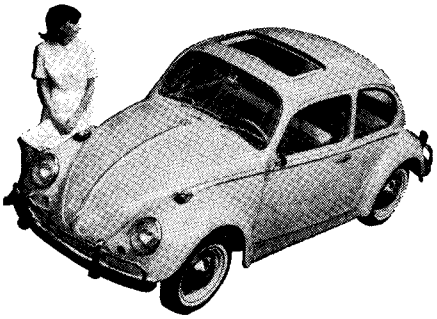
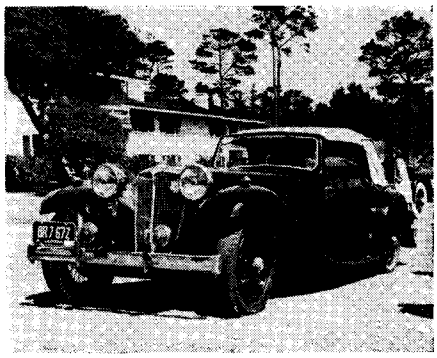


Rolls Royce—"always thrilling."



Volkswagen—"pleasant image."



SS-1—"A truly beautiful thing."

range, is the Volkswagen. Many of us remember our instinctive negative reaction when we saw the beetle for the first time; a number of people have never quite recovered from this feeling. But some people gradually came to accept the design. A few (in Detroit terms) have actually bought VWs and, somewhat to their own surprise, found themselves becoming admirers of the little snub-nosed import. Significantly, it is almost exclusively owners who defend the appearance of the VW; again it is the general atmosphere of quality in construction, dependability, low operating cost, and good service that build the pleasant image of the car in the owner's mind, with the result that suggestions to update the looks of the beetle have met with screams of protest from owners.

In the B category I place automobile design that (in my own opinion) is indisputably handsome, regardless of whether I happen to think the mechanical properties of the car are good or bad, or indeed whether I even know anything about them. A good example of the B category is an SS-1 that I owned in the Thirties. This car was rather dismal as far as performance was concerned, even by the standards of those days. It used to keep me quite busy with maintenance, but it was, without question, a truly beautiful thing. It had a combination of line, finish, and detail that was instantly recognizable as good design.

Of course there are many cars that have combined the good attributes of both the A and the B categories, cars that are beautiful to look at and that also have outstanding mechanical and functional qualities. Most people would agree on the good looks of a Farina-bodied Ferrari, for instance, and the car's performance is beyond dispute.

Automobile design in the U.S. has been a favorite target for criticism, and most of it, I think, has been well deserved. But some false conclusions have been drawn about how this bad design came about. Sophisticated observers have compared the Detroit output with Bugattis, Farinas, Bertonis, and the like and have concluded that the trouble with Detroit design is that too many people have worked on it. Design by committee has become a synonym for bad design; the popular belief is that really good design can be produced only by a one-man effort.

THIS conclusion can be proven wrong on two counts. First, many of the successful European auto manufacturers are no longer small and employ many designers, all of whom participate in the results. Second, and more startlingly, Detroit has suddenly started to come out with some good-looking cars.

The revolution started with the Lincoln Continental, which has severely shaken up the top-level market since its appearance in 1961. Next, the Buick Riviera came along in 1963. This "committee" product is a beautiful and harmonious design. Despite varying views about the relative merits of large cars *vs.* small cars, and despite a couple of little stylistic clichés the Buick people just couldn't resist, its design compares favorably with that of any European product.

Now, in late 1964, a rash of good-looking Detroit cars has suddenly appeared; indeed, it looks as if a genuine renaissance is taking place. And, strangely enough, the designers who created these cars are substantially the same ones who brought out the ugly, two-toned, finned, and bechromed monstrosities of a few years ago. The big difference now is that the designer's ground rules have changed. Instead of being conditioned mainly by considerations of forced obsolescence and market surveys, the new designs—such as the Corsair "Corsa," the new Ford Mustang, and the new Oldsmobile 88—are obviously the product of the designer's loving efforts.

AS to my own personal taste, I have become a confirmed small-car addict; my family hasn't owned anything bigger than a Volkswagen for a number of years. For me, therefore, the new Detroit cars are purely a Category B design. Esthetically the good new Detroit cars look the way cars should, but for my personal taste they are all too big, too costly to run, and lacking in the handling qualities that I and a very small minority happen to like.

When it comes to deciding what is the "best" design, architecture, furniture, and interiors are subject to the same kinds of complexities as automobiles are. This is a problem that the industrial designer has to wrestle with every day; he is paid for guessing right, at least most of the time. He chooses things that he thinks will suit the user most, and he must, at the same time, make his client happy and convince him that the choices are indeed good ones. One of my firm's recently completed projects was the design of a pavilion for the New York World's Fair, together with all the landscaping, exhibits, and interiors. A principle feature of the building is a restaurant and club. Some of the furniture, tableware, and other furnishings in the restaurant were specially designed, but most were selected and purchased for the occasion. For example, we used a chair that was designed by one of our competitors because we liked its form and it utilized a kind of coated foam modular construction that was new and interesting. The main objection to the chair was voiced by the restaurateur (whom we also selected). The chair, he declared, was too comfortable for restaurant use.

In designing a building, we also have many considerations that govern our choice of form, location, size, and materials. Each problem is new and has entirely different objectives. Even budget limitations are a stimulating challenge.

A few years ago we designed an exhibit building for the Department of Commerce in Zagreb, Yugoslavia. It was a large building, about 350 feet long and 90 feet wide, and was intended as a permanent pavilion for the United States Trade Fair Exhibit at the annual Zagreb Fair. We not only had a nearly impossible time schedule to meet, but we also had an extremely small budget for a structure of this size. An office section was at one end, but the main exhibit structure was designed as a huge showcase that could be opened up in

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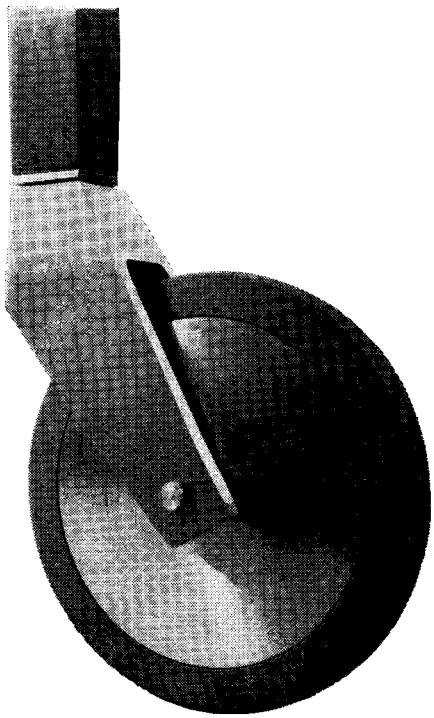
the normally good fall Zagreb weather. In bad weather the entire front and rear walls, made of large louvers, could be closed. The walls thus allowed good natural air circulation and eliminated the need for air conditioning, which was far beyond the reach of the budget.

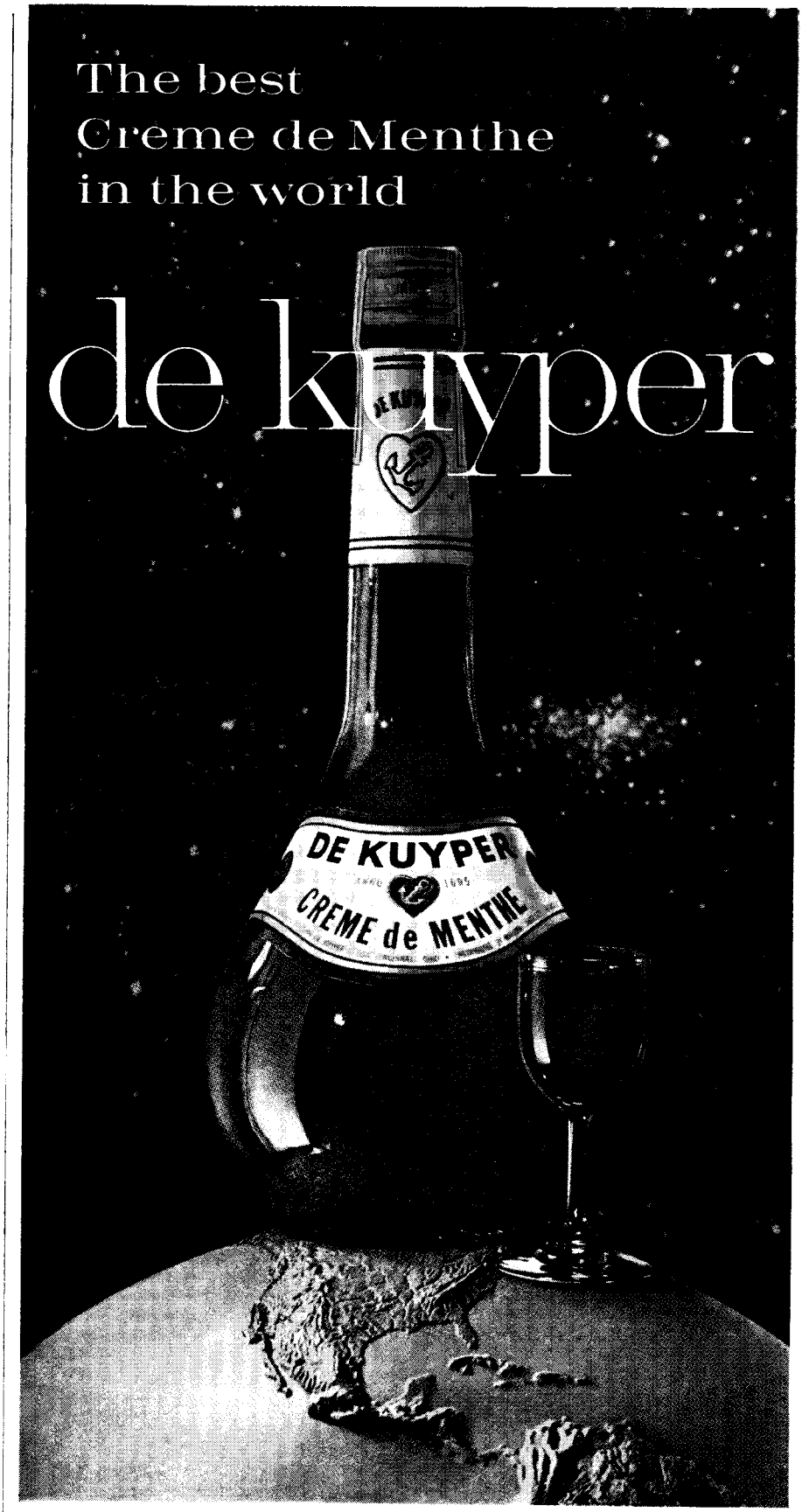
The big budget problem arose when we obtained bids on making the louvers in the U.S. There were about 350 of them, and each was one meter wide by five meters long. The lowest bid was approximately $100,000—far too big a slice for our over-all budget. The final solution was to design a louver that could be made of aluminum roofing material plus some machined parts. We shipped over the aluminum, rivets, end pieces, and pivots, along with several sets of illustrated do-it-yourself instructions, and thirteen small Zagreb machine shops were drafted into service. They completed the 350 louvers for a total cost of about $25,000.

Whatever the design problem, there is always a solution and the designer always strives for the best. In the end we come back to our original thought—that good design is a complex thing that is difficult to analyze in any quantitative fashion. The variety of the problems is what makes the designer's profession so interesting; our reward comes not only from our fee but also from the pleased reactions of the people using our designs.

And it's just as well for us that good design and taste are not simple, straightforward, and easily defined. If the day ever comes when this is so, we'll probably be replaced by computers—and forced to work in a less fascinating field.



Trim modern caster used in pavilion at World's Fair.



...and its cool, delicious taste is out of this world, after dinner or any time. It's one of 23 fine-tasting de Kuyper Cordials, a Dutch name famous since 1695. For free "Cooking with Cordials" booklet, write de Kuyper, Murray Hill Box 47, New York, N. Y. 10016.

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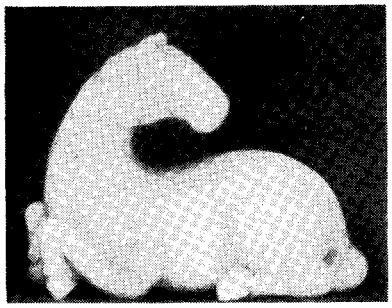
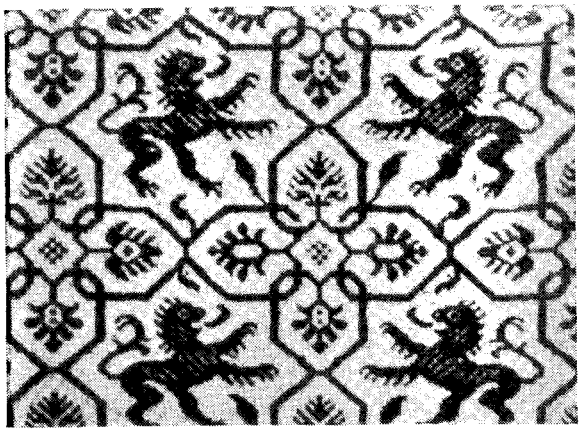
The Fine Line: One of the ways man seeks to create order and rhythm in his world is by isolating, combining, and recreating tactile and visual patterns in the natural elements that surround him. *The Story of Design,* by Marion Downer (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard, 216 pp., $3.95), surveys the history of this impulse in the belief that "design can express a thought, a feeling. But its greatest purpose is to give enjoyment." Tracing the evolution and interchange of man's varied ideas of beauty, she offers numerous black-and-white plates to provide a pictorial outline of design from the cave man's earliest scratchings on stone to today's complex world community of style that is fed by ideas from every culture.



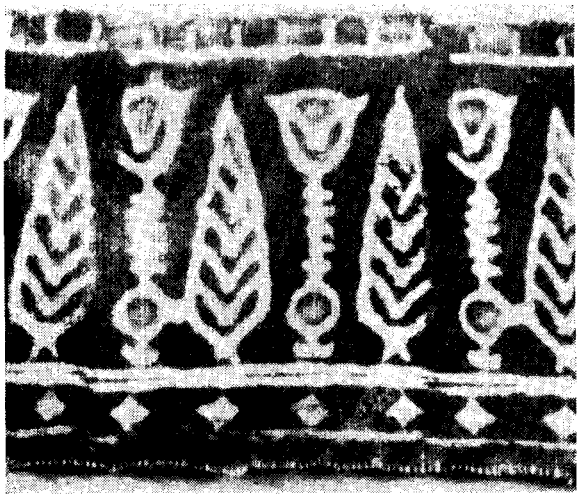
—*Metropolitan Museum of Art.*

Figure of a horse. **White jade. China. Ch'ing dynasty.**



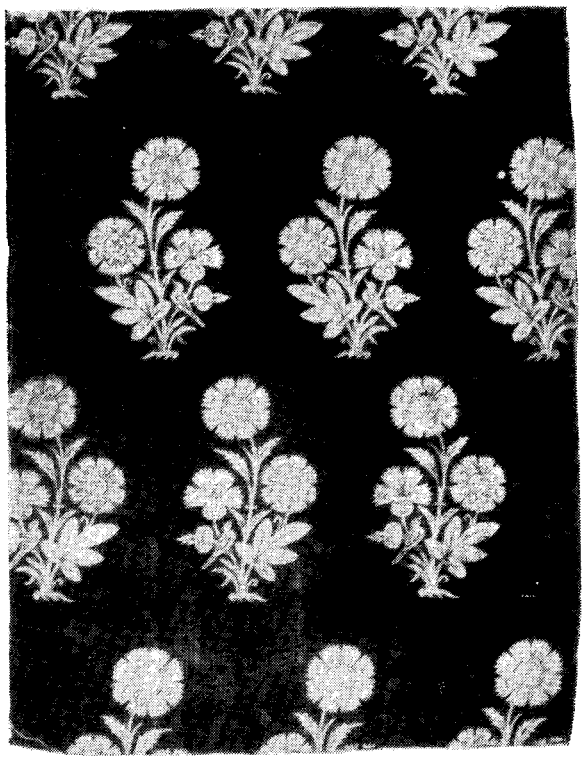
—*Cooper Union Museum.*

Linen and wool textile. **Spain, 16th-17th century.**



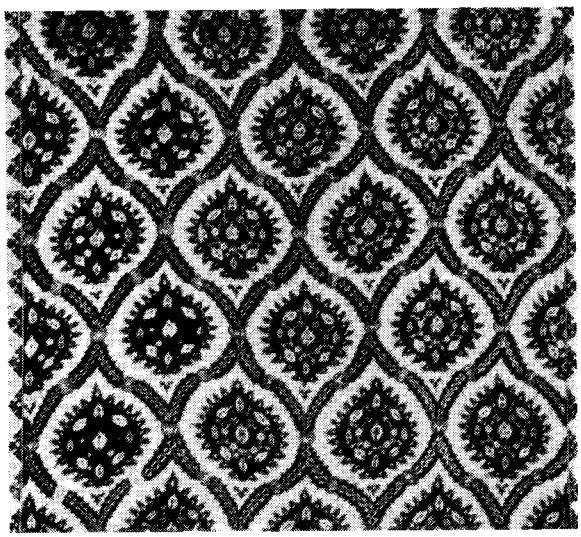
—*Textile Museum, Washington, D.C.*

Cotton cloth, cypress trees. **India.**



—*Textile Museum, Washington, D.C.*

Satin brocade, made with silk and metal threads. **Persia, 16th-17th century.**



—*Metropolitan Museum of Art.*

Curtain, linen embroidered in silk. **Turkey, 17th century.**

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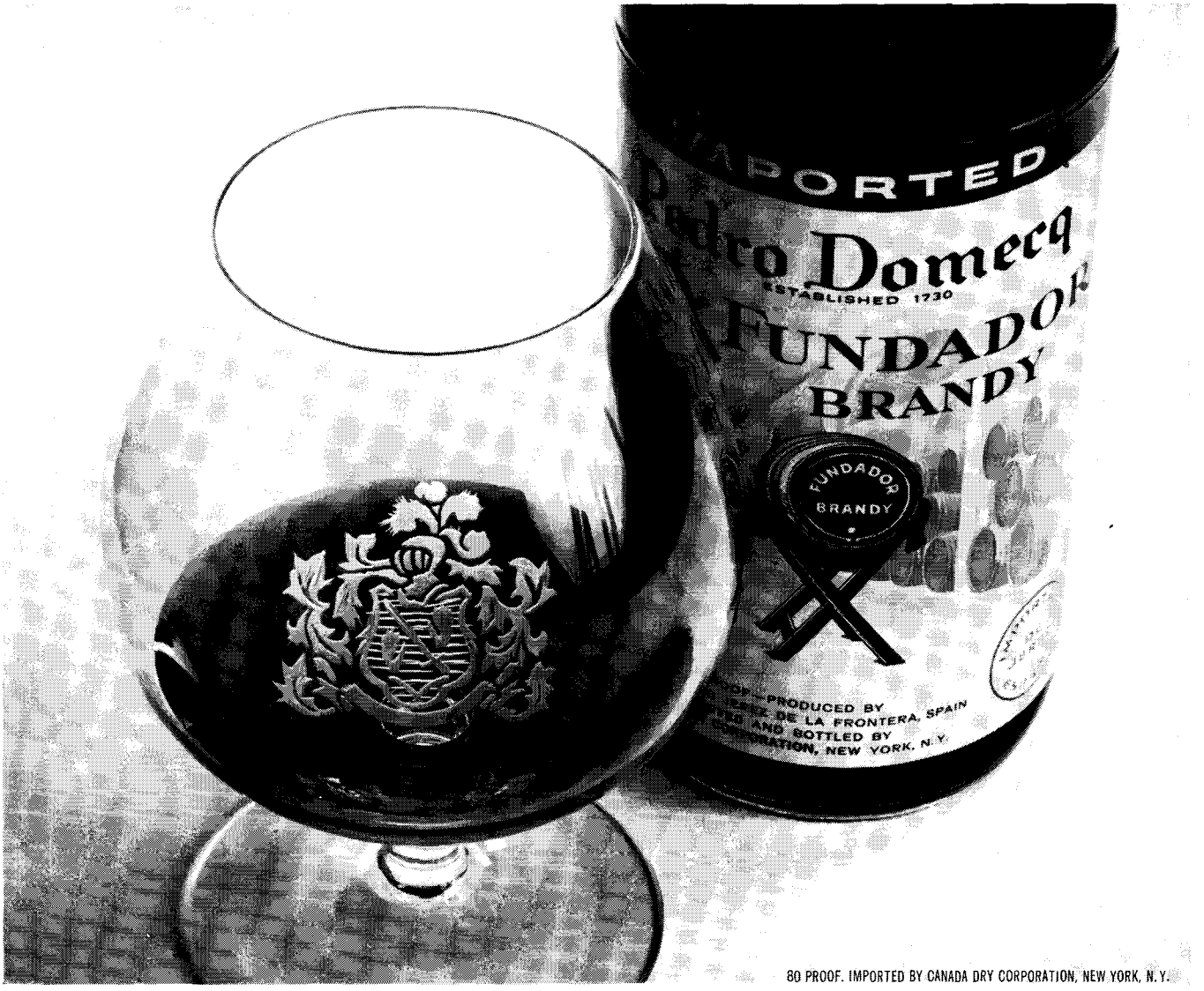
From the House of Domecq comes Fundador, one of the world's great brandies. And it costs only $5.99.*



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The skill of seven generations of Domecqs is distilled into a superb brandy. Fundador. Try a snifter. Inhale the delicate aroma. Roll a few drops around on your palate. Savour the glorious Palomino grape . . . the soft, mellow, almost nutty flavor that comes only from the scorching sun and white soil of Spain. Now, swallow. That warm, soothing feeling costs only $5.99* a fifth.
Brandies from the House of Pedro Domecq—famous since 1730.

*New York price, slightly higher or lower in other states.

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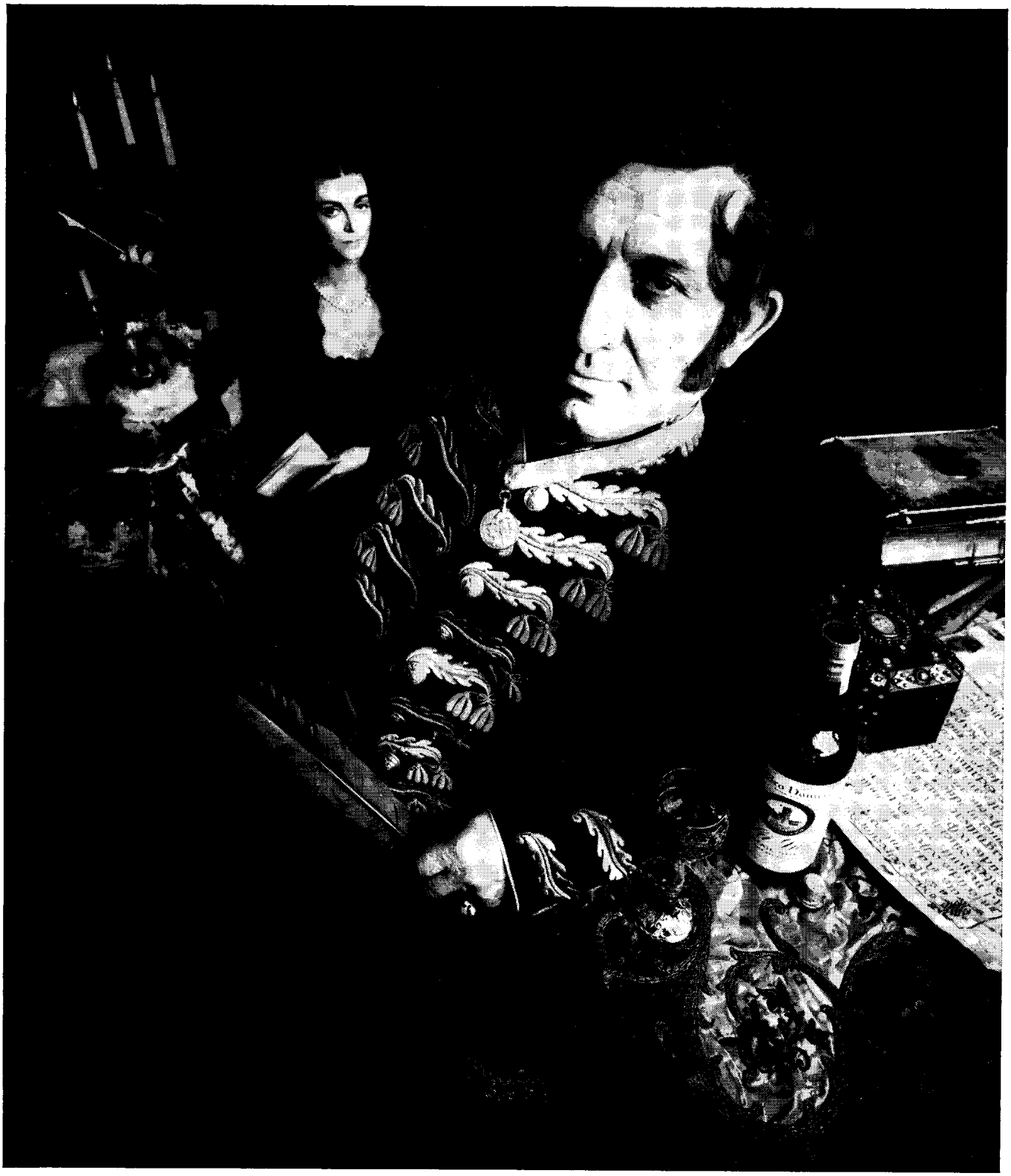

March 11, 1830. King Ferdinand VII of Spain may not be destined to go down in history as the greatest monarch of his age, but he has one streak of absolute genius. Ferdinand's taste for sherry is brilliant—and he proves it by granting use of his royal coat of arms to the house of Pedro Domecq.

La Ina, *the driest of the cocktail sherries, is the largest seller in Spain—the home of true sherry. Domecq makes a sherry to satisfy every taste.*

Double Century *is a more full-bodied, semi-cream sherry. Truly an all-occasion sherry, it is the largest seller in England—where sherry got its name.*

SHERRIES FROM THE **House of Domecq** FAMOUS SINCE 1730

D

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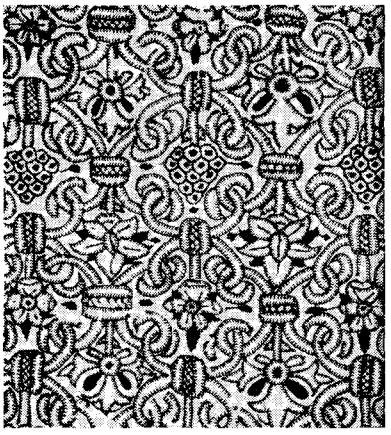
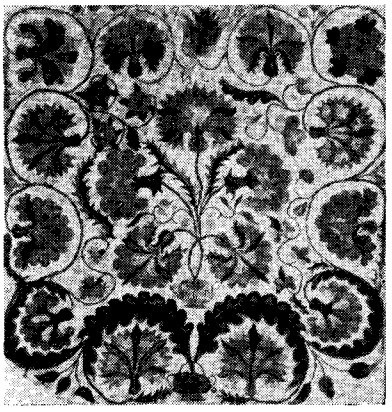


—*Metropolitan Museum of Art.*

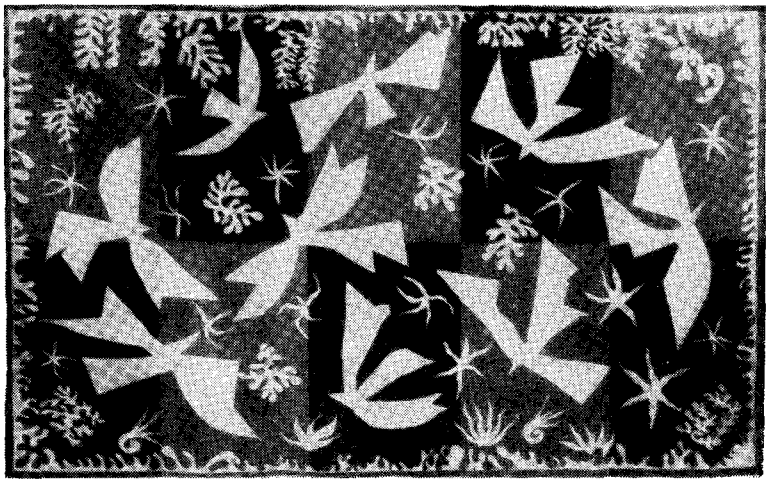
Linen with a type of silk embroidery called black work. **England, late 16th century.**



—*Metropolitan Museum of Art.*

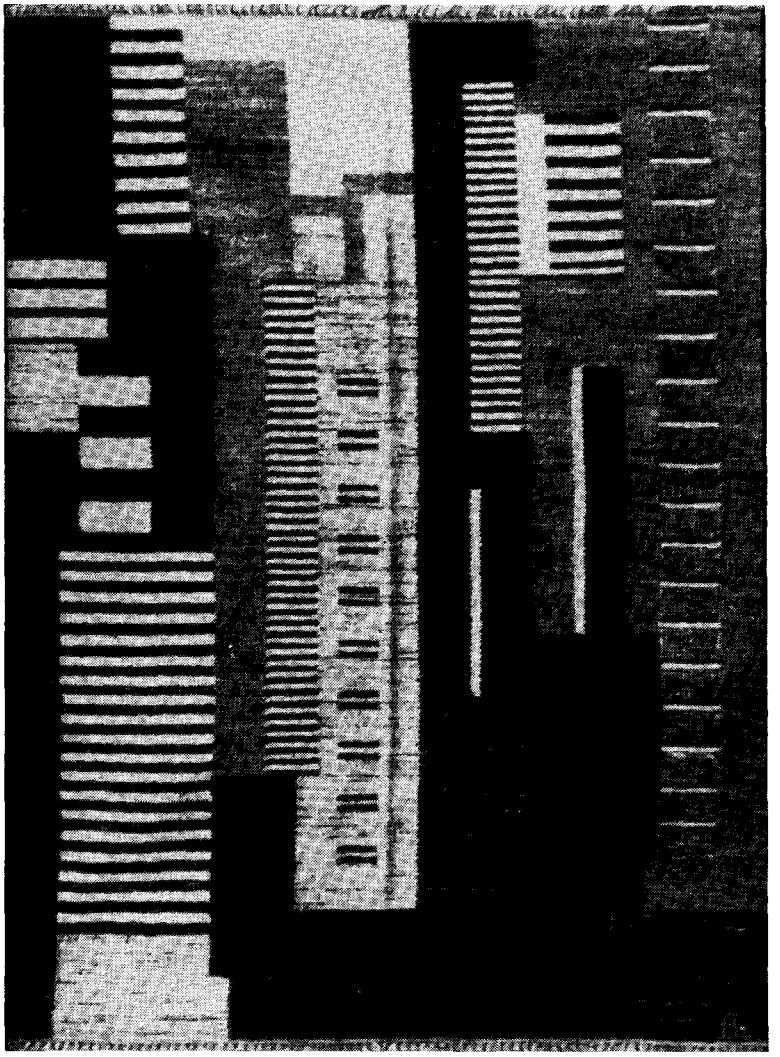
Bedcover, made entirely of wool. **United States, Connecticut River Valley, 1796.**

Handicraft pattern. **Oslo, Norway. Designed by Haefdau Arneberg.**



—*French Embassy Press Information.*

Tapestry designed by Henri Matisse; woven by Gobelin. **France.**



—*Polish Folk Crafts and Art Center.*

Carpet designed by Maria Laszkiewicz. **Poland, contemporary.**

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Drawings by Susan Perl.

REVOLUTION IN THE KITCHEN

With Some Notes on the Anthropology of Food

By POPPY CANNON

WANTED—by a Bright Young Woman with a slightly used M.A. in math—a Way Out.

It is not, she wails, automation but the mindlessness of her everyday routine that is driving her slowly, and then again not so very slowly, m-a-a-a-d. Not only the baby's cries and the four-year old's whys but the business of getting three *soi-disant* delicious and – ugh – nutritious meals a day. She is aware, of course, that a thousand pundits have offered her ten thousand well-publicized panaceas. Nevertheless, she feels like a rat, an ungrateful rat, in a trap in her color-coordinated, pushbutton kitchen catty-corner from the big picture window.

Perhaps, I told her, the answer is Alice B. Toklas. She was not impressed. But let me explain.

More than ten years ago Alice B. Toklas stepped precisely on her small Isadora Duncan sandals out of a gondola onto a pier of the Royal Daniell and into my life. Almost immediately she began to formulate for me the idea that the way to combat the intellectual vacuum that plagues so many women is through the exercise of intelligence, especially as directed to cooking. For Alice Toklas—*the* Alice B. Toklas of the non-auto autobiography written by her friend Gertrude Stein—is (though I am not sure she would admit it) the exponent and prototype of the intellectual cook.

At our moment in history this is a matter of considerable significance, since millions of well-educated, inquisitive persons—men as well as women—are faced, especially in the United States, with the need to concern themselves with repetitive chores that can be dull and dispiriting or else tremendously stimulating, depending upon the point of view.

We are all, in our servantless economy,

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caught more or less in the same trap. Perhaps the trap can be sprung in the way that humanity has sprung many others—by using our heads and through the exercise of the mind—by paying *more* rather than *less* attention to housekeeping, particularly to cooking. Only in this way can drudgery be transmuted.

It has become evident that it is not in modern mechanical appliances that freedom can be found. Pushbuttons, in spite of all the touting, have not released women from the incontinent, intractable demands of domesticity. They have helped to make her more efficient but at the same time they load her up with more responsibilities rather than fewer. They make it possible for her to do more and more; so more and more is required of her.

WHEN she was growing up in San Francisco sixty or seventy years ago, Alice B. Toklas recalls, a lively young mother of the upper middle classes would surely have had a servant or possibly two. A hired girl, surely; perhaps a nanny for the children; a cleaning woman, naturally; and a laundress who weekly and sturdily performed in the nether regions below stairs. There were always the milkman and the egg woman and the friendly charge-account grocer who took the order in the morning and delivered it by lunchtime. There was the helpful butcher to instruct her in such mysteries as sweetbreads. Knowledgeable relatives and older neighbors could give her the benefit of their experience.

Now all the help she can get is pre-recorded or printed. Advice is mechanical, packaged, impersonal—as well as mindless and unemotional.

How can cooking provide the key that turns the lock? Elementary, my dear. Because cooking, given half a chance, can be so mental and so stimulating.

We are at this moment upon a curious plateau in the history of gastronomy. Always before, the performer in this field of art and the critic or appreciator have been different people. It is more than possible that Lucullus and Madame Pompadour and Cardinal Richelieu could none of them boil an egg. Nevertheless, they left their names and imprinted their image upon some notable delicacies. It remained for America to bring about the combination of performance and appreciation in the culinary arts. It remained for an American like Alice B. Toklas (still an American after sixty years in Paris) to become a kind of symbol of this latest-model performing epicure.

Alice Toklas quotes Gertrude Stein as saying that the United States is the oldest country in the world because it was the first to enter the twentieth century. This would make us the granddaddies of the new era in gastronomy. For what began in the United States is spreading now to other countries. Through a curious juxtaposition of influences—wars, social upheavals, global travel, the disappearance of the servant class—the twentieth century is producing an epicure who is both creator and, at the same time, critic. We are well on our way toward a novel incarnation of the eighth muse—the American do-it-yourself, instant high cuisine.

Often this instant cuisine is engendered by the enemy, the mechanical tyrants, the pushbuttons, the gadgets. The electric blender makes a highly commendable hollandaise without fears or tears or threats of curdling, and does it in forty seconds with no cooking. All you do is get the butter hot. A new, altered, and relatively tamed electric pressure cooker produces *pots de crème* with the glassy smoothness of the Plaza Athenée in three minutes. A twenty-three-cent can of chicken gravy takes unto itself an egg yolk, a splotch of lemon juice, a dash of nutmeg and becomes *poulette*, with no apologies.

But the crux of it all is the mindful mind at work—remembering, analyzing, questioning, and questing. The recipe in cases where food becomes a creative experience is not much more than a springboard, a jog to the imagination. Then not only the wire whisk and the wooden spoon, but also the can opener or a package of frozen Delmonico potatoes or the frozen puff paste that masquerades sometimes as patty shells—all these are spurs to Pegasus hitched to the range.

AND it is not merely in the cooking itself but even more in the contemplation and study of foods that excitement exists. There has been an inexplicable silence about such matters. Throughout the centuries so few have taken a reflective—or call it scholarly—approach to the subject. Yet it concerns so many so deeply. Why, then, have we ignored the study of food as an artifact—as one of

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the most varied and interesting of folk arts?

Certainly there are tomes on food and even a few on the history of cooking. Most of them are primarily concerned either with recipes or else with oddities and esoterica. Until recently it was a rare cookbook writer who bothered to mention any of the simple, ordinary dishes of daily life. Cookbooks were devoted primarily to the unusual, the foreign, the import. But just try to find an honest, workable recipe for fried green tomatoes or good milk gravy!

Never was a cliché more fatigued—or truer—than the one that bids: Tell me what you eat and I'll tell you what you are. Not only biography and genealogy but the whole field of anthropology could, if one knew the code, be deduced from food. Food is a mirror that reflects a thousand phases of personal, national, and international history. Geography is reflected in the food; so is climate, the local flora and fauna, religion, superstitions, and taboos; wars, victories, defeats, invasions. The food remembers where people traveled, who their grandmothers were, and from what part of the world their ancestors hailed.

Yet the anthropology of food has never been written. Archeologists are well aware that the richest pay-dirt are the kitchen middens from past civilizations. They analyze the shards and leavings. But so far as I have been able to discover—and I *have* searched—no one has studied the living evidence that still exists. Persistently the internal evidence has been ignored. Who, for example, has taken the trouble to trace the genesis and various phases of what in our Middle West we would call creampuff dough. The French call it *pâté à choux* and make their beignets from it. The North Italians drop it into deep oil and call it zeppoli, and so do the Italian-oriented Swiss. The English name it Queen Fritters. The Spanish swirl it into churros. Atheneus gives an unmistakable description of the same technique practiced by the market women in Athens 400 years before Christ.

Once again, if you knew the code you could taste your way to some highly diverting discoveries. A delectable way to do sociological research! Quite often in my own career I have learned at the table a great deal that Vassar never taught me. In Haiti, for example, I kept pleading for local dishes. Then one morning the head waiter came to me. "Today, Madame," he said, "we have at last a truly Haitian *spécialité* for you."

"And what would that be?"

"Shishkebob," he said proudly.

"Now, really, what has shishkebob to do with Haiti?" I said crisply. "It belongs to the Middle East."

He looked hurt. "It is completely Haitian," he insisted. And it was. Made of pork instead of lamb, as one might have expected, and with a typically Haitian flavoring of herbs and a sting of hot pepper and yet inescapably related to the Near East. Why?

Having been given this clue, it did not take too long to discover what I should, of course, have known all along: that the Haitian population includes a great number of Syrians and Lebanese.

ANOTHER time, on the French-speaking island of St. Lucia, there was an incident involving a large, flat ginger cookie with the surprising English name of pennypiece. Why was it called pennypiece? Did it sell for a penny? No one ever remembered its being sold at all in those noncommercial times and places. Pennypieces were always made at home. I took another bite. Suddenly a great light dawned.

Pennypiece—that's *pain d'épice,* the cookie derived from gingerbread cakes like those so famous in Tours. There is evidence that much the same recipe goes back to ancient Greece. The flavor is hauntingly similar to that of the Joe Froggers of Sturbridge Village. And

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it made me wonder about the name. Did it really refer, as I had been told, to an old man named Joe who lived on the edge of the village near a pond with frogs? Or did Frogger refer to the French and the French Canadians who might well have brought that particular recipe to that particular spot?

Obviously, in the field of food the historians have not been cooks and the cooks have not been historians. No one has looked too ardently for relationships within the recipes or stopped to analyze and compare techniques used in different parts of the world.

AS in folk art, folk tales, folk music and dance, the same basic themes keep recurring over and over again in different continents among different people throughout the centuries. There are certain startling differences and—at the same time in the strangest places—surprising similarities. Do these parallels merely prove the basic humanity of man, as the scholars phrase it? Or does it perhaps suggest, to put it more bluntly, that, given the same problems and the same materials, people are likely to react in much the same fashion and come up with many of the same solutions?

Or is it too easy to look no further for the long-lost links? Examples come crowding into my mind from everywhere: the Chinese wallpaper at Colonial Williamsburg and the Chinese Chippendale furniture and the dishes and the fact that the hams of Williamsburg and nearby Smithfield county taste exactly like Chinese hams. There is, I discovered, a story that a group of Negro cooks was sent by some wealthy colonists to China to learn the secret.

In Venice the street lamps have a Chinese design, and the liver *à la Veneziana* is cut into strips and fried with onions by the classic stir-fry method used in Mandarin cookery. Ah, Marco Polo!

Over the years my adventures as a self-appointed taste detective have been generally benign. Most people are amused by this seemingly harmless form of endeavor and inclined to be cooperative and reminiscent. But some are not. Academicians are particularly haughty.

There was—I shall not soon forget—a noted professor from India who gave a lecture with slides showing some extraordinary and not readily explainable similarities between the art and architecture of Mexico and that of Java, Sumatra, and ancient Indian civilizations. He began his lecture by admitting that the idea had first come to him when he was a political refugee living in Mexico. His homesick heart was delighted when he was served tortillas that reminded him of his native chappaties. And there was a rice dish

that made him exclaim out loud, "But this is Indian!"

Then he began to look about him. He noted the lotus flower designs on the pediments of Mexican temples and compared them with similar motifs in friezes found in the distant Orient.

My mind leaped to cilantro, the fresh, pungent leaves of the young coriander, which is the informing flavor in so many Mexican soups and bean dishes, as it is also in certain parts of India. I felt I had found a kindred spirit.

After the lecture I rushed up front.

"So exciting!" I gushed. "You mentioned the one dish that had got you started. There must have been other foods—other dishes—where you saw this same relationship!"

The distinguished professor's eyes were stony. At first he seemed not to understand. Then he drew himself up—a full five-foot-five of outrage. "Madam," he said, throwing out his thin but aggressively masculine chest, "I am *not* a cook!"

Could Gordon's possibly be older than the London Bobby?

Surprisingly enough, yes. It was in 1829 that Sir Robert Peel reorganized the London Metropolitan Police, who promptly became known as "Peelers" or "Bobbies". But this was sixty years *after* Alexander Gordon had introduced his remarkable gin to London and given it *his* name. Happily, the Gordon's you drink today is based on that original 1769 formula. That explains its unique dryness and delicate flavour. Explains, too, why Gordon's is the biggest selling gin in England, America, the world.

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Return to Elegance

Continued from page 39

hattan locations and perhaps spread them in a chain around the country. "People go there," says Baum, "not only because it is cheaper—luncheon checks average under a dollar—but because they can take other people there and know it's the right thing to do in spite of the low cost."

In hotelkeeping the signal was given nearly five years ago when the new Ritz was opened in Lisbon. It was not a shaft full of chrome tubes. It was, as European managers like to call it, a palace hotel, rich in tapestries, good paintings, luxurious rooms, and fine service. The old Imperial in Vienna, released by the Russians, was refurbished in grand Viennese style, chandeliers and all. The signal was a return to elegance, and nowhere was it sounded louder than in New York when the Regency opened on Park Avenue. A jewel of a hotel, paved in travertine, exquisitely decorated, and stunningly serviced, it was a hit almost from the start, now has a hard following of devotees who would rather change their itinerary than stay anywhere else. And Honolulu glows with its new super-sophisticated Hilton, the *dernier cri* of high taste.

In two books this fall those American connoisseurs of taste, Joseph Wechsberg and the late Ludwig Bemelmans, tell of their great pleasures and their perfectionism in pursuing them. Wechsberg, in *The Best Things in Life*, is perhaps more varied, finds joy in listening to music, playing his Stradivarius, reminiscing about his early days in Moravia, eating, or at least writing about eating, the world's best foods, and in drinking wines that he variously compares to a Schubert song, a Heine poem, or a Renoir painting. Bemelmans's book, *La Bonne Table*, is all about inns and trains and mostly about tables and what he ate at them. In an old book Bemelmans once summed up Lady Mendl's definition of taste. Simplicity, suitability, proportion, the lady had said. Once, after a dinner in the Oak Room of the Plaza in New York, itself a temple of taste, Bemelmans had written a note to the chef that was at once an apology and a credo. It read: "Thank you so much for your hospitality last night. I did not order ham and bib lettuce out of lack of faith *dans la cuisine du* Plaza, but because I was still on European mealtime and in such cases I always eat ham, which is a kind of tranquilizer for me. Ham and eggs, incidentally, or the ham at Fouquet's with *épinards* either creamed or *en branche*, are as good a thing as I ask for. It is, incidentally, very limited the list of things in the kitchen that one can really like, especially if you are given to sane living with knife and fork."

Traditionally a people partial to steak and potatoes, Americans, too, may soon find the list too limited if they are given, as they always have been, to sane living with knife and fork. More likely, in the return to elegance, they will be spooning pheasant consommé rather than Manhattan clam chowder. Having been around the world in a plane, they will less likely be at home reading Maugham than down at Trader Vic's trying to relive the memory.

"After all, we've all learned to live with the H-Bomb."

Style

Continued from page 47

deal about the satisfaction of acquiring things that have timeless beauty and quality, things with which every new acquisition can establish a harmony. To be sure, women love new things, love to be in fashion, but there is no reason why the coat they buy today should do violent battle with the good dress or suit or skirt already in their closets.

Another trend of our time has been toward the correlation and coordination of costumes. Way back in 1940, when I designed the "Botany Perennials," it was with the concept that five basic colors and all their infinite shades, tones, and tints could be used interchangeably and harmoniously for a great variety of costumes. This was a way of reducing fabrics to a simplicity that offered infinite variety. Although much has been developed along these lines since then, the coordinated wardrobe or interior has not been fully achieved. It could be achieved but it would require broader cooperation between designers of fabrics, apparel, interiors, and the merchandising world than we have today.

As time goes on, our fashions will be shaped more by the spirit of a whole people than by the few. Mass taste is potentially more stable than the taste of people who love high fashion for its own sake—and can afford it. Good fashion can be individualized and at the same time belong to everybody, everywhere. The mainstream moves constantly, if sometimes slowly, in the direction of better taste. Good taste is an individual matter. It is also always related to a given time and yet has its roots in all our yesterdays. Eccentricities in costumes and interiors come and go. Designers are often forced to create them because merchandisers need attention-getters. Nevertheless, in the long run, good designs will prevail, because they alone are rooted in the social and visual truth that gives us the only standard by which we can measure the value or beauty of the objects around us.

We are all familiar with the confidence and ease with which we move in comfortable, appropriate clothes or in pleasant, harmonious interiors. When our eyes are open, we grow more and more conscious of our surroundings and they exert a powerful influence on our states of mind; our taste is molded by our cumulative visual experience. It would be wonderful if we could educate our young people in these matters as earnestly as we do in practical and scientific pursuits. With training in the visual arts playing a more vital part in our educational system, a new world of beauty in everyday things would be opened to them.

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Books

LITERARY HORIZONS

Prose and the Politics of Protest

IN 1952 Ralph Ellison published a novel of great distinction, *Invisible Man*. It was not only a striking account of Negro life in America but also an impressive literary experiment, a successful blending of realistic and surrealistic techniques. A re-reading at this date strengthens my belief that it is one of the major novels of the postwar period.

During the past twelve years many of us have waited impatiently for a second novel, but it has not been forthcoming. A collection of essays is a disappointing substitute, but it is nevertheless something to be thankful for. *Shadow and Act* (Random House, $5.95) has a considerable range. The first and longest part, and the one about which I shall have most to say, is made up of a series of pieces, all more or less polemical, on literature and the role of the writer. This is followed by seven essays on jazz musicians, several of which, I am happy to say, appeared in *Saturday Review*. Ellison is more relaxed when he is writing about music, and what he has to say on Charlie Christian or Yardbird Parker or Little Jimmy Rushing is entertaining as well as informative. Finally, there is a group of miscellaneous essays and reviews.

One of the pieces is a reply to an essay by Irving Howe, "Black Boys and Native Sons," that appeared in *Dissent*. Discussing three Negro novelists, Howe quarrels with both Baldwin and Ellison for rejecting the novel of protest, and praises Richard Wright for his militancy. "The day *Native Son* appeared," he writes, "American culture was changed forever." He goes on: "If such younger novelists as Baldwin and Ralph Ellison were to move beyond Wright's harsh naturalism and towards more supple modes of fiction, that was possible only because Wright had been there first, courageous enough to release the full weight of his anger." He does admit that *Native Son* has "grave faults," but these seem to him less important than the spirit the novel expresses. Instead of rejecting the novel of protest, as Ellison and Baldwin have tried to do, Wright, according to Howe, accepted his responsibilities.

Ellison replied to Howe in the *New Leader*, which also published a rejoinder by Howe and a rebuttal by Ellison. (Both of Ellison's pieces are included in the book.) The first point Ellison makes is that Negroes are not completely shut off from the achievements of Western civilization:

> One unfamiliar with what Howe stands for would get the impression that when he looks at a Negro he sees not a human being but an abstract embodiment of living hell. He seems never to have considered that American Negro life (and here he is encouraged by certain Negro "spokesmen") is for the Negro who must live it, not only a burden (and not always that) but a *discipline*—just as any human life which has endured so long is a discipline teaching its own insights into the human condition, its own strategies of survival. There is a fullness, even a richness here; and here *despite* the realities of politics, perhaps, but nevertheless here and real. Because it is *human* life. And Wright, for all of his indictments, was no less its product than that other talented Mississippian, Leontyne Price. To deny in the interest of revolutionary posture that such possibilities of human richness exist for others, even in Mississippi, is not only to deny us our humanity but to betray the critic's commitment to social reality. Critics who do so should abandon literature for politics.

Speaking of his own background, Ellison says, "So in Macon County, Alabama, I read Marx, Freud, T. S. Eliot, Pound, Gertrude Stein and Hemingway. Books which seldom, if ever, mentioned Negroes, were to release me from whatever 'segregated' idea I might have of my human possibilities. I was freed not by propaganda or by the example of Wright . . . but by composers, novelists, and poets who spoke to me of more interesting and freer ways of life."

Howe, according to Ellison, has too narrow a conception of the role of the Negro writer. This is the way Ellison paraphrases Howe's argument: "We must express 'black' anger and 'clenched militancy'; most of all we should not become too interested in the problems of the art of literature, even though it is through these that we seek our ideological identities. And between writing well and being ideologically militant, we must choose militancy."

This, as Howe has loudly insisted, is less than fair, but if the issues are not so sharp and clear as Ellison maintains, if Howe qualifies his views in a way one wouldn't suspect from this paraphrase, there is a substantial difference between the two men. What Howe is doing in his essay if he is not urging Negro writers

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to follow the example of Wright I can't imagine. In an interview that appeared in the *Paris Review* in 1955 Ellison said, "I recognize no dichotomy between art and protest." He is not living in an ivory tower, as Howe seems to assume, but he is first of all a writer and not merely a Negro writer.

Howe speaks of "the unqualified assertion of self-liberation" in the Fifties. "Freedom can be fought for," he insists, "but it cannot always be willed or asserted into existence." Ellison knows this too, but he also believes that the American Negro writer should take as much advantage as possible of the cultural heritage of all writers, black and white.

Unlike Baldwin, who is a better essayist at the moment than he is a novelist —though that doesn't mean that he isn't a fine novelist—Ellison, in the pieces in this book, never comes close to the standard he set with *Invisible Man*. But the essays are worth reading because of what they tell us about Ellison and his novel. I am tempted to say, paraphrasing Howe on Wright, "The day *Invisible Man* appeared, American culture was changed forever." Not only had an American Negro writer asserted his right to a share of the cultural inheritance of Western civilization; he had justified his claim by producing a novel of high quality and remarkable originality. The struggle for democracy must go on, but the novel is not the best weapon in that combat. What such a novel as *Invisible Man* does do is to demonstrate that the American Negro is deserving of not only political and economic but also cultural equality. —GRANVILLE HICKS.

ON THE FRINGE

Man in the Gray Flannel Physique

Victor Obeck is six feet tall and weighs 210 pounds. At first glance, the impression is that someone has put a suit on the rock of Gibraltar. He is professor of education and director of athletics at New York University. He is also one of the leading movers behind the booming popularity of the isometric system of exercise in this country. His book on the subject, *How To Exercise Without Moving a Muscle* (Pocket Books), will appear at the end of this month.

Illustrated with sixty-seven "how-to" photographs plus drawings, this paperback offers a program of exercises, fifteen each for men, women, and children. Since each exercise is done for only six seconds, the entire series takes only one minute and a half daily, and no special equipment is needed. Note: Professor Obeck advises that the daily ninety seconds of isometrics be followed by three minutes of some vigorous activity —jumping rope, running, etc.—to pep up the cardiovascular (blood and lungs) system.

What is isometrics? "The word comes from the Latin 'iso' meaning 'same' and 'metric' meaning 'measurement.' It's holding a muscle in static contraction against some immovable resistance.

"I think the calendar—your age—and the scales are a lot of crap. Take what you've got and get it where it ought to be. I'm not talking about weight loss or muscle girth. You won't lose weight with isometrics and it won't increase the girth of a muscle. Isometrics tone up muscles —'all systems go' is the way I put it in my book. A muscle should do what a girdle does.

"You know, going around and talking up a book like mine, you learn a great deal about people and what parts of their bodies they are concerned with from the questions they ask."

[There will be a short pause here. The reader may insert two paragraphs' worth of anything he likes in place of two paragraphs' worth of interview with Victor Obeck which I have decided to drop.]

"There was a gal who was able to put two inches on her bosom through isometrics. Well, she really didn't but it seems that way. You see, isometrics works with muscles, not glands. And the mammaries are just that, glands. But the pectorals beneath them are muscles. By toning up the pectorals—well, you see what I mean.

"We took twenty-two Madison Avenue businessmen with pot bellies and had them do one isometric each morning for their stomachs. Here, I'll show you the exercise. Just suck in your stomach as hard as you can and keep pulling it in—forget about throwing out your chest—while you count 1,001, 1,002, 1,003 up to 1,006. And don't hold your breath."

I sucked in my stomach and began counting. By 1,003 my poor old stomach felt as if it was giving a bear hug to a pin cushion. A few thousand years later, I reached 1,006. "You feel that? In one month, those twenty-two Madison Avenue men had an average waist measurement loss of two and one-half inches. We tied that exercise to their first business phone call of the day. Telephone bell rings come six seconds apart. They were to begin their isometric on the first ring and hold until the second ring. It was automatically timed for them. If you do the same exercise standing up, it will also help your fanny muscles. Most isometrics work on more than one part of the body at the same time.

"Best of all, you can do the exercises anywhere. The book includes isometrics you can do while driving your car or watching TV. Here's one I do when I get bored in a waiting room or during a dull lecture. Sit on the edge of your chair. Up straight. Put your hands down

(*Continued on page 79*)

"Believe me, they're not one whit happier than I am."

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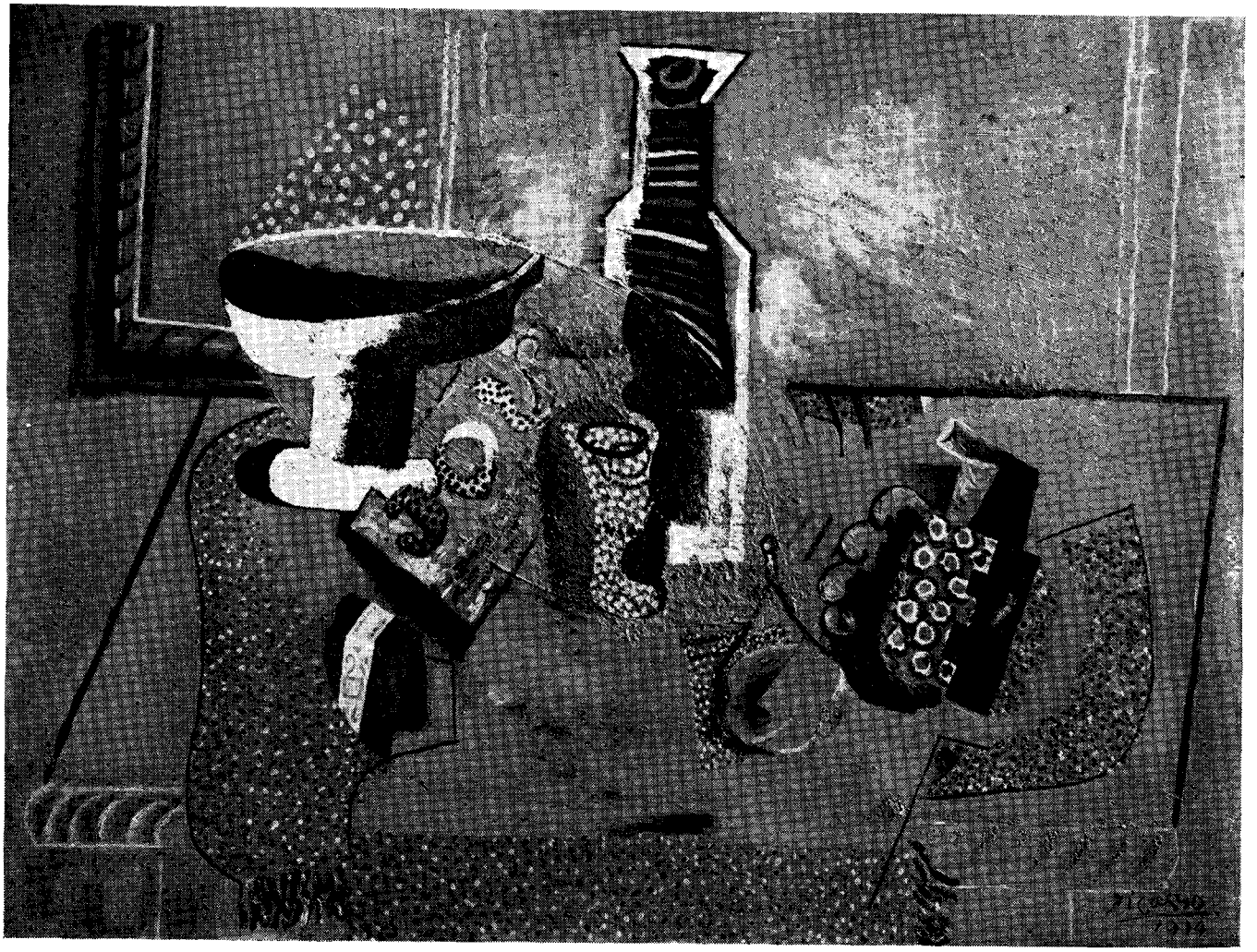

—*Museum of Modern Art. Lillie P. Bliss Collection.*

"Green Still Life," by Pablo Picasso

The Cook and the Book

By PHYLLIS McGINLEY, *whose latest book, "Sixpence in Her Shoe" (Dutton), is devoted to the art of housewifery, including cooking.*

HOUSEWIVES are a wonderful race. As their part-time biographer, I am constantly dazzled by the variety of their talents.

Just look at all the things they do these latter days—run for office, cut their own hair, repair the plumbing, have babies, write symphonies, make coffee tables out of hat stands and husbands out of bachelors, lay linoleum, concoct perfectly dry Martinis, brave the evening traffic better than an ambulance driver, diagnose diseases, and still understand Sanskrit, adolescents, and African violets. Recently they have even been learning to cook.

If that assertion sounds startling, let me amend it to "learning to cook as well as men." For while women have always been able to get a meal to the table, they were seldom, in the old days, equals of the great male chefs. They knew the practical value of food preparation but not its theory; were interested in cooking as a domestic good rather than as a fine art. Now all that is being changed. And I think it has to do not with higher education or sun spots as some have claimed, but with the decline of the Hired Girl. Housewives, no longer at the mercy of what their Bridgets or their Willy Maes were willing (or able) to contrive, are staffing their own kitchens. And being the gifted creatures they are, their cuisine has vastly improved under personal management. They now design their own menus, make friends with their own stoves, become daring, experimental, imaginative. Also they read Cook Books.

In fact I am beginning to think they must have time to read little else. For publishers are a canny tribe and would never mine a vein of illusory gold. Yet week after week, cook books continue to pour from the presses and continue to be bought in astonishing numbers. I am told they are supplanting textbooks and juveniles as the unfailing cash crop of the business. There was a time not too long ago when a housewife's whole kitchen library was apt to consist of a tattered copy of *The Settlement Cook Book*, that admirable dictionary, supplemented perhaps by a disorderly file of clippings from the women's magazines.

Now knowledgeable chatelaines collect recipes as connoisseurs collect porcelains or music boxes. And, as I have said, the volumes are immoderately available for collection. International food, regional food, food easy to prepare or difficult enough to fascinate a Savarin, food fresh or frozen, exotic or bland, designed for invalids, children, dieters, budgeteers—directions for them all stock the shelves of every bookshop in the country. Some of them are simple commercial lists, hardly worth the bother of printing. The majority, however, are in-

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teresting and reliable, and a few are very valuable indeed. This season's output is no exception.

True, there are few among them that measure up to the great manuals of other years—nothing so basic and irreplaceable as *Fanny Farmer;* no anthology of high cuisine so classic as *How to Master the Art of French Cooking;* no textbook so cozy as *The Joy of Cooking* or so physically beautiful as last summer's *Pepperidge Farm Cook Book* with its captious recipes but with wonderful illustrations by Erik Blagvad. Still, they are splendid airs, and some include gastronomic reminiscences so well written that they are worth consulting if only for the charm of their prose.

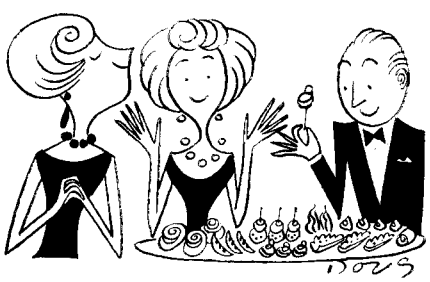
A case in point is James Beard's *Delights and Prejudices* (Atheneum, $6.95). As much an autobiography as a cook book, it meanders through 328 pages of food talk, with recipes interspersed among the anecdotes. Beard is a dedicated man—good food is his vocation as well as his profession and he came to it early, his palate having been cultivated by a hotel-keeping mother and a father who at least knew his fish and game. The housewife intent on looking up a way to serve dried beef for supper after a hard afternoon at the PTA would find herself frustrated by this memoir; but those who enjoy a good chat about remembered meals will find it engaging. And as a guide to superb regional dishes enhanced by European embellishments, it is excellent.

Even better is *The Food of Italy and How to Prepare It,* by Edwin H. Knopf and Mildred O. Knopf (Knopf, $6.95). The book looks and feels like a novel and is as entertaining to read. Its first 118 pages constitute an account of continental living and dining, including a reasoned argument for the authors' delight in Italian food. The rest of this pleasant collaboration is devoted to sensible instructions on how to prepare that food. American cooks who have believed until now that if one bought a pasta from the supermarket and then doused it with enough tomato and garlic, one had an Italian dinner, will be in for an enchanting surprise. Veal may be the meat most often mentioned as an entree by the Knopfs, and there may be eleven recipes for *Torta.* But asparagus is more ubiquitous here than zucchini, and the correct way to steam rice is as carefully described as the preparation of spaghetti or noodles. The chapter on seafood alone is worth the price of admission; and bluefish and sole and soft-shelled crabs are a nice change from the inevitable *scampi* one encounters on every Italian-American menu. In fact, Mr. Knopf insists that "this book was conceived in anger"—an anger directed against one specific Second Avenue restaurant where "the *fettuccine* were *al dente,* perfect; the clams were fresh and tasty; the butter sweet. But, alas, the entire dish *reeked* of garlic!" And he goes on to explain that statistics prove most Italian restaurant owners in the States "came originally from Sicily, Calabria, or Naples, where the olive oil was inferior, the dairy output sparse, and garlic was King." This book is a spirited defense of *haute cuisine* in less earthy Italian provinces, with a list of recipes designed to prove that Venice or Rome can compete with Paris on nearly equal terms. Altogether a volume to be cherished.

In fact, Italian food dominates the current literature of cooking rather as that of France once did—which is not remarkable, considering the number of Yankees who invade Italy every season. Doris Muscatine, a Californian, has also written about Italian tricks and treats, and her *A Cook's Tour of Rome* (Scribners, $7.95) contains not only recipes but advice on where to eat in the Eternal City.

Indeed, American tourism is not only enriching Europe, it is enriching our kitchens as well. Travelers return from expeditions abroad, fetching their usual British tweed and Hong Kong pearls; but they often collect, too, the treasures of the table from dozens of countries.

The Art of Danish Cooking comes into its own in a pleasant little compendium by Nika Standen Hazelton (Doubleday, $4.95). Scandinavian menus have always held high favor with Americans. But, except for the descendants of those Scandinavians, few in this country know how to go about contriving them. Mrs. Hazelton gives us mouth-watering directions not merely for the famous *Smorrebrod* of Denmark, but for such tidbits as Cherry Soup, classic Fried Eel with Creamed Potatoes, Roast Spareribs with Apples and Prunes, and the delicious little cookies called *Specier.* I found myself, while I was reading her book one



evening, having a struggle with my gluttonous spirit not to go downstairs immediately and whip up something rich and sweet and Danish before bedtime.

The Art of India's Cooking (art is the fashionable culinary word this season) is less persuasive. Collected by William I. Kaufman and Saraswathi Lakshmanan (Doubleday, $4.95), the recipes sound authentic and the food zestful. But for my somewhat strict taste so much emphasis on curry, tomato, and spice seems overwhelming. I can understand why the English in the old British Raj used to cast homesick thoughts back toward the simple boiled potato or even a mess of Brussels sprouts.

Several other ambitious efforts to keep the housewives of America in touch with specialties of abroad come to hand. The most impressive of them is by Dione Lucas, teacher and restaurateur. It is an admirable volume and much needed, for there are, no doubt, many amateur cooks like me who have used her previous *Cordon Bleu Cook Book* with excellent results but some trepidation, since its recipes leave something to the imagination. Now she has published *The Gourmet Cooking School Cook Book* (Bernard Geis, $8.50), and it is as handsome and useful an anthology as is likely to come along in any year. Mrs. Lucas is a dedicated disciple of Escoffier, and she makes no attempt to present the kind of food meant for Women's Club lunches or (horrid phrase) Sunday brunches. Hers is the French style—classic, severe, magnificent. Cooking methods, however, are so carefully described and ingredients and tools so lovingly listed that I believe any determined woman who can read and is both industrious and patient should be able to turn out a perfect *Canton à l'Orange* or a Fresh Strawberry Mousse. Highly recommended, if only for the brave.

Another is *The Good Housekeeping International Cookbook, World's Fair Edition* (Harcourt, Brace & World, $3.95), which enumerates recipes from Europe, the Middle East, and assorted countries including Oceania. Somehow my purist mind is not convinced that one book can do justice to such a far-flung cook's tour, and it is certainly true that only a few dishes from any one national cuisine manage to find their way into this attractive book. But the few do seem admirable—Austrian *Lin-*

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zertorte, the *Pot au Feu* of France, Germany's *Warmer Kartoffelsalat*, Italy's famous Veal *Parmigiana*. There is even a Stuffed Chicken *à la Morocaine* from Morocco that sounds good enough and easy enough to tempt a beginner into trying it for a Saturday night party. And if she is trying to impress friends with her sophistication, she might start off her meal with a morsel from *The Complete Round the World Hors d'Oeuvre Book* (Doubleday, $4.95)—the titles get longer and longer, it seems, the more authors turn to specialties. Curried Chicken Wings, Siamese Style, or *Quiche aux Cervettes* ought to be a sensation among the patio set.

A collection I found charming is *The Bel Canto Cook Book* (Doubleday, $4.50). As a rule, I distrust "celebrity cook books," which are often mere paste-up jobs designed for a quick turnover and a brief popularity. But opera singers are renowned trenchermen and a number of them are capable chefs. Peter Gravina has rounded up the favorite concoctions of such celebrated stars as Dorothy Kirstin, Cesare Siepi, Blanche Thebom, and Renata Tebaldi, and very good reading as well as probable eating they make. The emphasis, as one would suspect, is heavily Italian; but there are foods mentioned here as native as Blueberry Pie (from the kitchen of Eileen Farrell) or as exotic as Lauritz Melchior's Elk Stew.

All this year's manuals, however, are not specialty books. There are home thoughts from home among them, too, some regional and naïve, some very grand indeed. The grandest of them is *The Vogue Book of Menus and Recipes*, collected, if the jacket does not deceive me, by Jessica Daves, Tatiana McKenna, and all the editors of *Vogue* (Harper & Row, $6.95). Quite a committee, and quite a book. At first glance it is deceptive, being chichi beyond belief. The contents page lists menus for such affairs as "Elegant Little Tables—Buffet Service Dinners for Twenty-Four," "The 'Circumstantial' Dinner for Twelve to Twenty-Four," "Suppers at Eleven-Thirty for Twelve to Twenty." But do not be put off. Any housewife who can subtract and divide might find here delightful suggestions for food at her own suburban parties. The recipes are sensible, pleasant, and not above ordinary kitchen skills. On one menu for a large formal dinner appear such dishes as Fillet of Sole in Chablis Sauce, Baked Zucchini, and a Coffee Walnut Roll, any of them just as suitable for the table on the screened porch as for an Occasion at the White House. Even the wines suggested as accompaniment for the meals are vintages one might buy at local liquor stores.

Any season, of course, has its dependable "big" dictionaries, and this one is not singular. There is, for example, the new *McCall's Cook Book* (Random House), "an absolutely complete step-by-step cooking and service guide" exactly as the jacket proclaims. It is a nice-looking volume and sells for a mere $5.95, a low price as cook books go these days. And if it runs to a good many Quick Breads, Cake Frostings, fussy salads, and recipes for children, it also includes sections on soufflés, shellfish, and international viands. An excellent initial chapter gives beginners such vital information as how to cut up food, bring something liquid to a rolling boil, and what caramelizing really means. It will undoubtedly be of value to many novice housewives.

Thoughts for Festive Foods (Houghton Mifflin, $6.50) is a companion piece to *Thoughts for Food*, a deservedly popular book put together by what its publisher informs us is a group of "well-known Chicago hostesses." It is a *very* festive book, and the brain reels noticing all the holidays and occasions of one human year. There are suggestions in it for what to serve not only on Christmas and New Year's, but at a Valentine Day Party, a Decoration Day Picnic, a Pink Trousseau Luncheon, or a Circus Party for Pre-Schoolers. To me the recipes look a bit midwestern and elaborate, but they may touch the hearts of thousands of mothers and hostesses drained of invention as another gala approaches.

Then there are the novelty books, like Elsie Masterton's *Blueberry Hill Kitchen Notebook* (Crowell, $4.95) and *The Master in the Kitchen*, by Donn Pierce and Charlotte Turgeon (Knopf, $8.95). The first is very odd indeed, a combination of charm and corniness in about equal parts. If one can get past Mrs. Masterton's vocabulary, which runs to such heartinesses as writing "gal" when she means "girl" (and to her all female creatures up to ninety are girls), or the phrase "a fun way to do Roast Oysters," I believe you will find the recipes interesting and usable. They are country recipes, most of them, but "country" in the best sense, and I rather think this book will go to join its partners, two previous Blueberry Hill selections, on a handy shelf in many kitchens.

The Master in the Kitchen calls itself "The All-Purpose Cookbook for Men," but that seems underestimating itself. My husband, not much of a hand around the stove but an enthusiastic appreciator of good dinners, thumbed through it and almost decided to turn chef. And he noted, just as I did, that it would be as useful for women as for men, being an informed and sensible account of food preparation in general. It is written simply, without unnecessary chatter; and although the stress is laid on American recipes it does not neglect first-rate acquisitions from abroad. It also starts out precisely where any good cook book should start—with all-important sauces. A valuable book.

I have left until last the oddest of the lot, *Horn of Plenty*, by Peggy Harvey (Little, Brown, $7.50). This is a collection of collections—in other words, an anthology culled from famous cook books, the phrasing intact. It begins with an excerpt from something called *The Gentleman's Companion, an Exotic Cookery Book*, and ends with a recipe from General Foods. All the great chef-authors are represented here—June Platt, James Beard, Louis P. de Gouy, Fanny Merritt Farmer, Elizabeth David, Craig Claiborne, Alexander Watt. It came to my desk too late for me to try any of the dishes described, but that they are all delicacies I have no doubt. There is only one thing about it that bothers me.

Given this new ploy—that of simply cutting out and pasting up selections from one's favorite source books—any Constant Reader could dash off her own cooking manual in a week or two. With the market so overcrowded already, how it will all end (as Wolcott Gibbs once said in another connection) knows God.

Stained Glass

By Nancy Price

FROM the day side you are pot-metal, no more
than crosshatch and stipple of dull planes,
propped by iron bars to the downpour
punishment of the rains.
You are old wounds, bits of bubble and streak,
scabbed crust of lichen and heat grooves,
cobwebs, soldering, leads that leak;
yet turn your face to me and the sun moves
by grace of your red scars, your blues lock
all heaven in place, a shelter. I forget
in such light how the mullions crack and pock,
how the north wind buckles the leads yet,
how your iron bleeds down the rock.

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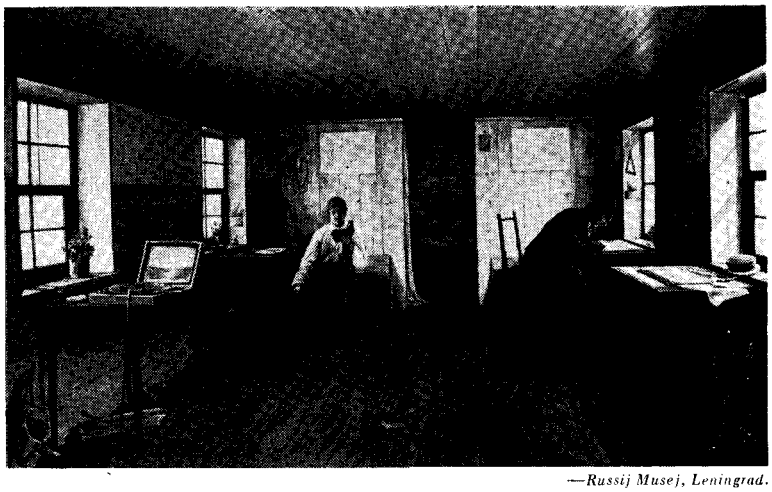
'Mid Pleasures and Palaces: Mario Praz's *An Illustrated History of Furnishing* (Braziller, 396 pp., $20.95 until Dec. 31, then $25) is more than the ordinary history of home decorating. This entertaining and enlightening study is illustrated with 400 paintings, drawings, and prints by artists, some famous, many lesser known who were commissioned to portray the families of the times in their most familiar surroundings. The author's lively commentary is arranged to keep pace with the format of the illustrations which range from early Renaissance to the 20th Century. Black-and-white and color.

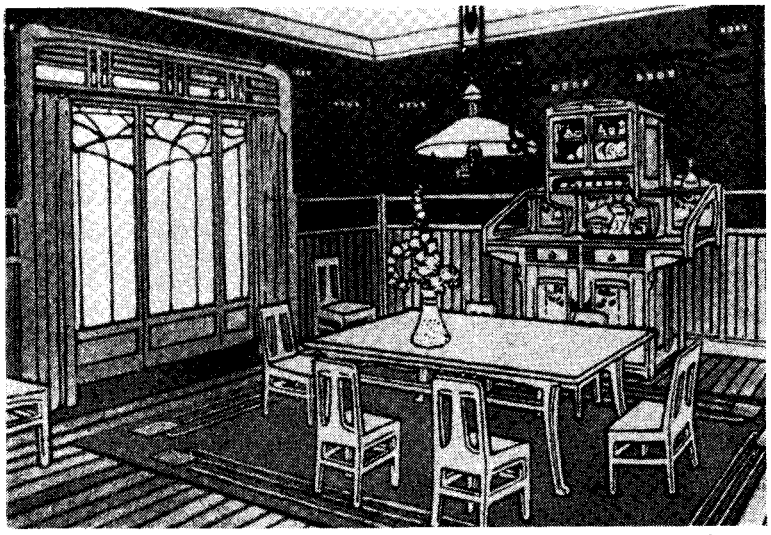
—*Galleria Borghese, Rome.*

Reading by Lamplight, c. 1645, by Wolfgang Heimbach.



—*Russij Musej, Leningrad.*

Cerniesov Brothers in their Barge, 1838, by A. Ivanov.



—*Bibliotheque Douceh, Paris.*

Project for a Dining Room, by L. Cauvy.

Remembrances from Ricci Palace

The House of Life, *by Mario Praz, translated from the Italian by Angus Davidson (Oxford University Press. 360 pp. $10), retraces an intellectual career passed in milieus not of wealth but of elegance. Robert J. Clements is director of comparative literature at NYU's Graduate School.*

By ROBERT J. CLEMENTS

FEW MEN as busy as Mario Praz, professor of English Literature at the University of Rome, have the time to pause during full maturity and creativity to retrace their life and assess its meaning. Few householders have as elegant a framework on which to weave their remembrance of things past, a *palazzo* furnished and decorated to reflect their own taste and personality. Few students of letters are familiar with so many parallels to their own vicissitudes in literature, texts that heighten their joy or purge their sorrow. Borrowing his title from Rossetti's sonnet sequence, Praz promises to tell the story—at least *his* story, of Ricci Palace in Rome on "serenely silent" Via Giulia, one block away from the traffic-ridden Lungotevere.

He conducts us from one room to the next: the entrance hall, the dining room, the drawing room, the boudoir, etc. Each room is haunted by memories, faithfully recounted. Each art object inspires an essay on the people, times, and places associated with it. A bust of Byron recalls Praz's evolving judgments of this Romantic poet; a bust of Laura by Canova sends his memory racing back to the English countryside; an Empire portrait summons up a happy Christmas with his fiancée. Praz's lingering memory enables him to fill in the cross-hatchings and *sfumature* of these faraway events, the main outlines of which he recorded in a rather full diary, sometimes quoted. Some of the memories are painful, but Praz does not hold back. As Xavier de

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Maistre decided when writing his own *Voyage autour de ma chambre*, "No, I shall no longer keep my book *in petto*: here it is, sirs, read!"

Praz's things past include contact with such literary figures as Pater, Croce, Romain Rolland, Montale, Mathiessen, Svevo, and many more. Of cities: London, Manchester, New York, Florence (aristocratic and *gentile*), Bologna, Naples, and, of course, Rome, especially the Rome of Piazza Ricci and Piazza Navona. In sum, a life of the intellect set in milieus not of wealth but of elegance.

Readers of Praz's scholarly successes, *The Romantic Agony, The Hero in Eclipse in Victorian Fiction, Seventeenth-Century Imagery* (all translated into English), will receive a curious shock as the vertical pronoun intrudes into his pages and takes over. This will be especially true as Praz recreates the gallery of women in his life. (Rossetti's *Hous of Life* is dedicated to an absent wife.) This man, as unhappy in love as those Romantics of whom he writes, claims to have "one of those temperaments that are lazy in human relationships." Yet he paints surprisingly penetrating portraits of his women; were he not in his very marrow a scholar, he might demonstrably be an able novelist.

The book is rich in the praise and lore of Praz's great "manias": Empire furniture (acquired when his stepfather first gave him a chest of drawers), emblem books (of which Praz has given us the definitive bibliography, a point he modestly omits), wax sculpture, the Russian language (he reads an hour of Russian literature every morning), and dolls.

As one who makes an annual pilgrimage to 147 Via Giulia, signing the visitor's book, drinking tea or *Campari*, enjoying intelligent people and talk, I derived pleasure from the original Italian version of this book. The English version is splendidly done by Angus Davidson. Seated in the drawing room, one is struck by the harmony between master and manor, a concord fully demonstrated in the book.

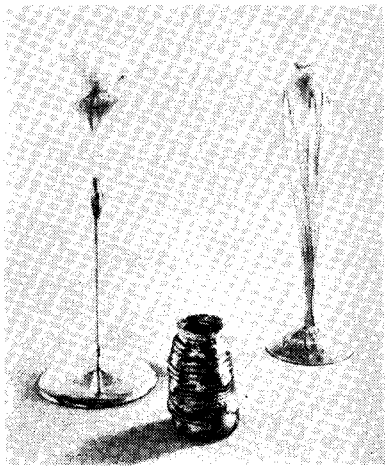
Although still in his prime, Praz has already become a legendary figure. Events of his personal life are retold at dinner parties as though they were part of the *mythos* of a Theban drama. His presence and personality become magnified with accretions akin to those eventually taken on by Vergil, Paracelsus-Faust, Hans Sachs, and others. One of the amusing legends is that Praz is possessed of the Evil Eye, an attribution that apparently affords him private amusement. ("About me, too, sinister reports were circulated, just as they said of Merlin that he was a 'son of the Devil.'")

In his sensitive book Praz shows that he has had to combat the great afflictions which have beset lesser men: loneliness, fear of death, betrayal, inarticulateness, misunderstanding. Without preaching, he showed us that there is a solution, his own: develop several absorbing interests and strive to master them.

Need one be an egotist to undertake an autobiography? To some extent, yes, of course. Yet here is Praz's final paragraph, typical of the blending of erudition and sensitivity in this fascinating book:

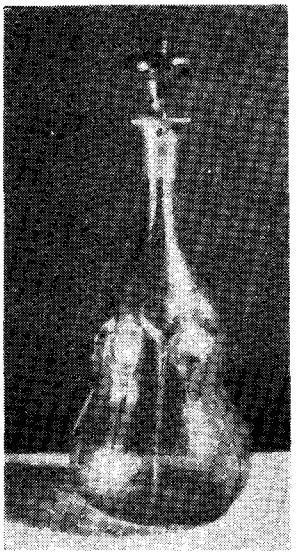
> This person who looks into the mirror is myself, and this book that I have written is like a conspectus, in a convex mirror, of a life and a house. And when I reflect that in Giovanni Bellini's Allegory it is Vanity who gazes at herself in a convex mirror, am I to conclude that what you now have before you is merely the monument of an unparalleled vanity? I would say rather that, at the end of this journey, . . . I see myself as having myself become an object and an image, a museum piece among museum pieces, already detached and remote, and that like Adam in the grafitto on the marble floor of the Church of San Domenico at Siena, I have looked at myself in a convex mirror, and have seen myself as no bigger than a handful of dust.

Robert Koch's *Louis C. Tiffany: Rebel in Glass* (Crown, 246 pp., $7.50) recreates the life and work of the man who called himself America's "first industrial artist" and whose name was, in the space of a generation, venerated, derided, and finally revived. As the family nonconformist, Tiffany confessed little interest in the affairs of his father's Fifth Avenue firm and early devoted his life to the arts. A painter, decorator, architect, and landscapist, he eventually focused his artistic energies on the opalescent glass medium and is best remembered for his innovations in the manufacture and use of stained glass. The "Tiffany craze" of the Nineties is elegantly recalled in over 350 black-and-white and color illustrations.



—*Museum of Modern Art.*

Tiffany vases.



—*Victoria and Albert Museum.*

1901 decanter with applied lily-pad decoration.

Left—J. L. Lefebre's oil, "Girl Reading", copied by Tiffany in glass (right).

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Comments to Vex Mankind

If You Don't Mind My Saying So . . . , *by Joseph Wood Krutch (Sloane. 402 pp. $5.95), offers some elegant and impertinent essays on man and nature, by a master of this literary form. Peter Farb is a naturalist whose books include "Face of North America" and "Living Earth."*

By PETER FARB

WHEN Joseph Wood Krutch published his first natural history book, the *New York Times* reviewer dismissed him as "just another Broadwayite doubling as a Connecticut Yankee." The reviewer was, of course, referring to Mr. Krutch's many occupations—theater critic for *The Nation*, literary biographer, professor at Columbia University, and, in his senior years, ardent naturalist. I have never met Mr. Krutch (although for the past dozen years we have both been working the nature beat), but I feel that the *Times* reviewer was unjust. Mr. Krutch should have been compared rather to Thoreau, who lived simply near a pond yet stole off to town for Sunday dinners and lofty conversation. Like Thoreau, Krutch writes elegant essays, views man as part of the natural rightness of things, and asks impertinent and embarrassing questions of his generation.

We are fortunate that Mr. Krutch has grown old cheerfully and articulately (he will soon be seventy-two). He has scrutinized our century with uncompromising logic and presented his findings in nineteen previous books, articles in several anthologies, and numerous essays for such publications as *The American Scholar*, *The Nation*, and *Saturday Review*. A sampling of the best essays—sixty-one of them, written between 1936 and 1964—has been brought together to make this volume. They add up to an irreverent commentary on muddied thinking in our time by the last great practitioner of the essay form.

The first part of the collection, headed "Manners and Morals," presents Krutch measuring several fashionable stances—political expediency, fact-worship, patriotism, and so forth—against his own yardsticks of common sense and uncommitted individualism. Then comes a section on "Writers and Writing," wherein Krutch makes some shrewd observations on the essay (he declares it dead without issue), the occupation of book reviewing (he finds it the most widely cultivated and least often esteemed of literary forms), the use of the cliché (he leaps to its defence, so to speak). And in this section, too, it is a delight to find again his memorable imaginary conversations with Thoreau and Samuel Johnson.

The third part consists of fifteen essays on the theater, and the final section is concerned with nature, or what Krutch calls "The World We Didn't Make." These concluding essays show him at his most poetic (as in the small masterpiece, "The Miracle of Grass") and his most exasperated (when he examines the cavalier treatment we dish out to nature and at the same time, unwittingly, to ourselves).

Whenever pieces of occasional journalism are given permanence in book form, a question should be asked: Was the collecting worth it? Here the answer is "Yes." These are enduring essays. They are also a reminder that the essay can often come closer to truth than the polemical article or the ponderous "study."

Let me cite just one example, "Through Happiness with Slide Rule and Calipers." Krutch's devastating appraisal of the methods of the social scientist. Under specific analysis is the sociologist's pretension of setting out "to define the indefinable, to measure the unmeasurable." In doing battle with sham and pretension the essayist has a decided advantage. Pretension is a flimsy thing, bolstered only by passing fashion; the essayist is armed with 5,000 years of civilization's choicest insights, wit, and ridicule. Thus Krutch can remind the sociologist who it attempting to measure happiness statistically of Samuel Johnson's line: A small drinking glass and a large one, may be equally full; but the large one holds more than the small." And Krutch can continue to fire salvo after salvo from the Bible, Horace, Pope, Shaw, and others. As a change of pace, he can direct attention to a particularly pretentious statement by the mere use of slang ("This is a real beaut.").

Krutch the essayist is also in the luxurious position of being able to profess ignorance of sociological techniques, and then to ask embarrassing questions of the data. His ingenuous appraisal of the statistics reveals that the sociologist has "come up with conclusions that are either not demonstrated at all or, quite as frequently, so obvious that they need no demonstration."

Like Jonathan Swift, Krutch has put together a book "not to please mankind, but to vex it." At the same time he has given us good cause to lament the passing of the essay.

"I love you because you are trustworthy, loyal, helpful, friendly, courteous, kind, obedient, cheerful, thrifty, brave, clean and reverent."

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To New York, With Love

Girl from Fitchburg, *by Bernardine Kielty Scherman (Random House. 189 pp. $3.95), and* ***Golden Friends I Had,*** *by Margaret Widdemer (Doubleday. 340 pp. $4.95), views the New York of the early 1900s through the eyes of two out-of-town girls who came to love it. Aileen Pippett, English-born biographer of Virginia Woolf, is a New Yorker by adoption.*

By AILEEN PIPPETT

MORE than fifty years of living in New York have not dulled its fascination for Bernardine Scherman. She saw it first "through a gilded keyhole" in 1908, when she, a Yankee-Irish girl from a Massachusetts mill town, spent a joyous week in the home of a college roommate. The house was surrounded by lawns, had its own vegetable garden and a panoramic view of the Hudson. Grand Central Station was being built, with railroad tracks open along Park Avenue; the Public Library was nearly finished; gentlemen on Fifth Avenue doffed silk hats to ladies whose hats were wide and whose skirts were long and narrow. The family pew of Mayor Tweed was lent to Bernardine's Jewish hosts so that their Catholic visitor could hear High Mass on Easter Sunday in St. Patrick's Cathedral. She sat in the diamond horseshoe at the Metropolitan Opera House for a performance of *Tannhäuser,* went to a comedy, to a store that outdid anything in Boston, and to one of the few restaurants not out of bounds for respectable girls. In fact, she had a wonderful time.

She came to know the city better but did not love it less when, on leaving college, she worked for a year in a Jewish orphanage at Pleasantville, learning more there than in all her life before.

Later she shared an apartment with two girls in Greenwich Village, where rents were low and hopes were high and artists and idealists took the pursuit of happiness seriously.

Soon, rather to her surprise, she married a young writer, Harry Scherman, whom she had first met at Pleasantville, and moved uptown. That was the beginning of more adventures and discoveries, all related with unselfconscious

Bernardine Kielty Scherman—"an appreciation that excludes nostalgia."

—*Lorstan Studios.*

Margaret Widdemer—"reminiscences [that] sparkle with good stories."

exactness and an appreciation that excludes nostalgia. Everything is here, small and large, places and people, as Mrs. Scherman describes, on a note of sustained excitement, two world wars, the Depression, Prohibition, Broadway, the early days of the Book-of-the-Month Club, Harry's first book, the New Jersey vacation home, the children, the cats and dogs, the trips to Europe, the view from the apartment or the El or a bus. East Side, West Side, all around the town, she is the best guide imaginable to the infinite variety of the city that is truly her home because of her participation in its living history; and she still holds to the sound values of tolerance and good companionship she learned as a girl in Fitchburg. To read her book, with its humor and its sense, is a heartwarming experience.

Margaret Widdemer is another out-of-towner who came to New York—this time from Philadelphia—as a young girl, and has found it "a nice place to be," for work, play, and friends (including Bernardine Scherman, whose assurances about the high ethical standards prevailing in the early days of Greenwich Village she accepted, although she found it more comical than elevating when she arrived in the Twenties). It was also stimulating to a young writer to meet people she had long admired and discover that they too were human, with quirks and failings, but also passionately serious about their work as poets or novelists. Her lively reminiscences of the literary world sparkle with good stories and are aglow with sympathetic understanding.

EDNA St. Vincent Millay opens the cavalcade of brilliant personalities Mrs. Widdemer fondly recalls. They are a motley crew: some imposing; others rather wispy, their brief hour of popular acclaim having passed long ago. They do not keep step; they break ranks now and then to argue about poetry or to change partners. There is nothing formal about this procession of writers who have made or are still making modern American literature. These are, as the author indicates, "unrevised memories," not set biographies. But if you want to know about Ezra Pound, Edward Arlington Robinson, Amy Lowell, T. S. Eliot, Elinor Wylie, Edmund Wilson, Robert Frost, Carl Sandburg, the Benéts, the Colums, Joyce Kilmer, Gene Stratton Porter, or any other contemporary name that comes to you, just ask Margaret Widdemer and she will make them come alive for you as she knew them.

And if you like spooky stories, she has these too. Her attitude towards psychic phenomena is refreshingly casual. There is nothing alarming about ghosts—indeed, a felt presence can be comforting. Of course, spirits hanging about an apartment that was once inhabited by Aleister Crowley might be disagreeable; but these shades are mostly powerless and rather pitiful, including that of a faithless husband whose widow, happily remarried, was so used to him that he really didn't matter any more.

(*Book Reviews are continued on page* 73.)

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Hoiby on Turgenyev's Natalia Petrovna

LEE HOIBY'S latest venture into operatic composition shows a measurable advance in the skills of the musical-dramatic theater since he was last heard from in 1959. Then,as now, it was in the framework of the City Center's stage; now, as then, it is a subject out of the world of Russian literature. This time his focus is on Turgenyev's *A Month in the Country* renamed *Natalia Petrovna* for its leading character, in succession to his previous concern with Checkov's *The Scarf*.

Thus the largesse of the Ford Foundations musical program has provided Hoiby with a bridge from the near shore of a one-act creation to the far shore of a full evening's effort. If it leaves him short of three-act opera, this is only because he and his librettist, William Ball, have followed the division of the original into two acts. But at least Hoiby may now be said to have achieved full-length status if not full-sized stature.

In crossing the bridge from the abreviated to the extended, Hoiby has brought along both strengths and weaknesses. Of principal credit to him is that which a composer for the operatic stage cannot do without: a sure sense of the vocal and instrumental equation, in which the elements are rarely in opposition or unequally disposed. There is much that is fitting, in an older-fashioned way, for the voices to sing, but the orchestra has its share of importance also. Too often, however, what his performers have to sing is the formless kind of melodic writing that tends to curl in upon itself after a while and lead the ear back to something it has heard before. Hoiby is well aware that quality writing for the musical-dramatic stage rests on characterization of these for whom he has bothered to write, and he bothers a good deal about providing them with flowing, flighty, choppy, or grave music according to their parts in the play. Too often, however, the designs are all cut from the same grayish cloth.

More than a little of the problem relates to the nature of the subject with which he has chosen to work. Turgenyev's drama is less a play of action than it is a play upon words (to express it in a play upon words). The involvements of the landed Natalia Petrovna with her aging husband, who loves her but whom she doesn't love, and with the tutor Belaev, to whom she is drawn but who prefers her young niece Vera, have subtleties and nuances that William Ball's libretto tends to erase for broader strokes of dramatic action, and that Hoiby's music insufficiently illuminates. The family friend, Rakitin, who also has a passion for Natalia is made into a kind of Melot with a jealousy that lacks a Tristan to justify it.

Reference to Wagner, inadvertent as it is, recalls that the most successful subjects for operatic treatment are those in which the lines of conflict are strongly drawn and there is a minimum of confusion as to the "why" of the happenings (the "how" is something else again). In Hoiby's case, there is some clarification of the spell that Natalia casts upon the men who are drawn to her—especially as she is portrayed by the attractive and vocally gifted Maria Dornya—but too little explanation of the appeal that the young tutor would exert for her. Some of this may lie in the usual problem of intelligibility in the singing of the English text, which would mean a shared responsibility of performers, librettist, and composer.

As in *The Scarf*, which expanded an absorbingly terse happening into an hour-long occasion, Hoiby's sense of proportion is still at variance with theatrical interest. Following the play, his first act is cast in three scenes, but without the change of locale that adds interest in the original. Rather much is made of such details as a birthday party for the young son of the house and the romance of two minor characters. Doubtless these were projected as sources of contrast, variety, or change of motion; but the best variety, contrast, or change of motion would have been provided by a tightening of the dramatic structure, sharper strokes of musical characterization, and a greater projection of the emotional tensions within the major characters.

So far as one could judge from a dress rehearsal and performance—not even a libretto was available beforehand—Hoiby has been well served by the cast assembled by conductor-impresario Julius Rudel on his behalf. For a singer without prior stage exposure in New York (she had been heard previously in a concert version of *Die Frau ohne Schatten*), Miss Dornya supported the demanding title role with assurance and good sound as well as good looks. Richard Cross, who had been useful to Hoiby in *The Scarf*, provided a strong embodiment of Rakitin (the tinge of graying hair made him look uncannily like a younger Cary Grant), and John Reardon did as much with the tutor Belaev as the librettist and composer permitted. Equally apt was the casting of John McCollum as the husband Arcady, of Jack Harrold as the Doctor, and of Patricia Brooks as the Lisavette whom he decides to marry a) because she has a dowry and b) because his cook has quit. Muriel Greenspon amended the impression of her Innkeeper in *Boris* with a solid effort as a busybody mother-in-law (if the tautology may be forgiven). Sandra Darling, who is also new to the City Center stage, sang very well as the niece Vera, but her diminutive figure and the adolescent period clothes in which she was dressed made one wonder if all the talk about her marriage wasn't premature, even for nineteenth-century Russia. Howard Bay's setting of a country living room with sun parlor was cheerfully appropriate and the costumes of Patton Campbell served well.

What might be recommended for Hoiby, in the professional rather than the personal sense, is a change of scene, a freshness of locale and temperamental climate. He has a recognizable disposition for the musical theater, a good deal of hard-won skill, and consistently elevated purposes. Having served his apprenticeship in the school of Menotti (with a postgraduate attention to Barber's *Vanessa*), he might now consider a direction completely on his own.

IN the week in which Hoiby was discoursing on Turgenyev's *Month in the Country*, Josef Krips was offering his views with the Philharmonic Orchestra on Beethoven's day in the country. The *Pastorale* is, more often than not, reserved by conductors for a breath of spring in those days of deep winter when one longs for nothing else so strongly; but even before Indian summer, it is welcome. Krips's day was, on the whole, a placid one, without any such extremes as intense heat, or a really drenching downpour in the "Storm" section. Perhaps that is why the "happy thankful feelings" after the storm were more like a tip of the hat than a reverence of the heart. The remainder of the program was devoted to the *Kindertotenlieder* of Mahler, for which Maureen Forrester was the soloist, and Hindemith's "Angelic Concert," "Entombment," and "Temptation of St. Anthony" from *Mathis der Maler*.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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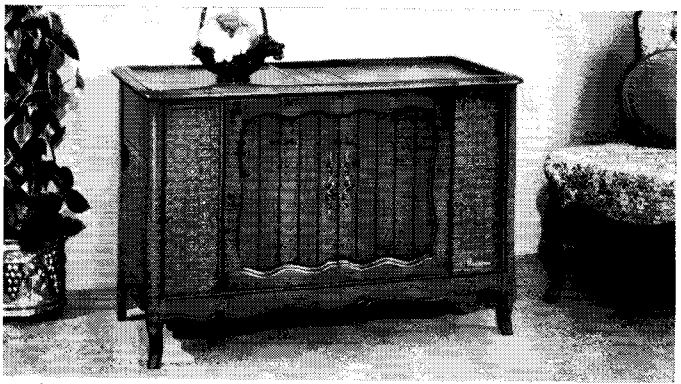

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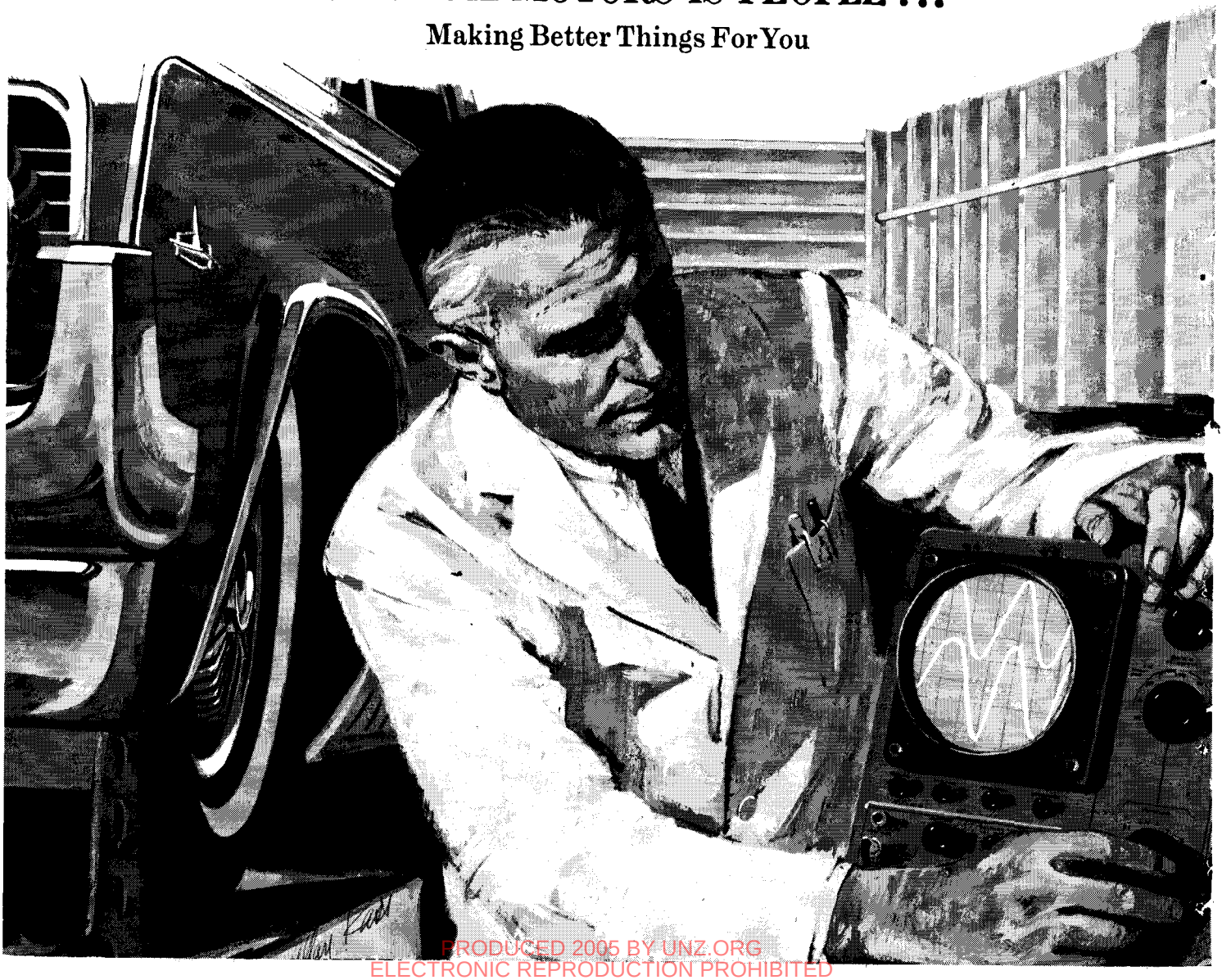

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Dangerous Delusions

Continued from page 25

a necessary condition for human fulfillment, the faith in freedom itself ceases to express the democratic spirit and becomes something quite different; it ceases to express the conscience of a conservative and becomes instead the faith of a fanatic.

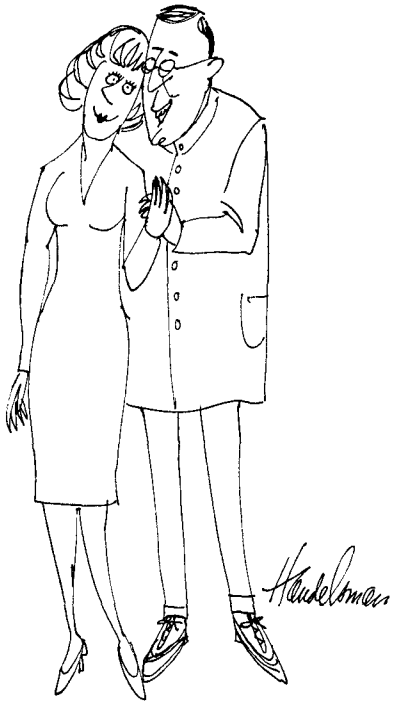
The passionate ideological spirit is not a characteristic of mature societies but of unstable and politically primitive societies. Nor is it an expression of strength and self-confidence. We all know individuals who are given to swagger and bluster and impassioned declarations of their own virtue and superiority, and we know that their need to proclaim their virtues and to try to impose their own values on others is an indication, not of strength but of weakness, not of self-confidence but of profound self-doubt. The mature nation, like the mature man, is sure of its values in a way that welcomes but does not require imitation by others. The mature nation, like the mature man, is more interested in solving problems than in proving theories, more interested in helping people to be happy than in forcing them to be virtuous, and at least as interested in hearing the ideas of others, and perhaps learning and benefiting from them, as in preaching and spreading its own ideas.

An ideology in the sense of a set of guiding principles and values is desirable, indeed necessary, to a strong society. But an ideology strengthens a society only when it is an instrument of the public happiness rather than a revered object of public policy. When an ideology is treated as a religion, it becomes a source of intolerance and weakness in a society. Deluding men into confusing their momentary predilections with eternal truths, it turns men away from their real problems and plunges them into turgid and irrelevant controversies about how many angels can dance on the point of a pin, about whose Communism is purer and more orthodox, about whether it is better to be "extreme" or only "moderate" in one's devotion to liberty.

THE great strength of the American ideology—which the Goldwater Republicans do not understand—is not its eternal validity in exactly the form in which it was enunciated two centuries ago but rather its adjustability to the radically changed conditions of an urban and industrial America with global responsibilities. The constantly changing ways in which the American ideology is practiced are not, as Goldwater Republicans think, signs of the erosion of freedom in American life. On the contrary, they are proof of the strength and tenacity of American freedom in a changing society in a changing world. One of the great strengths of America has been its ability to treat a wise and human political philosophy as an instrument of human happiness rather than as an object of human sacrifice.

The most hopeful development of the last few years in international relations has been the appearance of a few tentative indications that the Soviet Union and some of the Eastern European Communist countries are beginning to free themselves from the blinders of Marxist ideology and to look at the world and at their own societies in somewhat more realistic terms. Chairman Khrushchev's remarks in Eastern Europe earlier this year indicated an increasing preoccupation with better houses and better goulash at the expense of orthodox Communist dogma. This developing realism in the Communist world has made it possible for the Soviet Union and the West to reach limited agreements such as the nuclear test ban treaty and the initiation of educational and cultural exchange programs. These are modest achievements in themselves, but they have contributed to a substantial decrease in the danger of nuclear war, which is not a modest achievement but a very important one.

At precisely this moment of increased hope for peace—perhaps even because of it—those elements in America that have remained wedded to primitive ideas of relentless ideological conflict have seized control of one of our two great political parties. The men who now lead the Republican Party are not traditional American politicians, but angry dissenters against the present, men who are frightened and pained by the trend toward coexistence between the Communist and the free worlds, men who wish to revive the ideological passions of Stalin's time, men who wish to mount a counterrevolution against the whole trend of American foreign policy.



"I love you more than ever, darling, now that I've seen your X-rays."

Goldwater Republicanism is the closest thing in American politics to an equivalent of Russian Stalinism. Each makes a religion of its ideology, the Stalinists of Communism, the Goldwaterites of their own special concept of "freedom." Each is convinced that there can be no peace in the world until its own ideology is universally practiced. Each is convinced that the other is predestined to disappear from the face of the earth and each is determined to do all that it can to help destiny along. As Lenin put it, "Conflict is unavoidable, and there is the greatest difficulty of the Russian Revolution, its greatest historical task, that of provoking the International Revolution." And as Senator Goldwater has put it, "I claim that we cannot live with these two philosophies in the world forever. Sometime there'll be only one."

WHEN nations equate their own ideologies with universal laws and seek to gain for them universal prevalence, "the ethics of international politics," writes Professor Hans Morgenthau, "reverts to the politics and morality of tribalism, of the crusades, and of the religious wars . . . carrying their idols before them, the nationalistic masses of our time meet in the international arena, each group convinced that it executes the mandate of history, that it does for humanity what it seems to do for itself, and that it fulfills a sacred mission ordained by Providence, however defined. Little do they know that they meet under an empty sky from which the gods have departed."

The foreign policy issue in this campaign is as profound as any that has ever arisen between the two great American political parties. The Goldwater Republicans propose a *radical* new policy of relentless ideological conflict aimed at the elimination of Communism and the imposition of American concepts of freedom on the entire world. The Democrats under President Johnson propose a *conservative* policy of opposing and preventing Communist expansion while working for limited agreements that will reduce the danger of nuclear war. The Republicans build their policy on the ideologies that divide the world; the Democrats look beyond ideology to the common hopes, the common interests, and the common dangers that unite the human race.

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As Others See Us

Continued from page 33

passed by the American Congress. They dubbed this bill a "Communist plot." This is ample foretaste of things to come. All progressive legislation and propaganda will be dubbed "Communist," and if Barry Goldwater is elected we may look to laws similar to what obtains in the Union of South Africa. This is the "Free World"! —*Century.*

MONTEVIDEO:

Danger Signs

THE SIMPLE FACT that [Goldwater] has triumphed in the internal tussle reveals with crudity the danger that threatens us all.

The nomination of Goldwater is the answer to the assassination of Kennedy. The reaction that created a climate for that assassination is getting ready for another battle. If Goldwater, an illiterate demagogue with a warped lining, can count on the more or less clever support of one of the two great parties in the United States, this is undoubtedly because something, or rather much, is putrid in that country. After McCarthy, Goldwater. After the assassination of Kennedy, Goldwater. And the life and destiny of all are hanging from the decisions of an irresponsible man, whose statements and threats are marked by crass imbecility and raving folly.

Let us hope—we must always hope—that the nightmares will fade out; but let us also acknowledge the fact that humanity is making the best possible effort to deserve the atom bomb. She does not learn, and those who fool her know it well. —*Marcha.*

—*L'Express.*

BUDAPEST:

Contradictory Aspirations

THE SENATOR FROM ARIZONA often personifies different and contradictory aspirations. Midwesterners are expecting that Goldwater will reduce government intervention; Californians that he will restrict trade unions and regulate Wall Street; Texans expect a greater share of political power. Some people believe that the Senator from Arizona will nullify the civil rights law, will abolish taxes, and will halt the enforcement of Social Security laws. The list of demands includes a "more active" foreign policy, suppression of Communism, keeping the newly developing countries in their proper place, and restoring America's hegemony. —*Magyarorszag.*

LONDON:

Experiment in Mythology

SENATOR GOLDWATER IS trying to catch the middle and moderate ground that has been so firmly occupied by President Johnson. . . . If this goes on, the choice will revert to one of personalities, moods, and emphasis. For Senator Goldwater, this could be a little risky, for he is banking heavily on those who, he claims, have stayed away from the polls in the past precisely because there was no clear choice and because they found their conservative beliefs unrepresented. The fact is that the United States is now engaged in a struggle to discover whether its mythology can be translated into modern terms. It will benefit the world to have a clear answer. —*The Times.*

• • •

Perhaps the most striking single fact to emerge from a survey of world press reaction to the Presidential campaign is the virtual unanimity of opinion. From Moscow (where Pravda has said, among other things, that "Goldwater's platform calls for war with Russia") to Coblenz, (where the Rhein-Zeitung characterized the Republican platform as "a mixture of fascist illusions of world domination and Western cowboy romantics"), there is a clear mood of apprehension about what will happen on November 3. Americans cannot, of course, cast their votes solely to please the rest of the world. But it may be worthwhile to remember that the world is watching.

—*J. F. F.*

Manner of Speaking

Continued from page 18

"king/beggar" to the corresponding elements in the repeated pattern of stanzas two and three. Or perhaps I am being obtuse. Or perhaps Cummings has written slickly. There is precedent enough to support either assumption.

Aside from that confusion (mine or Cummings's), there remain only the first and last lines as moments of possible difficulty, and then only for those who have not read enough Cummings to grasp his personal idiom (as, for example, students are baffled by John Donne only until they grasp his idiom and then discover that he is managing within it a sort of poetic experience that would be totally unmanageable without it).

SO the "most" of the last line will be registered at once by those who speak Cummingsese. But if that is still a new language, the pattern of the poem will readily fix "most" in response to "the single secret" (which is man) and to "they" (who cry a response to the life impulse of spring, as un-man cannot). Accordingly, "most" may be made to answer to various specifications but all of them must center in the idea of "the most that mankind is at its best." That "most," like all else, must die, but since it must first have been, it gives every man more to live by and toward.

There remains the pun of the first line, which is not part of the pattern (as it would have been had Cummings built a corresponding pun into the first line of each stanza), but which exists as a variation within the pattern.

It is a triple pun. "Which" in English is properly pronounced "hwich." So pronounced it is a good onomatapoeia: this is a swishing, hwishing, much of a hwiching wind. In American usage, however, "which" is frequently pronounced "witch." This wind, therefore, is also much of a witch. But there is also "which" as a muted question: "Which wind?" To which the music answers, "all three." It is a hwiching, witching, much of a whichever wind, a keen of a lean wind, and a dawn of a dream's doom (that dream being, of course, the single secret of the most who die by whom the more we live).

And add that however much the critic may badger the poem in his clumsy trade of taking apart what can exist only in its simultaneity and multiplicity, the poem itself strikes through much as does Blake's "Tiger, Tiger," a poem that contains elements beyond the reach of any exegesis, and yet one that declares itself to the reader as an instant and compelling experience.

—JOHN CIARDI.

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That's Why the Lady Was a Terror

Queen of the Plaza: A Biography of Adah Isaacs Menken, *by Paul Lewis (Funk & Wagnalls. 307 pp. $4.95), recalls the theater's halcyon days of the last century, when a star actress's spectacular performance did not end with the fall of the curtain. John K. Hutchens was formerly drama critic for the Boston Evening Transcript and Theater Arts magazine.*

By JOHN K. HUTCHENS

JUST offhand it may seem a little late in the day for a biographer to be bothering—or to expect readers to bother—with another life of the nineteenth-century American theater's most renowned sex-pot and, in a manner of speaking, actress. But Paul Lewis, obviously a dauntless fellow, has had other notions, and you won't be far along in his affectionate but realistic book about Adah Isaacs Menken before you are grateful for his stubbornness.

Adah was a liar, a vixen, and even, as some of her more ardent admirers learned to their dismay, a terror. Still, there was something about her, and not just her violet eyes, that fetches you as you follow her around in Mr. Lewis's pages. It is a reaction with which Adah in her lifetime was entirely familiar. After all, her husbands and/or boy friends ranged from John C. Heenan, the Benicia Boy, heavyweight champion of the world, to Algernon Charles Swinburne, whose ring record is not available.

Mr. Lewis properly opens with Adah's New York debut in *Mazeppa* at the Broadway Theater on June 14, 1861, when she startled the town with her soon-to-be-famous horseback ride across the stage clad in flesh-colored tights that gave the effect of nudity. Among those in the stunned audience were nine Union Army generals, who may have remained stunned, thus explaining the result of the First Battle of Bull Run the following month. Also present was Edwin Booth, who was certainly not there to learn anything from Adah about acting. What with one thing and another, the evening was a smash.

Having established for latecomers the source of Adah's enduring fame, Mr. Lewis goes back into her pre-*Mazeppa* life, and his diligent homework is at once apparent. He almost surely has some surprises even for those who, these many years, have heaved a regretful sigh that they were not there in the audience that night with the nine generals and Mr. Booth. That is to say, where reputable reference works have given Adah's maiden name as Dolores Adios Fuertes (a tasty invention of her own), Mr. Lewis comes up with the right one (Adah Bertha Theodore), and the exact date of her birth in Louisiana (April 11, 1835). Some of the same "authorities" have consistently failed to mention a curious visit she paid to Cuba as a girl, or may actually have been unaware of it. Mr. Lewis, simply by consulting her diaries, keeps an eye on her there and offers some vivid stuff about her career as a streetwalker—a revealing early sidelight on her later contempt for the male sex in general, excepting males who were eminent writers. Either her diaries have been unavailable until lately, or her biographers prior to Mr. Lewis have been lazy, prudish, or too smitten with Adah to face the facts. That last failing is understandable.

For Adah, all in all, was quite a girl, despite certain characteristics she shared with the black widow spider. She ran through, or over, four husbands, the first of whom, Heenan, taught her to box. (But not by the Marquess of Queensberry rules, Mr. Lewis; they hadn't been drawn up in 1859.) She was the first American woman to bob her hair and smoke in public, or so it says here. She dined with a relish praised by contemporary trenchermen but without losing her spectacular figure. Her literary conversation was admired by Georges Sand, Bret Harte, and Walt Whitman, and she wrote poetry that stands up pretty well beside some of today's.

What more could you have asked of her, except that she be a good actress? A girl can't have everything, though this one had her share.

Your Literary I.Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich and Yetta Arenstein

PRESIDENT SAY

Many wise and thoughtful statements made by our past Presidents often have immediate pertinence, especially in a Presidential election year. Nanine K. Ryder of Chevy Chase, Maryland, has selected ten such statements and asks that you link each with its proper author. Answers on page 74.

1. The foundations of progress and prosperity are dependent as never before upon the policies of government. ( ) George Washington
2. This great government cannot get along without the South . . . large as it is, it is not large enough to divide. ( ) Thomas Jefferson
3. There is only one power to put behind the liberation of mankind and that is the power of mankind. ( ) Andrew Jackson
4. Each public officer who takes an oath to support the Constitution swears that he will support it as he understands it and not as understood by others. ( ) Abraham Lincoln
5. Promote then as an object of primary importance institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge. ( ) Andrew Johnson
6. I have sworn upon the altar of God eternal hostility against every form of tyranny over the mind of man. ( ) Theodore Roosevelt
7. All the rights, privileges and immunities of man as an American and as citizen should be safeguarded and upheld by law. ( ) Woodrow Wilson
8. The only limit of our realization of tomorrow will be our doubts of today. ( ) Herbert Hoover
9. We shall do our best to build a world of peace where the weak are safe and the strong are just. ( ) Franklin D. Roosevelt
10. That this nation under God shall have a new birth of freedom, and that the government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the earth. ( ) John F. Kennedy

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Some of the Secrets of the Minx

The Sphinx and Her Circle, *by Violet Wyndham (Vanguard. 128 pp. $4.50), recreates the scintillating world of Ada Leverson, whose support of Oscar Wilde during his trials brought her fame but overshadowed her own talents. Harry T. Moore teaches at Southern Illinois University.*

By HARRY T. MOORE

WHEN Oscar Wilde called women "sphinxes without secrets," he was using the word *sphinx* in a different sense from when he applied it to a brilliant friend who had parodied his poem "The Sphinx" in *Punch* as "The Minx." As the daughter of this friend notes in the present book, it is ironic that Ada Leverson should be known mostly because she and her husband sheltered Wilde between his court trials in 1895. Certainly Mrs. Leverson (1861-1933) deserves to be recognized in her own right, both as a personality and as an author.

Violet Wyndham reports that her mother, to whom she usually refers by Wilde's nickname, was unhappily married and took lovers, some of whom are named here. There was, for example, the Earl of Desart, a handsome poet whose yacht put into Monte Carlo when the Sphinx was there, and soon went back to sea with the golden-haired beauty aboard. "Ernest [Leverson] saw no harm in his wife sailing away on a week's cruise with another man. He preferred to remain near the Casino. Lady Desart had recently left her husband for an actor named Sugden." Yet the Sphinx couldn't bring herself to break permanently with her husband; she followed the Victorian fashion of having affairs rather than divorces. When she fell in love with the publisher Grant Richards, she obeyed his command to write the novels which in current reprints still earn praise for their urbanity. Another of her friends, George Moore, had his usual bad luck with her; although she found him charming, she rebuffed his advances.

All these stories are deeply enough

Ada Leverson—from the *Yellow Book* to the *Criterion*.

embedded in the customs and costumes of their time to remind us that yesterday's gossip is today's quaintness. If this book is poorly organized, and more a biographical sketch with letters than a genuine biography, the portrait of its heroine is nevertheless a lively one. And the author performs a useful service for today's readers by providing background material on the people she introduces. Some of them appear only briefly: W. Somerset Maugham because when he wrote to the Sphinx he always misspelled the name with a "y"; Henry James because on the occasion of meeting her he uttered one of his spiraling sentences, and Theodore Dreiser, a surprising addition to the gallery, represented here by a short letter. Various other acquaintances of Ada Leverson receive fuller treatment, from Max Beerbohm and Alfred Douglas to the ebullient Sitwells.

One of the values of this little book lies in its linking of different periods of British society and artistic expression in its picture of the remarkable bluestocking who in the 1890s wrote for the emblematic *Yellow Book* and in the 1920s for T. S. Eliot's stately *Criterion*.

A consistently legendary figure, she is inevitably the center of numerous anecdotes that demonstrate her wit. To conclude with one which shows how she could keep up with Oscar Wilde in that department: When he told her that a devoted *apache* used to follow him about Paris with a knife in one hand, Ada Leverson replied, "I'm sure he had a fork in the other!"

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 5, 6, 4, 10, 2, 7, 3, 1, 8, 9.

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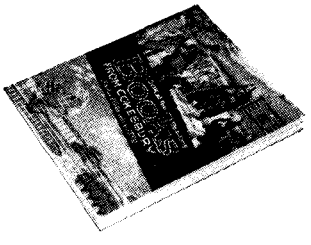

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Falcons and Famous Friends

Not Under Oath: Recollections and Reflections, *by John Kieran (Houghton Mifflin. 282 pp. $5), explores the memories of a self-styled "country boy" who spent much of his life at the center of the world's busiest city. Robert L. Perkin was for many years book review editor of the Rocky Mountain News in Denver.*

By ROBERT L. PERKIN

ALMOST anyone of a certain age remembers the lively good fun of the old *Information, Please!* radio program, back in those prewar years before broadcast entertainment became dedicated to lowest common denominators. One voice in that group of experts on all things imaginable had, as my ear remembers it, a nasal New York twang, and kept popping up with quiet good sense and right answers whenever the questioning got around to natural history, English verse, Latin inscriptions, or sports of any kind. This brisk, acid-tart voice, reminding one of the taste of a Spitzenburg apple, contrasted admirably with the gravelly rumbles of F. P. A., the brash and often venomous brilliance of Oscar Levant, and Clifton Fadiman's suave erudition.

Information, Please! has passed into the realm of pleasant memories, but the man with the Spitzenburg voice, now in the active practice of subjective ornithology at Cape Ann, has brightened and warmed the fall book season with a most delightful memoir. *Not Under Oath* has the richness, the color, and the zest of autumn weather, and it explains why so many men and women love John Kieran.

The book is a series of informal autobiographical essays, familiar, loosely chronological, pleasantly engaging. Its recollections extend from gaslights in the Bronx to jet planes and the latest feathered migrant to visit Folly Cove.

Kieran was born in New York City. His father was president of Hunter College and a firm believer in good English usage at table. The boyhood days alternated between then semi-rural Kingsbridge and the family farm in Dutchess County, and Kieran insists he was a country boy all the time. Today, he watches with his binoculars the sea, the shore, and the trees above Beech Grove Cemetery at Rockport, Massachusetts, in "calm contentment," he reports, employing in the same sentence a characteristic word: "eager."

In between the gaslights and the buff-breasted sandpipers at Plum Island, the self-certified country boy spent a busy urban life close to everything that seethed or bubbled in the world's most active city. A *cum laude* degree from Fordham was followed by fast-paced

—*Brooks Atkinson (from the book).*

John Kieran—"A low sun, a long shadow, and one last look before starting home."

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The Words

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Sartre

A new book by Jean-Paul Sartre is always an event; his latest – THE WORDS – has been the sensation of the season in Paris, where it has been the leading best seller and in fact has sold some 200,000 copies to date. It is true that not since Voltaire has our civilization produced a writer so humane, so manifold, so "engaged" a man of letters as Sartre. But perhaps the reason for the huge popular success of THE WORDS is that it is first and foremost a family story: the story of a boy and his widowed mother, a kin of Albert Schweitzer's – a child who was "created on the run" by a father who died prematurely, and thus came to feel that he was "the child of a miracle"–a boyhood spent in "paradise" where the only man was a gray-bearded grandfather who "so resembled God the Father that he was often taken for Him." Sartre, as Matthieu Galey writes in *Arts*, "makes a movie of himself, and the film is fascinating."

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years as a newspaperman, and his professional labors involved him, always with gusto, in sports and politics, the entertainment and publishing worlds, radio, the Dutch Treat Club, and grand opera. If John Kieran was the only sportswriter who noticed hawks on the light poles at Yankee Stadium (and, what's more, could identify them), it was only because he was more eager and responsive than the rest. And he never became a metropolitan sophisticate.

He remains awed, even overawed, by the celebrities he met and knew: the prize fighters, home-run kings, divas, governors, scientists, and actors. Many young newspapermen are initially impressed and bedazzled by the important people with whom Heaven in infinite wisdom has aligned them for the guidance and edification of mankind. Most of them emerge from the euphoria sooner or later. It is, I suppose, a part of the appealing Kieran innocence that he never has. But it leads to the least interesting passages of *Not Under Oath.* At one point the bemused name-dropping takes the bald form of double-column lists of the Big Names who appeared on *Information, Please!* I would have much preferred to read more about the peregrine falcon Kieran met in the snowstorm at the Detroit airport.

To my taste, the best of *Not Under Oath* comes when Kieran hangs his field-glasses around his neck and walks out to enjoy, with his keen appreciations, the never-ending wonders of the world beyond his doorstep. "I humbly admit," he writes, "that I have been lucky." The humility may be conventionally rhetorical, but the gratitude, one senses, is personal and immediate.

Extrapolation

By Sydney Kessler

THE number of children who stray
(Found, as often as not, oblivious
To being lost, intently digging
For their sand crabs and shells)
Remains about average, as do the number
Of rainy weekends through the season,
The count of bathers rescued,
And the few inevitable drownings.
The penny arcades still flourish,
And the golf course—farther inland—
Prospers, while theaters, as usual,
Complain of having a so-so July.

Still, there are signs: bathing suits
Are even skimpier, flirtations
More direct; it is easier, now,
To perceive a tone of desperation:
The shrillness of voices at introductions,
Or in crowded bars the inviting smile,
Here and there, that almost demands.
And fewer people lounge or doze
Beneath umbrellas, while the many take
Long-striding walks along the surf's
Edge, as if to dissipate compulsions
They can't quite comprehend.

Add to this a few plump years, say,
With no backdrop of unrest remaining
(Although the land breeze will still bring
With it mosquitoes, and the sea breeze, salt)
Conceivably, a full-blown decadence
Could set in: with planned idleness, then,
Promising the final disintegration
Of the last vestiges of social decorum,
Resulting in a summer-long feast
And orgy, up and down the beaches;
The one surviving penny arcade
And weedy golf course (now pointed to
As the haunts of very old people)
Evoking, at best, only curious smiles
And the vaguest memory, perhaps,
Of childhood shell collections, so casually
Discarded in those first disorders
Of a remarkably proper past.

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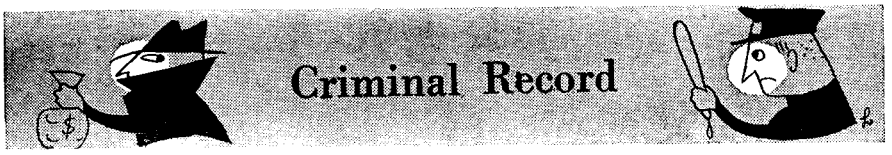


Death of a Skin Diver. *By Simon Jay. Crime Club.* $3.95. Admirable New Zealand pathologist is main character in this firm, well-handled account of murder in troubled waters. If you enjoy nicely authentic scientific detail, this yarn is your dish.

Ax. *By Ed McBain. Simon & Schuster.* $3.50. Lads of the 87th Precinct render yeoman service when 86-year-old Spanish-American War vet goes west by violence. Crisp, sharp; well up among author's best.

Ellery Queen's 1965 Anthology. *Edited by Ellery Queen. Davis. Paperback,* $1. Eighteen former presidents of the Mystery Writers of America are represented in this latest gathering of stories from *Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine.* Fine terminal bonuses, too.

Death of a Wicked Servant. *By Brian Cleeve. Random House.* $3.95. Inspector O'Donovan of coastal Irish bailiwick treads thorny path in effort to nab colleen's killer. Good color, background.

The Departure of Mr. Gaudette. *By Doris Miles Disney. Crime Club.* $3.50. Connecticut industrial worker plans to spend retirement in Vermont, but his old neighbors wonder if he ever got there, especially 7-year old lad who sparks a look-see by local police. Ingenious baffler, as expected.

One-Man Jury. *By Stephen Ransome. Dodd, Mead.* $3.50. When playboy's skull receives permanent dent from golf club, likable Detective Lieutenant Lee Barcello of Florida Gulf community asks the little questions and gets the big answer. Has good follow-through.

The Terrible Door. *By George Sims. Horizon.* $3.50. London antiquarian bookman, seeking scandalous letters by eccentric author for U.S. collector, runs into nonbibliographic adventures in England, French Riviera, Italy, and the Balearics. Off the beaten path.

The Pretty Penny. *By J. D. Scott. Harcourt, Brace & World.* $3.95. English engineering tycoon, fearing loss of job and face, embarks on wild Congo adventure which takes ironic twist. High-grade thriller.

The Two Faces of January. *By Patricia Highsmith. Crime Club.* $3.50. Lamming Yankee stock swindler prowls Athens, Crete, Paris in effort to evade capture; wife proves a problem, as does footloose American male; excellent comedy most of the route despite violent deaths.

A Planned Coincidence. *By Bill Morlock. Macmillan.* $3.95. Ancient solicitor regales young auditor with detailed account of murder trial—and then the punch of the payoff! You may foresee half, but not likely all, of the smash finish.

The Shake-Up. *By Brèni James. Simon & Schuster.* $3.50. Christmas Eve in San Francisco proves trying time for Sgt. Gunnar Matson and his crew; laundromat has strange cargo. Teams nicely with author's *Night of the Kill.*

Death of a Fox. *By Jan Roffman. Crime Club.* $3.50. English widow with four-year-old son, housekeeping for crotchety gaffer, suspects another tenant exists and finds she's right when all hell busts loose; not only a fox dies. Heavily overwritten.

A Promise of Diamonds. *By Gordon Ashe. Dodd, Mead.* $3.50. Englishman's flight across Bechuanaland leads to exposure of big-scale South African gem heists; international cops active; there are dead. Nice air of geographic and technical authenticity throughout.

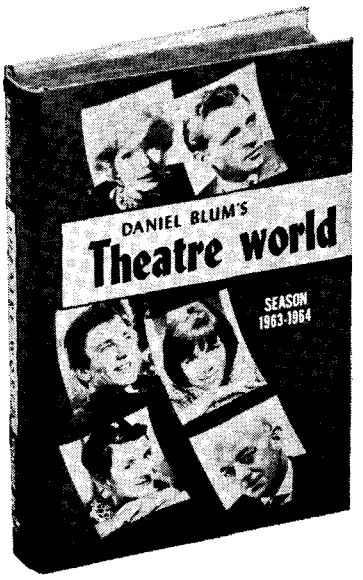
Kilo Forty. *By Miles Tripp. Holt, Rinehart & Winston.* $3.50. Three men, one woman camp at isolated Dead Sea fishing hole; next morning woman's body turns up in bay; who's guilty? Unusual character study.

Against the Public Interest. *By Robert Grimes. Walker.* $3.50. Top British politicos, aghast at security leaks, cast about to see on whom blow should fall when new aircraft is compromised. Superior handling of the treason theme.

No One of that Name. *By William Merrick. Holt, Rinehart & Winston.* $4.95. U.S. diplomat in Arab African nation, attempting to promote liberal leader, collides with CIA opposite number, also experiences woman trouble. Convincing background.

Out of the Dark. *By Ursula Curtiss. Dodd, Mead.* $3.50. Brat quintet and young guest, left to own devices, accidentally panic well-covered killer who swings into action; casualties include people, furniture. Moves right along, but oh, those kids!

—Sergeant Cuff.



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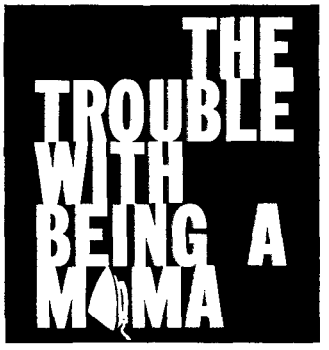

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Continued from page 6

and fantastic thing happened to Molnar.

On his way to the Salzburg Festival, stopping over in Vienna, he ran into his old friend Felix Salten, drama critic of the influential *Neue Freie Presse*, known in America as the author of that charming tale of a doe, *Bambi*. Salten was also superstitious, although on a far more sociable scale than Molnar and, as befitted a critic, he was ashamed of his affliction. Salten had exciting news; he had just learned, from an unimpeachable source, that there existed in Mariazell, a little village in the Styrian Alps and an important place of pilgrimage that had a wonder-working shrine of the Virgin, a magic well into which one could throw all one's superstitions and get rid of them once and for all. But the act must be carried out at midnight, when the moon was full.

The news shook Molnar to the core. He had always been aware, in his most secret heart, of the crushing burden of his superstitions, and he realized that now was his chance to exorcise them. And, in the company of a kindred spirit, the operation would not even be an ordeal. Accordingly, they consulted the papers and found that the moon was full that very night. Learning that Mariazell was a bare seventy-five miles away, Molnar sent for his car and soon the two friends were on their way.

When the first rumors of Molnar's Mariazell adventure began trickling into Budapest, no one wanted to believe them. Then a few people asked why he couldn't have really done it. After all, he was capable of anything. So when, one day in the fall, Molnar turned up at his table in the Café New York, news of his arrival spread like wildfire and in no time at all people stood three deep around him; everybody wanted to be a witness to the miracle.

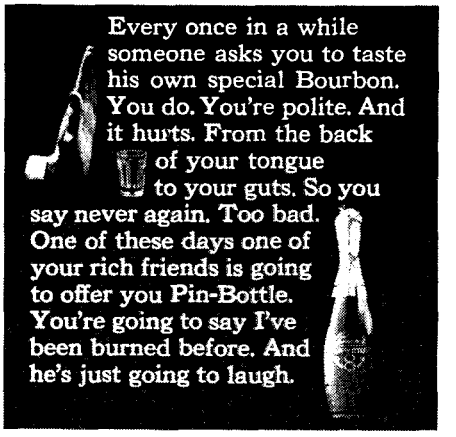
Naturally, after his summer-long absence, there were a great many tidbits to tell him: X. was on his way to Hollywood, Y. was getting a divorce, Z., the poor fellow, might have cancer, and so on. To the astonishment of all, Molnar, as unself-consciously as ever, received each item in his customary fashion: he rapped, he knocked, he covered his eyes and flicked his fingers, he mumbled "God willing," just as in the old days.

After a while, a silence of embarrassment settled on the group. At last, a brave soul spoke up.

"Feri," he asked hesitantly, "we've heard—uhum—that you threw your superstitions into that well in Mariazell. Isn't it true?"

"It is," Molnar assured him. Then he added, "But I've saved the important ones."

—GEORGE HALASZ.


Every once in a while someone asks you to taste his own special Bourbon. You do. You're polite. And it hurts. From the back of your tongue to your guts. So you say never again. Too bad. One of these days one of your rich friends is going to offer you Pin-Bottle. You're going to say I've been burned before. And he's just going to laugh.

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SATURDAY REVIEW
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On the Fringe

Continued from page 60

flat on the top of your knees. Now, while you press the palms of your hands down against your knees, pull the heels of your feet up as high and hard as you can. At the same time, pull in your stomach the way I showed you. This one works on your shoulders, legs, and abdominals. This is really 'all systems go.' And 1,001, 1,002. . . . Keep breathing."

I decided not to. Maybe I could pass out on the launching pad before all my systems went at once.

Care to meet the man who may be this year's oldest first novelist? He is Edwin Rosskam, age sixty-one, author of *The Alien*, to be published on October 26 by Grossman and already optioned for publication in nine languages. I'll do what I can about the introduction, but don't hope for anything too neat. I do not take shorthand and he doesn't seem to breathe between sentences.

He is of average height with a lively face trimmed with dark-rimmed glasses and half a head of grey hair. His most striking feature is his eyebrows, which rear up, every other sentence, to dart at each other over the bridge of his nose like a pair of cobras. During a very crowded lifetime which began with his birth in Munich of American parents, he has lived in Philadelphia, New York, Paris, Martinique, Raiatea, Islands Under the Wind, French Polynesia, Washington, D.C., Puerto Rico (the setting of his novel), and, currently, Roosevelt, New Jersey. He has been a painter, photographer, picture editor (for Richard Wright's *Twelve Million Black Voices*, Sherwood Anderson's *Home Town*, *U.S.A.*, and Oliver La Farge's *As Long as the Grass Will Grow*), and producer-director of documentary films for the Puerto Rican government.

"I came out of Puerto Rico exhausted and riddled with tropical parasites. I didn't know where to go. Ben Shahn and his wife, friends for thirty years, found me a house in Roosevelt, New Jersey. It's halfway between Philadelphia and New York. It's got 200 houses and a small, shaky grocery store. It was founded at the beginning of the New Deal for turning garment workers into farmers. Naturally it was a flop project, but it's a wonderful town. You can get a concrete house on half an acre of land for $10,000 —well, maybe $11,000 today. There is no transportation, other than private car, in or out. The houses were all built for 2½ children. It's great for me as a writer. I'm a natural café sitter, but since there are no cafés and you can't go disturbing people before sundown I'm forced to stay home and write. It was Ben Shahn who brought a chapter of my book to Grossman. *The Alien* isn't really my first novel. There's one I did in 1932. It dealt with a leper colony and it was bad. Never published.

"I lived through World War I as an enemy alien child in Germany. Later I was an artist in Paris. I had a one-man show and I was coming along when I got interested in photography. I remember I was painting a mural for a nightclub in Paris when the Tocadero Museum—an ethnographic museum no longer in existence—offered me the chance to go to Polynesia as a photographer. I went, but as things turned out I really contributed nothing to the Museum.

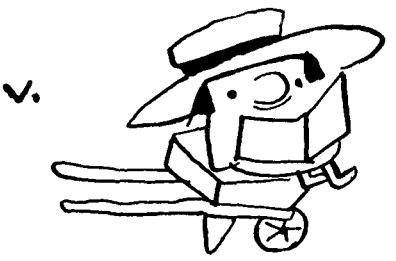
"I remember Henry Miller in Paris. He seemed like a businessman on the rocks until you got to know him. That was during the expatriate period. Paris at the time of Dada, it made sense then. So somebody did a cup with fur on the inside. Well, in those days you had to do something to break loose. Today, there's no point to it. I'm talking about the visual arts; it's all *déjà vu* and not as good. When I say visual arts, I exclude motion pictures which is a group art. The pleasure of a book is that it's all your own fault.

"Sherwood Anderson once figured out that what he made from his books wouldn't make up a bricklayer's wage. He made his living from the article assignments he got as a result of his books.

"Making adult education films for Puerto Rico was an interesting and curious thing. We quickly learned that if we wanted to make an important point in the film, we couldn't use a close-up; the point would get lost in laughter. The audience didn't get the idea of a close-up at all. They laughed at the sight of such a large man. We also found out we couldn't use dissolves—where you show a man starting a journey in one scene and he's arrived in the next. The audience couldn't figure out how the man got there so quickly. Now, what else can I tell you?"

"How are things in Glocca Morra?" came to mind, but I didn't dare to ask. Quite likely, Edwin Rosskam had been there and could tell me. Besides, I already had enough sentences that wouldn't fit together.

In *The Ziegfelds' Girl: Confessions of an Abnormally Happy Childhood,* to be published on October 26 by Little, Brown, Patricia Ziegfeld, the daughter of Florenz Ziegfeld and Billie Burke, mentions that she had a playhouse modeled after Mount Vernon. It had been a set in a Marion Davies movie. Flo Ziegfeld got it for his daughter because he didn't like the ordinary little one-room job that was on the estate grounds. Mount Vernon had a living room approximately 12'x16' and one and a half stories high. All of its rooms were



fully furnished, and there was even a staircase to a low-ceilinged second floor and an upstairs porch. Though Patricia, in private life Mrs. William Robert Stephenson (he is a California architect), described the playhouse thoroughly in her book, she did not tell the tragic fate that befell it while the Ziegfelds were in California. According to Patricia: "Daddy got a letter from the gardener who wrote that the doll house needed a new roof. Daddy thought he was talking about that one-room place he didn't like so he wrote back that it should be torn down. When we came home Mount Vernon was gone."

Being a Billie Burke fan, I asked Mrs. Stephenson about her mother. "She's in a rest home in California now."

When I looked shocked the Ziegfelds' girl smiled. "She's very happy there. She had been living by herself and she wasn't happy at all. Her possessions didn't mean a thing to her. They were just a responsibility. And we had heard all her stories time and again. Mother was eighty this August. Wouldn't you know she'd choose a rest home run by a man. She's friends with a Frenchwoman there and every afternoon she speaks French. She's busy all of the time, has the place organized. She's dressed to the teeth every day now. And best of all, she has a new audience for her stories." —HASKEL FRANKEL.

FRAZER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1107

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1107 will be found in the next issue.

GTA HNWGBA KTNPT

WAMBNWAE GS FA AHAW

VBRWXAX NE EPRWPACQ

KSWGT GTA EAUGNUAC.

VSCXEZNGT

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1106

A man who is not a fool can rid himself of every folly but vanity.
—ROUSSEAU.

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SR's Checklist of the Week's New Books

Anthologies

THE MANY WORLDS OF L°E°O R°O°S°T°E°N. Harper & Row. $5.95.

Art

AESOP: FIVE CENTURIES OF ILLUSTRATED FABLES. Edited by John McKendry. Metropolitan Museum of Art-New York Graphic Society. $4.95.

THE UNKNOWN DEGAS AND RENOIR. By Denis Rouart. McGraw-Hill. $22.50.

Crime, Suspense

ACCOUNTING FOR MURDER. By Emma Lathen. Macmillan. $3.95.

A KIND OF ANGER. By Eric Ambler. Atheneum. $4.95.

NIGHT LIGHT. By Marie Bardos. Doubleday. $4.95.

Current Affairs

DALLAS JUSTICE. By Melvin M. Belli. McKay. $5.50.

THE HEART OF OUR CITIES. By Victor Gruen. Simon & Schuster. $8.50.

LABOR UNIONS IN AMERICA. By John Herling. McKay. Paperback, $1.95.

LET IN THE SUN: History of One Slum Building in New York's East Harlem. By Woody Klein. Macmillan. $5.95.

NOTHING PERSONAL. By Richard Avedon and James Baldwin. Atheneum. $12.95.

SPACE AND SOCIETY. Edited by Howard J. Taubenfeld. Oceana. $5.95.

WE SHALL OVERCOME. By Michael Dorman. Delacorte. $4.95.

Economics

CENTRAL PLANNING. By Jan Tinbergen. Yale Univ. Press. Hardbound, $5. Paperback, $1.45.

THE ECONOMICS OF SOVIET PLANNING. By Abram Bergson. Yale Univ. Press. Hardbound, $7.50. Paperback, $2.45.

Essays

ON THE CONTRARY. By Sydney J. Harris. Houghton Mifflin. $4.95.

Fiction

CATHERINE CARMIER. By Ernest J. Gaines. Atheneum. $4.50.

CHAOS AND NIGHT. By Henry de Montherlant. Macmillan. $4.95.

EVERY ISLAND FLED AWAY. By John Sanford. Norton. $3.95.

THE FORTUNATE PILGRIM. By Mario Puzo. Atheneum. $5.

THE INTERROGATION. By J.M.G. LeClezio. Atheneum. $4.50.

THE LORD JESUS. By Robert Payne. Abelard-Schuman. $4.95.

OUTSIDE THERE, SOMEWHERE. By Lucille Kallen. Macmillan. $4.95.

THE SCORCHING WIND. By Walter Macken. Macmillan. $5.95.

THREE NOVELS. By Shelby Foote. Dial. $7.50.

YARBOROUGH. By B.H. Friedman. NAL-World. $5.95.

Government, Politics

THE DIMENSIONS OF DIPLOMACY. Edited by E.A.J. Johnson. Johns Hopkins. $3.95.

FEDERALISM AND CIVIL RIGHTS. By Burke Marshall. Columbia Univ. Press. $3.50.

GOVERNMENT AND MANPOWER. By National Manpower Council. Columbia Univ. Press. $8.50.

PATRIOTISM AND NATIONALISM: Their Psychological Foundations. By Leonard W. Doob. Yale Univ. Press. $6.75.

PUBLIC POLICIES AND MANPOWER RESOURCES. By National Manpower Council. Columbia Univ. Press. $6.

THE SOCIALIST COMMONWEALTH OF NATIONS: Organizations and Institutions. By Kazimierz Grzybowski. Yale Univ. Press. $7.50.

History

THE BOSTON TEA PARTY. By Benjamin Woods Labaree. Oxford Univ. Press. $6.

BRITAIN'S CLANDESTINE SUBMARINES, 1914-1915. By Gaddis Smith. Yale Univ. Press. $4.50.

THE CARIBBEAN AS COLUMBUS SAW IT. By Samuel Eliot Morison and Mauricio Obragon. Atlantic-Little, Brown. $8.95.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION FROM 1793 TO 1799, VOL. II. By Georges Lefebvre. Columbia Univ. Press. $7.50.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1594

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Gain an ascendancy over by charms or incantations.	20 150 65 88 121 37 70
B. Matchlessly.	52 62 41 14 131 69 64 49 174 99
C. A stone quarry.	43 116 18 83 46 60
D. Touching lightly; gliding over.	42 19 160 125 55 75 168
E. Possessing permanent worth or useful qualities.	149 124 59 10 190 54 127 175
F. Cause to approach, adhere, or combine.	56 33 81 17 126 117 2
G. Supported.	50 27 142 22 104 123
H. The part of a sundial which casts the all-important shadow (2 wds.).	157 90 194 183 172 6 120 136 23 57
I. Low drinking resort (Comp.; U.S.).	158 79 29 67 93 133 13 195 97
J. In a manner consciously artificial or assumed.	44 86 94 122 164 51 185 103 21 197
K. What Ulysses told Cyclops his name was.	132 8 188 114 151
L. English cemetery supposed to be the scene of Gray's *Elegy* (2 wds.).	58 177 165 100 89 129 95 30 163 39
M. Position of trust or authority, esp. public.	130 173 9 74 12 26
N. Place of honor or precedence (2 wds.).	167 28 152 40 48 113 138 179 91
O. Given name of the famous author of *You Know Me, Al* and other early 20th-cent. humor classics.	135 112 139 76 180 16 24 45
P. *Juvenile.*	192 146 80 141 162 128 178 4 148
Q. A popular way of making a tally count of anything, persons or things (2 wds.).	182 186 134 159 154 169 3
R. Malicious waste or destruction of an employer's property.	98 38 106 31 36 77 63 68
S. Two wds. of Chinese used by the Roman Catholics to translate "Lord of Heaven."	53 5 85 72 118 181 166
T. As if daubed with black.	47 11 109 101 184 171
U. The shoulder of the stock on which the breech of a rifle barrel rests.	87 1 137 78 66 170 189
V. Talked noisily, excitedly, extravagantly.	111 35 145 176 143 115
W. Standing high as compared with others.	110 84 155 102 119 32 147
X. Electra's heart belonged to him (remember?).	7 107 187 140 105
Y. *Where most canine champions are bred* (2 wds.).	61 156 73 25 191 108 196 96 82
Z. Extremely diaphanous covering (2 wds., which sound redundant).	161 34 153 144 15 71 92 193

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.

						1 U	2 F	3 Q		4 P	5 S	6 H	7 X		8 K	9 M	
10 E	11 T	12 M	13 I	14 B	15 Z	16 O	17 F	18 C	19 D	20 A	21 J	22 G		23 H	24 O	25 Y	26 M
27 G	28 N	29 I	30 L		31 R	32 W		33 F	34 Z	35 V	36 R		37 A	38 R	39 L	40 N	
41 B	42 D	43 C		44 J	45 O	46 C	47 T	48 N		49 B	50 G	51 J		52 B	53 S		54 E
55 D	56 F	57 H	58 L		59 E	60 C	61 Y	62 B	63 R		64 B	65 A	66 U	67 I	68 R		69 B
70 A	71 Z	72 S	73 Y	74 M	75 D	76 O		77 R	78 U	79 I	80 P	81 F		82 Y	83 C	84 W	85 S
	86 J	87 U	88 A	89 L	90 H	91 N	92 Z	93 I		94 J	95 L	96 Y	97 I	98 R	99 B		100 L
101 T	102 W	103 J	104 G	105 X		106 R	107 X	108 Y	109 T	110 W	111 V		112 O		113 N	114 K	115 V
	116 C	117 F	118 S	119 W	120 H	121 A	122 J	123 G		124 E		125 D	126 F	127 E	128 P		129 L
130 M	131 B	132 K	133 I		134 Q	135 O	136 H	137 U		138 N	139 O	140 X		141 P	142 G	143 V	144 Z
	145 V	146 P	147 W		148 P	149 E	150 A	151 K		152 N	153 Z	154 Q	155 W	156 Y	157 H		158 I
159 Q	160 D		161 Z	162 P	163 L		164 J	165 L	166 S	167 N	168 D	169 Q	170 U	171 T		172 H	173 M
	174 B	175 E	176 V	177 L	178 P	179 N	180 O		181 S	182 Q	183 H		184 T	185 J	186 Q	187 X	
188 K	189 U		190 E	191 Y	192 P		193 Z	194 H	195 I	196 Y	197 J						

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 14 of this issue.

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